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# ILIAD OF HOMER

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BLANK VERSE.

TO WHICH ARE APPENDED

TRANSLATIONS OF POEMS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY EDWARD EARL OF DERBY.

*SIXTH EDITION.*

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# HOMER'S ILIAD.

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## BOOK XV.

NOW when the Trojans had recrossed the trench  
And palisades, and in their headlong flight  
Many had fallen by Grecian swords, the rest,  
Routed, and pale with fear, made head awhile  
Beside their cars; then Jove on Ida's height 5  
At golden-thronèd Juno's side awoke;  
Rising, he saw the Trojans and the Greeks,  
Those in confusion, while behind them pressed  
The Greeks, triumphant, Neptune in their midst:  
He saw too Hector stretched upon the plain, 10  
His comrades standing round; senseless he lay,  
Drawing short breath, blood gushing from his mouth;  
For by no feeble hand the blow was dealt.

Pitying, the Sire of Gods and men beheld,  
And thus, with sternest glance, to Juno spoke: 15  
“Juno, thou subtle mischief, thy base fraud  
Hath Hector quelled, and Trojans driven to flight:  
Nor know I but thyself mayst reap the fruit,  
By shameful scourging, of thy vile deceit.  
Hast thou forgotten how in former times 20  
I hung thee from on high, and to thy feet  
Attached two ponderous anvils, and thy hands  
With golden fetters bound, which none might break?

There didst thou hang amid the clouds of Heaven;  
Through all Olympus' breadth the Gods were wroth; 25  
Yet dared not one approach to set thee free.

If any so had ventured, him had I  
Hurled from Heaven's threshold, till to earth he fell,  
With little left of life. Yet was not quenched  
My wrath on godlike Hercules' account, 30  
Whom thou, with Boreas, o'er the watery waste  
With fell intent didst send; and tempest-tossed,  
Cast him ashore on Coös' fruitful isle.

I rescued him from thence, and brought him back,  
After long toil, to Argos' grassy plains. 35  
This to thy mind I bring, that thou mayst learn  
To cease thy treacherous wiles, nor hope to gain  
By all thy lavished blandishments of love,  
Wherewith thou hast deceived me, and betrayed."

He said; and terror seized the stag-eyed Queen; 40  
Who thus with wingèd words addressed her Lord:

"By Earth I swear, and yon broad Heaven above,  
And Stygian stream beneath, the weightiest oath  
Of solemn power to bind the blessed Gods;  
By thine own sacred head, our nuptial bed, 45  
Whose holy tie I never could forswear;  
That not by my suggestion and advice  
Earth-shaking Neptune on the Trojan host,  
And Hector, pours his wrath, and aids the Greeks;  
In this he but obeys his own desire, 50  
Who looks with pity on the Grecian host  
Beside their ships o'erborne; and could my words  
Prevail, my counsel were to shape his course,  
O cloud-girt King, obedient to thy will."

She said; the Sire of Gods and men, well pleased, 55  
Her answer heard, and thus with gracious smile:

“If, stag-eyed Queen, in synod of the Gods  
Thy counsels shall indeed with mine agree,  
Neptune, how strong soe'er his wish, must change  
His course, obedient to thy will and mine; 60  
And if in all sincerity thou speak,  
Go to the assembled Gods, and hither send  
Iris, and Phœbus of the silver bow;  
That she may to the Grecian camp repair,  
And bid that Neptune from the battle-field 65  
Withdraw, and to his own domain retire;  
While Phœbus Hector to the fight restores,  
Inspiring new-born vigour, and allaying  
The mortal pains which bow his spirit down;  
Then, heartless fear infusing in the Greeks, 70  
Put them to flight, that flying they may fall  
Beside Achilles' ships; his comrade then,  
Patroclus, he shall send to battle forth  
To be by Hector slain, in front of Troy;  
Yet not to fall till many valiant youths 75  
Have felt his prowess; and, amid the rest,  
My son, Sarpedon; by his comrade's death  
Achilles roused to rage shall Hector slay;  
Thenceforth my counsel is, that from the ships  
The Trojan force shall still be backward driven, 80  
Until at length, by Pallas' deep designs,  
The Greeks possess the lofty walls of Troy.  
Yet will not I my anger intermit,  
Nor suffer other of the immortal Gods  
To aid the Greeks, till Peleus' son behold 85



His wish accomplished, and the boon obtained  
I promised once, and with a nod confirmed,  
That day when sea-born Thetis clasped my knees,  
And prayed me to avenge her warrior son."

Thus he; the white-armed Queen of Heaven submit 90  
His mandate heard; and from the Idæan mount  
With rapid flight to high Olympus sped.  
Swift as the mind of man, who many a land  
Hath travelled o'er, and with reflective thought  
Recalls, "here was I such a day, or here," 95  
And in a moment many a scene surveys;  
So Juno sped o'er intervening space;  
Olympus' heights she reached, and in the house  
Of Jove appeared amid the assembled Gods.  
They at her coming rose, with golden cups 100  
Greeting their Queen's approach; the rest she passed,  
And from the hand of fair-faced Themis took  
The proffered cup, who first had run to meet,  
And thus with wingèd words addressed the Queen:

"Juno, why com'st thou hither? and with looks 105  
Of one distraught with fear? hath Saturn's son,  
Thy mighty Lord, thus sore affrighted thee?"  
To whom the white-armed Goddess, Juno, thus:

"Forbear thy questions, Themis; well thou know'st  
How haughty and imperious is his mind; 110  
Thou for the Gods in haste prepare the feast;  
Then shalt thou learn, amid the Immortals all,  
What evil he designs; nor all, I ween,  
His counsels will approve, or men, or Gods,  
Though now in blissful ignorance they feast." 115

She said, and sat; the Gods, oppressed with care,



Her farther speech awaited; on her lips  
There dwelt indeed a smile, but not a ray  
Passed o'er her darkening brow, as thus her wrath  
Amid the assembled Gods found vent in words: 120

“Fools are we all, who madly strive with Jove,  
Or hope, by access to his throne, to sway,  
By word or deed, his course; from all apart,  
He all our counsels heeds not, but derides;  
And boasts o'er all the immortal Gods to reign 125  
In unapproached pre-eminence of power.

Prepare then each his several woe to bear;  
On Mars e'en now, methinks, the blow hath fallen;  
Since in the fight, the man he loves the best,  
And boasts his son, Ascalaphus, is slain.” 130

She said; and Mars, enraged, his brawny thigh  
Smote with his hands, and thus, lamenting, spoke:

“Blame not, ye Gods, who on Olympus dwell,  
That to the Grecian ships I haste, to avenge  
My slaughtered son, though blasted by Heaven's fire 135  
'Twere mine 'mid corpses, blood, and dust to lie.”

He said, and gave command to Fear and Flight  
To yoke his car; and donned his glittering arms.  
Then from the throne of Jove had heavier wrath  
And deeper vengeance on the Immortals fallen, 140  
But Pallas, in alarm for all the Gods,  
Quitting in haste the throne whereon she sat,  
Sprang past the vestibule, and from his head  
The helmet lifted, from his arm the shield;  
Took from his sturdy hand, and reared upright, 145  
The brazen spear; then with reproachful words  
She thus assailed the impetuous God of War:

“Frantic, and passion-maddened, thou art lost!  
Hast thou no ears to hear? or are thy mind  
And sense of reverence utterly destroyed? 150  
Or heard'st thou not what white-armed Juno spoke,  
Fresh from the presence of Olympian Jove?  
Wouldst thou, thine evil destiny fulfilled,  
By hard constraint, despite thy grief, be driven  
Back to Olympus; and to all the rest 155  
Confusion and disaster with thee bring?  
At once from valiant Trojans and from Greeks  
His thoughts would be diverted, and his wrath  
Embroider Olympus, and on all alike,  
Guilty or not, his anger would be poured. 160  
Waive then thy vengeance for thy gallant son;  
Others as brave of heart, as strong of arm,  
Have fallen, and yet must fall; and vain the attempt  
To watch at once o'er all the race of men.”

Thus saying, to his seat again she forced 165  
The impetuous Mars: meanwhile, without the house,  
Juno, by Jove's command, Apollo called,  
And Iris, messenger from God to God;  
And thus to both her wingèd words addressed:  
“Jove bids you with all speed to Ida haste; 170  
And when, arrived, before his face ye stand,  
Whate'er he orders, that observe and do.”

Thus Juno spoke, and to her throne returned;  
While they to spring-abounding Ida's heights,  
Wild nurse of forest beasts, pursued their way; 175  
The all-seeing son of Saturn there they found  
Upon the topmost crag of Gargarus,  
An incense-breathing cloud around him spread.

Before the face of cloud-compelling Jove  
They stood; well-pleased he witnessed their approach 180  
In swift obedience to his consort's words,  
And thus to Iris first his speech addressed:

“Haste thee, swift Iris, and to Ocean's King  
My message bear, nor misreporting aught,  
Nor aught omitting; from the battle-field 185  
Bid him retire, and join the assembled Gods,  
Or to his own domain of sea withdraw.  
If my commands he heed not, nor obey,  
Let him consider in his inmost soul  
If, mighty though he be, he dare await 190  
My hostile coming; mightier far than he,  
His elder born; nor may his spirit aspire  
To rival me, whom all regard with awe.”

He said; swift-footed Iris, at the word,  
From Ida's heights to sacred Ilion sped. 195  
Swift as the snow-flakes from the clouds descend,  
Or wintry hail before the driving blast  
Of Boreas, ether-born; so swift to Earth  
Descended Iris; by his side she stood,  
And with these words the Earth-shaking God addressed;  
“A message, dark-haired Circe of the Earth, [200  
To thee I bring from Ægis-bearing Jove.  
He bids thee straightway from the battle-field  
Retire, and either join the assembled Gods,  
Or to thine own domain of sea withdraw. 205  
If his commands thou heed not, nor obey,  
Hither he menaces himself to come,  
And fight against thee; but he warns thee first,  
Beware his arm, as mightier far than thou,

Thine elder born; nor may thy spirit aspire 210  
To rival him, whom all regard with awe."

To whom in towering wrath the Earth-shaking God:

"By Heaven, though great he be, he yet presumes  
Somewhat too far, if me, his equal born,  
He seeks by force to baffle of my will. 215

We were three brethren, all of Rhæa born  
To Saturn; Jove and I, and Pluto third,  
Who o'er the nether regions holds his sway.  
Threefold was our partition; each obtained  
His meed of honour due; the hoary Sea 220  
By lot my habitation was assigned;

The realms of Darkness fell to Pluto's share;  
Broad Heaven, amid the sky and clouds to Jove;  
But Earth, and high Olympus, are to all  
A common heritage; nor will I walk 225

To please the will of Jove; though great he be,  
With his own third contented let him rest;  
Nor let him think that I, as wholly vile,  
Shall quail before his arm; his lofty words  
Were better to his daughters and his sons 230  
Addressed, his own begotten; who perforce  
Must listen to his mandates, and obey."

To whom swift-footed Iris thus replied:

"Is this, then, dark-haired Circler of the Earth,  
The message, stern and haughty, which to Jove 235  
Thou bidd'st me bear? perchance thine angry mood  
May bend to better counsels; noblest minds  
Are easiest bent; and o'er superior age  
Thou know'st the avenging Furies ever watch."

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied; 240



“Immortal Iris, weighty are thy words,  
And in good season spoken; and 'tis well  
When envoys are by sound discretion led.  
Yet are my heart and mind with grief oppressed,  
When me, his equal both by birth and fate, 245  
He seeks with haughty words to overbear.  
I yield, though with indignant sense of wrong.  
But this I say, nor shall my threat be vain :  
Let him remember, if in my despite,  
'Gainst Pallas', Juno's, Hermes', Vulcan's will, 250  
He spare to overthrow proud Ilion's towers,  
And crown with victory the Grecian arms,  
The feud between us never can be healed.”

The Earth-shaker said, and from the field withdrew  
Beneath the ocean wave, the warrior Greeks 255  
His loss deploring; to Apollo then  
The Cloud-compeller thus his speech addressed :

“Go straight to Hector of the brazen helm,  
Good Phoebus; for beneath the ocean wave  
The Earth-shaker hath withdrawn, escaping thus 260  
My high displeasure: had he dared resist,  
The tumult of our strife had reached the Gods  
Who in the nether realms with Saturn dwell.  
Yet thus 'tis better, both for me and him,  
That, though indignant, to my will he yields; 265  
For to compel him were no easy task.  
Take thou, and wave on high thy tasselled shield,  
The Grecian warriors daunting: thou thyself,  
Far-darting King, thy special care bestow  
On noble Hector; so restore his strength 270  
And vigour, that in panic to their ships,

And the broad Hellespont, the Greeks be driven.  
Then will I so by word and deed contrive  
That they may gain fresh respite from their toil."

He said, nor did Apollo not obey 275  
His Sire's commands; from Ida's heights he flew,  
Like to a falcon, swooping on a dove,  
Swiftest of birds; then Priam's son he found,  
The godlike Hector, stretched at length no more,  
But sitting, now to consciousness restored, 280  
With recognition looking on his friends;  
The cold sweat dried, nor gasping now for breath,  
Since by the will of Ægis-bearing Jove  
To life new wakened; close beside him stood  
The Far-destroyer, and addressed him thus: 285  
"Hector, thou son of Priam, why apart  
From all thy comrades art thou sitting here,  
Feeble and faint? What trouble weighs thee down?"

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
With faltering voice: "Who art thou, Prince of Gods, 290  
Who thus enquirest of me? know'st thou not  
How a huge stone, by mighty Ajax hurled,  
As on his comrades by the Grecian ships  
I dealt destruction, struck me on the breast,  
Dashed to the earth, and all my vigour quelled? 295  
I deemed in sooth this day my soul, expired,  
Should see the dead, and Pluto's shadowy realm."

To whom again the far-destroying King:  
"Be of good cheer; from Saturn's son I come  
From Ida's height to be thy guide and guard; 300  
Phœbus Apollo of the golden sword,  
I, who of old have thy protector been,

Thee and thy city guarding. Rise then straight;  
Summon thy numerous horsemen; bid them drive  
Their flying cars to assail the Grecian ships: 305  
I go before; and will thy horses' way  
Make plain and smooth, and daunt the warrior Greeks."

His words fresh vigour in the chief infused.  
As some proud steed, at well-filled manger fed,  
His halter broken, neighing, scours the plain, 310  
And revels in the widely-flowing stream  
To bathe his sides; then tossing high his head,  
While o'er his shoulders streams his ample mane,  
Light-borne on active limbs, in conscious pride,  
To the wide pastures of the mares he flies; 315  
So vigorous, Hector plied his active limbs,  
His horsemen summoning at Heaven's command.

As when a rustic crowd of men and dogs  
Have chased an antlered stag, or mountain goat,  
That 'mid the crags and thick o'ershadowing wood 320  
Hath refuge found, and baffled their pursuit:  
If, by the tumult roused, a lion stand,  
With bristling mane, before them, back they turn,  
Checked in their mid career; even so the Greeks,  
Who late in eager throngs were pressing on, 325  
Thrusting with swords and double-pointed spears,  
When Hector moving through the ranks they saw,  
Recoiled, and to their feet their courage fell.  
To whom thus Thoas spoke, Andræmon's son,  
Ætolia's bravest warrior, skilled to throw 330  
The javelin, dauntless in the stubborn fight;  
By few surpassed in speech, when in debate  
In full assembly Grecian youths contend:



He thus with prudent speech began, and said:

“Great is the marvel which our eyes behold, 335  
That Hector see again to life restored,  
Escaped the death we hoped him to have met  
Beneath the hands of Ajax Telamon.  
Some God hath been his guard, and Hector saved,  
Whose arm hath slacked the knees of many a Greek: 340  
So will he now; for not without the aid  
Of Jove, the Lord of thunder, doth he stand  
So boldly forth, so eager for the fight.  
Hear then, and all by my advice be ruled:  
Back to the ships dismiss the general crowd; 345  
While of our army we, the foremost men,  
Stand fast, and meeting him with levelled spears,  
Hold him in check; and he, though brave, may fear  
To throw himself amid our serried ranks.”

He said; they heard, and all obeyed his words; 350  
The mighty Ajax, and Idomeneus  
The King, and Teucer, and Meriones,  
And Meges, bold as Mars, with all their best,  
Their stedfast battle ranged, to wait the assault  
Of Hector and his Trojans; while behind, 355  
The unwarlike many to the ships retired.  
The Trojan mass came on, by Hector led  
With haughty stride; before him Phœbus went,  
His shoulders veiled in cloud; his arm sustained  
The awful Ægis, fearful to behold, 360  
Bright-flashing, hung with shaggy tassels round;  
Which Vulcan, skilful workman, gave to Jove,  
To scatter terror 'mid the souls of men.  
This on his arm, the Trojan troops he led.

Firm stood the mass of Greeks; from either side 365  
Shrill clamours rose; and fast from many a string  
The arrows flew, and many a javelin, hurled  
By vigorous arms; some buried in the flesh  
Of stalwart youths, and many, ere they reached  
Their living mark, fell midway on the plain, 370  
Fixed in the ground, in vain athirst for blood.  
While Phœbus motionless his Ægis held,  
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell  
On either side; but when he turned its flash  
Full in the faces of the astonished Greeks, 375  
And shouted loud, their spirits within them quailed,  
Their fiery courage borne in mind no more.  
As when two beasts of prey, at dead of night,  
With sudden onset scatter wide a herd  
Of oxen, or a numerous flock of sheep, 380  
Their keepers absent; so unnerved by fear  
The Greeks dispersed; such panic 'mid their ranks,  
That victory so might crown the Trojan arms,  
Apollo sent; and as the masses broke,  
Each Trojan slew his man; by Hector's hand 385  
Fell Stichius and Arcesilas; the one,  
The leader of Bœotia's brass-clad host,  
The other, brave Menestheus' trusted friend.  
Æneas Medon slew, and Iasus;  
Medon, the great Oïleus' bastard son, 390  
Brother of Ajax; he in Phylace,  
Far from his native home, was driven to dwell;  
Since one to Eriopis near akin,  
His sire Oïleus' wife, his hand had slain:  
And Iasus, the Athenian chief, was deemed 395

The son of Sphelus, son of Bucolus.  
Polydamas amid the foremost ranks  
Mecistes slew, Polites Echius,  
Agenor Clonius; while from Paris' hand  
An arrow, 'mid the crowd of fugitives 400  
Shot from behind, beneath the shoulder struck  
Dëiocus, and through his chest was driven.  
These while the Trojans of their arms despoiled,  
Through ditch and palisades promiscuous dashed  
The flying Greeks, and gained, hard-pressed, the wall; 405  
While loudly Hector to the Trojans called  
To assail the ships, and leave the bloody spoils:  
"Whom I elsewhere, and from the ships aloof  
Shall find, my hand shall doom him on the spot;  
For him no funeral pyre his kin shall light, 410  
Or male or female; but before the wall  
Our city's dogs his mangled flesh shall tear."

He said; and on his horses' shoulder-point  
Let fall the lash, and loudly through the ranks  
Called on the Trojans; they with answering shout 415  
And noise unspeakable, urged on with him  
Their harnessed steeds; Apollo, in the van,  
Trode down with ease the embankment of the ditch,  
And filled it in; and o'er it bridged a way  
Level and wide, far as a javelin's flight 420  
Hurled by an arm that proves its utmost strength.  
O'er this their columns passed; Apollo bore  
His Ægis o'er them, and cast down the wall;  
Easy, as when a child upon the beach,  
In wanton play, with hands and feet o'erthrows 425  
The mound of sand, which late in play he raised;

So, Phœbus, thou, the Grecian toil and pains  
Confounding, sentest panic through their souls.  
Thus hemmed beside the ships they made their stand,  
While each exhorted each, and all, with hands 430  
Outstretched, to every God addressed their prayer:  
And chief, Gerenian Nestor, prop of Greece,  
With hands uplifted toward the starry Heaven:

“O Father Jove! if any e’er to Thee  
On corn-clad plains of Argos burnt the fat 435  
Of bulls and sheep, and offered up his prayer  
For safe return; and thine assenting nod  
Confirmed thy promise; O remember now  
His prayer; stave off the pitiless day of doom,  
Nor let the Greeks to Trojan arms succumb.” 440

Thus Nestor prayed; loud thundered from on high  
The Lord of counsel, as he heard the prayer  
Of Neleus’ aged son; with double zeal,  
The Trojans, as the mind of Jove they knew,  
Pressed on the Greeks, with warlike ardour fired. 445  
As o’er the bulwarks of a ship pour down  
The mighty billows of the wide-pathed sea,  
Driven by the blast, that tosses high the waves,  
So down the wall, with shouts, the Trojans poured;  
The cars admitted, by the ships they fought 450  
With double-pointed spears, and hand to hand;  
These on their chariots, on the lofty decks  
Of their dark vessels those, with ponderous spars,  
Which on the ships were stored for naval war,  
Compact and strong, their heads encased in brass. 455

While yet beyond the ships, about the wall  
The Greeks and Trojans fought, Patroclus still



Within the tent of brave Eurypylus  
Remaining, with his converse soothed the chief,  
And healing unguents to his wound applied, 460  
Of power to charm away the bitter pains;  
But when the Trojans pouring o'er the wall,  
And routed Greeks in panic flight he saw,  
Deeply he groaned, and smiting on his thigh  
With either palm, in anguish thus he spoke: 465

“Eurypylus, how great soe'er thy need,  
I can no longer stay; so fierce the storm  
Of battle rages; but the attendants' care  
Will all thy wants supply; while I in haste  
Achilles seek, and urge him to the war; 470  
Who knows but Heaven may grant me to succeed?  
For great is oft a friend's persuasive power.”  
He said, and quickly on his errand sped.

Meanwhile the Greeks, in firm array, endured  
The onset of the Trojans; nor could these 475  
The assailants, though in numbers less, repel;  
Nor those again the Grecian masses break,  
And force their passage through the ships and tents.  
As by a rule, in cunning workman's hand,  
Who all his art by Pallas' aid has learnt, 480  
A vessel's plank is smooth and even laid;  
So level lay the balance of the fight.  
Others round other ships maintained the war,  
But Hector that of Ajax sought alone.  
For that one ship they two unwearied toiled; 485  
Nor Hector Ajax from his post could move,  
And burn the ship with fire; nor he repel  
The foe who came protected by a God.

Then noble Ajax with his javelin smote  
Caletor, son of Clytius, through the breast, 490  
As toward the ship a blazing torch he bore;  
Thundering he fell, and dropped his hand the torch.  
But Hector, when his eyes his kinsman saw  
By the dark vessel, prostrate in the dust,  
On Trojans and on Lycians called aloud: 495

“Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, famed  
In close encounter, in this press of war  
Slack not your efforts; haste to save the son  
Of Clytius, nor let Greeks his arms possess,  
Who 'mid their throng of ships has nobly fallen.” 500  
At Ajax, as he spoke, his gleaming spear  
He threw, but missed his aim; yet Lycophron,  
His comrade, of Cythera, Mastor's son  
(Who flying from Cythera's lovely isle  
With guilt of bloodshed, near to Ajax dwelt), 505  
Standing beside the chief, above the ear  
He struck, and pierced the brain: from the tall prow  
Backward he fell, his limbs relaxed in death.  
Then Ajax, shuddering, on his brother called:

“Good Teucer, we have lost a faithful friend, 510  
The son of Mastor, our Cytheran guest,  
Whom as a father all revered; who now  
Lies slain by noble Hector. Where are then  
Thine arrows, swift-winged messengers of fate,  
And where thy trusty bow, Apollo's gift?” 515

Thus Ajax; Teucer heard, and ran in haste,  
And stood beside him, with his bended bow,  
And well-stored quiver: on the Trojans fast  
He poured his shafts; and struck Pisenor's son,

Clitus, the comrade of Polydamas, 520  
The noble son of Panthöus; he the reins  
Held in his hand, and all his care bestowed  
To guide his horses; for, where'er the throng  
Was thickest, there in Hector's cause, and Troy's,  
He still was found; but o'er him hung the doom 525  
Which none might turn aside; for from behind  
The fateful arrow struck him through the neck;  
Down from the car he fell; swerving aside,  
The startled horses whirled the empty car.  
Them first the King Polydamas beheld, 530  
And stayed their course; to Protiaon's son,  
Astynöus, then he gave them, with command  
To keep good watch, and still be near at hand;  
Then 'mid the foremost joined again the fray.  
Again at Hector of the brazen helm 535  
An arrow Teucer aimed; and had the shaft  
The life of Hector quenched in mid career,  
Not long the fight had raged around the ships:  
But Jove's all-seeing eye beheld, who watched  
O'er Hector's life, and Teucer's hopes deceived. 540  
The bow's well-twisted string he snapped in twain,  
As Teucer drew; the brass-tipped arrow flew  
Wide of the mark, and dropped his hand the bow.  
Then to his brother, all aghast, he cried:  
"O Heaven, some God our best-laid schemes of war 545  
Confounds, who from my hands hath wrenched the bow,  
And snapped the newly-twisted string, which I  
But late attached, my swift-winged shafts to bear."

Whom answered thus great Ajax Telamon:

"O friend, leave there thine arrows and thy bow, 550



Marred by some God who grudges our renown;  
But take in hand thy ponderous spear, and cast  
Thy shield about thy shoulders, and thyself  
Stand forth, and urge the rest, to face the foe.  
Let us not tamely yield, if yield we must, 555  
Our well-built ships, but nobly dare the fight."

Thus Ajax spoke; and Teucer in the tent  
Bestowed his bow, and o'er his shoulders threw  
His fourfold shield; and on his firm-set head  
A helm he placed, well-wrought, with horsehair plume, 560  
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand  
Grasped the firm spear, with sharpened point of brass:  
Then ran, and swiftly stood by Ajax' side.  
Hector meanwhile, who saw the weapon marred,  
To Trojans and to Lycians called aloud: 565

"Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans famed  
In close encounter, quit ye now like men;  
Against the ships your wonted valour show.  
E'en now, before our eyes, hath Jove destroyed  
A chieftain's weapon. Easy 'tis to trace 570  
O'er human wars the o'erruling hand of Jove,  
To whom he gives the prize of victory,  
And whom, withholding aid, he minishes,  
As now the Greeks, while we his favour gain.  
Pour then your force united on the ships; 575  
And if there be among you, who this day  
Shall meet his doom, by sword or arrow slain,  
E'en let him die! a glorious death is his  
Who for his country falls; and dying, leaves  
Preserved from danger, children, wife, and home, 580  
His heritage uninjured, when the Greeks

Embarking hence shall take their homeward way."

His words fresh courage roused in every breast.

Ajax, on the other side addressed the Greeks:

"Shame on ye, Greeks! this very hour decides 585

If we must perish, or be saved, and ward

Destruction from our ships; and can ye hope

That each, if Hector of the glancing helm

Shall burn our ships, on foot can reach his home?

Or hear ye not, how, burning to destroy 590

Our vessels, Hector cheers his forces on?

Not to the dance, but to the fight he calls;

Nor better counsel can for us be found,

Than in close fight with heart and hand to join.

Better at once to risk or die, or live, 595

Than thus remain pent up beside our ships,

In dire distress, by meaner men beset."

His words fresh courage roused in every breast.

Then Hector vanquished Perimedes' son,

Schedius, the Phocian chief; on the other side 600

Laödamas, Antenor's noble son,

The foot commanding, was by Ajax slain;

While of his arms Polydamas despoiled

Cyllenian Otus, friend of Phyleus' son,

The proud Epeians' leader; Meges saw, 605

And rushed upon him; but Polydamas,

Stooping, the blow evaded; him he missed;

For Phœbus willed not Panthöus' son should fall

In the front rank contending; but the spear

Smote Crœsmus through the breast; thundering he fell, 610

And from his corpse the victor stripped his arms.

Ilim Dolops, son of Lampus, spearman skilled,

Well trained in every point of war, assailed  
(The son of Lampus he, the prince of men,  
Son of Laomedon); from close at hand 615  
Forward he sprang, and thrust at Meges' shield;  
But him the solid corslet which he wore,  
With breast and back-piece fitted, saved from harm:  
The corslet Phyleus brought from Ephyra,  
By Selles' stream; Euphotes, King of men, 620  
Bestowed it as a friendly gift, to wear  
In battle for a guard from hostile spears;  
Which from destruction now preserved his son.  
Next Meges struck, with keen-edged spear, the crown  
Of Dolops' brass-bound, horsehair-crested helm, 625  
Severing the horsehair plume, which, brilliant late  
With crimson dye, now lay defiled in dust.  
Yet fought he on, and still for victory hoped;  
But warlike Menelæus to the aid  
Of Meges came; of Dolops unobserved 630  
He stood, and from behind his shoulder pierced;  
The point, its course pursuing, through his breast  
Was driven, and headlong on his face he fell.  
Forthwith advanced the two to seize the spoils;  
But loudly Hector on his kinsmen called; 635  
On all, but chief on Icetäon's son,  
The valiant Melanippus; he erewhile,  
In far Percote, ere the foes appeared,  
Pastured his herds; but when the ships of Greece  
Approached the shore, to Ilion back he came; 640  
There, 'mid the Trojans eminent, he dwelt  
In Priam's house, beloved as Priam's son.  
Him Hector called by name, and thus addressed:

“ Why, Melanippus, stand we idly thus?  
Doth not thy slaughtered kinsman touch thy heart? 645  
See how they rush on Dolops’ arms to seize;  
Then on! no distant war must now be waged,  
But hand to hand, till or the Greeks be slain,  
Or lofty Troy, with all her children, fall.”

He said, and led the way; him followed straight 650  
The godlike chief; great Ajax Telamon  
Meanwhile the Greeks encouraged to the fight,  
And cried, “ Brave comrades, quit ye now like men;  
Bear a stout heart; and in the stubborn fight  
Let each to other mutual succour give; 655  
By mutual succour more are saved than fall;  
In timid flight nor fame nor safety lies.”

He said; his words sank deep in hearts resolved  
On firm defence; as with a wall of brass  
The ships they guarded; though against them Jove 660  
Led on the Trojans; Menelæus then  
With stirring words Antilochus addressed:  
“ Antilochus, than thou, of all the Greeks  
Is none more active, or more light of foot;  
None stronger hurls the spear; then from the crowd 665  
Spring forth, and aim to reach some Trojan’s life.”

Thus saying, he withdrew; fired by his words,  
Forth sprang the youth, and poised his glittering spear,  
Glancing around him; back the Trojans drew  
Before his aim; nor flew the spear in vain; 670  
But through the breast it pierced, as on he came,  
Brave Melanippus, Ictæon’s son.  
Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang.  
Forth sprang Antilochus, as springs a hound



Upon a fawn, which from its lair disturbed 675  
A hunter's shaft has struck, and quelled its powers;  
So, Melanippus, sprang to seize thy spoils  
The stout Antilochus; but not unmarked  
Of Hector's eye, who, hastening through the press,  
Advanced to meet him; waited not the attack, 680  
Bold warrior as he was, Antilochus,  
But trembling fled: as when a beast of prey,  
Conscious of evil deed, amid the herd  
The guardian dog or herdsman's self has slain,  
And flies, ere yet the avenging crowd collect; 685  
So fled the son of Nestor; onward pressed,  
By Hector led, the Trojans; loud their shouts,  
As on the Greeks their murderous shafts they poured:  
Yet turned he, when his comrades' ranks he reached.  
Then on the ships, as ravening lions, fell 690  
The Trojans: they but worked the will of Jove,  
Who still their courage raised, and quelled the Greeks;  
Of victory these debarred, and those inspired;  
For so he willed, that Hector, Priam's son,  
Should wrap in fire the beakèd ships of Greece, 695  
And Thetis to the uttermost obtain  
Her over-bold petition; yet did Jove,  
The Lord of Counsel, wait but to behold  
The flames ascending from the blazing ships:  
For from that hour the Trojans, backward driven, 700  
Should to the Greeks the final triumph leave.  
With such design, to seize the ships, he fired  
The already burning zeal of Priam's son;  
Fiercely he raged, as terrible as Mars  
With brandished spear; or as a raging fire 705



'Mid the dense thickets on the mountain side.  
The foam was on his lips; bright flashed his eyes  
Beneath his awful brows, and terribly  
Above his temples waved amid the fray  
The helm of Hector; Jove himself from Heaven 710  
His guardian hand extending, him alone  
With glory crowning 'mid the host of men;  
But short his term of glory; for the day  
Was fast approaching, when, with Pallas' aid,  
The might of Peleus' son should work his doom. 715  
Oft he essayed to break the ranks, where'er  
The densest throng and noblest arms he saw;  
But strenuous though his efforts, all were vain:  
They, massed in close array, his charge withstood;  
Firm as a craggy rock, upstanding high, 720  
Close by the hoary sea, which meets unmoved  
The boisterous currents of the whistling winds,  
And the big waves that bellow round its base;  
So stood unmoved the Greeks, and undismayed.  
At length, all blazing in his arms, he sprang 725  
Upon the mass; so plunging down, as when  
On some tall vessel, from beneath the clouds  
A giant billow, tempest-nursed, descends:  
The deck is drenched in foam; the stormy wind  
Howls in the shrouds; the affrighted seamen quail 730  
In fear, but little way from death removed;  
So quailed the spirit in every Grecian breast.

As when a ravening lion on a herd  
Of heifers falls, which on some marshy mead  
Feed numberless, beneath the care of one, 735  
Unskilled from beasts of prey to guard his charge;

And while beside the front or rear he walks,  
The lion on the unguarded centre springs,  
Seizes on one, and scatters all the rest;  
So Hector, led by Jove, in wild alarm 740  
Scattered the Grecians all; but one alone,  
Brave Periphetes, of Mycenæ, slew;  
The son of Copreus, whom Eurystheus sent  
His envoy to the might of Hercules;  
Far nobler than the father was the son; 745  
In speed of foot, in warlike might, in mind,  
In all, among Mycenians foremost he;  
Who now on Hector fresh renown conferred;  
For, backward as he stepped, against the rim  
Of the broad shield which for defence he bore, 750  
Down reaching to his feet, he tripped, and thus  
Entangled, backward fell; and as he fell,  
Around his temples clattered loud his helm.  
Hector beheld, and o'er him stood in haste,  
And with his spear transfix'd his breast, and slew 755  
Before his comrades' eyes; yet dared not one,  
Though grieving for their comrade's loss, advance  
To rescue; such of Hector was their awe.  
They fronted now the ships; the leading prows  
Which first were drawn on shore, still barred their way; 760  
Yet on they streamed; and from the foremost ships,  
Now hardly pressed, the Greeks perforce retired;  
But closely massed before the tents they stood,  
Not scattered o'er the camp; by shame restrained,  
And fear; and loudly each exhorted each. 765  
Grecian Nestor chief, the prop of Greece,  
Thus by their fathers singly each adjured:

“Quit ye like men, dear friends; and think it shame  
To forfeit now the praise of other men;  
Let each man now his children and his wife, 770  
His fortunes and his parents, bear in mind;  
And not the living only, but the dead;  
For them, the absent, I, your suppliant, pray,  
That firm ye stand, and scorn disgraceful flight.”

His words fresh courage roused in every breast; 775  
And from their eyeballs Pallas purged away  
The film of darkness; and on every side,  
Both toward the ships and toward the level fight,  
Clear light diffused; there Hector they discerned,  
And all his comrades, those who stood aloof, 780  
And those who near the ships maintained the war.  
Then was not Ajax' mighty soul content  
To stand where stood the other sons of Greece;  
Along the vessels' lofty decks he moved  
With haughty stride; a ponderous boarding-pike, 785  
Well polished, and with rivets well secured,  
Of two and twenty cubits' length, he bore.  
As one well-skilled in feats of horsemanship,  
Who from a troop of horses on the plain  
Has parted four, and down the crowded road, 790  
While men and women all in wonder gaze,  
Drives toward the city; and with force untired  
From one to other springs, as on they fly;  
O'er many a vessel's deck so Ajax passed  
With lofty stride, and voice that reached to Heaven, 795  
As loudly shouting on the Greeks he called  
To save their ships and tents: nor Hector stayed

Amid the closely-bucklered Trojan ranks;  
But, as upon a flock of birds, that feed  
Beside a river's bank, or geese, or cranes, 800  
Or long-necked swans, a fiery eagle swoops;  
So on the dark-prowed ship with furious rush  
Swept Hector down; him Jove with mighty hand  
Sustained, and with him forward urged the crowd.  
Fierce round the ships again the battle raged; 805  
Well might ye deem no previous toil had worn  
Their strength, who in that dread encounter met;  
With edge so keen, and stubborn will they fought.  
But varying far their hopes and fears: the Greeks  
Of safety and escape from death despaired; 810  
While high the hopes in every Trojan's breast,  
To burn the ships, and slay the warlike Greeks:  
So minded each, opposed in arms they stood.

On a swift-sailing vessel's stern, that bore  
Protesiläus to the coast of Troy, 815  
But to his native country bore not thence,  
Hector had laid his hand; around that ship  
Trojans and Greeks in close encounter met.  
The arrow's or the javelin's distant flight  
They waited not, but, fired with equal rage, 820  
Fought hand to hand, with axe and hatchet keen,  
And mighty swords, and double-pointed spears.  
Many a fair-hilted blade, with iron bound,  
Dropped from the hands, or from the severed arms,  
Of warrior chiefs; the dark earth ran with blood: 825  
Yet loosed not Hector of the stern his hold,  
But grasped the poop, and on the Trojans called:



“Bring fire, and all together loud and clear  
Your war-cry raise; this day will Jove repay  
Our labours all, with capture of those ships, 830  
Which hither came, against the will of Heaven,  
And which on us unnumbered ills have brought,  
By our own Elders’ fault, who me, desiring  
Even at their vessels’ sterns to urge the war,  
Withheld, and to the town the troops confined. 835  
But Jove all-seeing, if he then o’erruled  
Our better mind, himself is now our aid.”

Thus he: they onward pressed with added zeal;  
Nor Ajax yet endured, by hostile spears  
Now sorely galled; yet but a little space, 840  
Back to the helmsman’s seven-foot board he moved,  
Expecting death; and left the lofty deck,  
Where long he stood on guard; but still his spear  
The Trojans kept aloof, whoe’er essayed  
Amid the ships to launch the unwearied flames; 845  
And, loudly shouting, to the Greeks he called:

“Friends, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars,  
Quit ye like men! dear friends, remember now  
Your wonted valour! think ye in your rear  
To find supporting forces, or some fort 850  
Whose walls may give you refuge from your foe?  
No city is nigh, whose well-appointed towers,  
Manned by a friendly race, may give us aid;  
But here, upon the well-armed Trojans’ soil,  
And only resting on the sea, we lie 855  
Far from our country; not in faint retreat,  
But in our own good arms, our safety lies.”



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He said; and with his sharp-edged spear his words  
He followed up; if any Trojan dared,  
By Hector's call inspired, with fiery brand 860  
To assail the ships, him with his ponderous spear  
Would Ajax meet; and thus before the ships  
Twelve warriors, hand to hand, his prowess felt. 863

## BOOK XVI.

THUS round the well-manned ship they waged the war:

Meanwhile by Peleus' son Patroclus stood,  
Weeping hot tears; as some dark-watered fount  
Pours o'er a craggy rock its gloomy stream;  
Achilles, swift of foot, with pity saw, 5  
And to his friend these wingèd words addressed:

"Why weeps Patroclus, like an infant girl,  
That prays her mother, by whose side she runs,  
To take her up; and, clinging to her gown,  
Impedes her way, and still with tearful eyes 10  
Looks in her face, until she take her up?  
Even as that girl, Patroclus, such art thou,  
Shedding soft tears: hast thou some tidings brought  
Touching the general weal, or me alone?

Or have some evil news from Phthia come, 15  
Known but to thee? Menœtius, Actor's son,  
Yet surely lives; and 'mid his Myrmidons  
Lives aged Peleus, son of Æacus:

Their deaths indeed might well demand our tears:  
Or weep'st thou for the Greeks, who round their ships 20  
By death their former insolence repay?

Speak out, that I may know thy cause of grief."

To whom, with bitter groans, Patroclus thus:  
"O son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,  
Achilles, be not wroth! such weight of woe 25

The Grecian camp oppresses; in their ships  
They who were late their bravest and their best,  
Sore wounded all by spear or arrow lie;  
The valiant son of Tydeus, Diomed,  
Pierced by a shaft, Ulysses by a spear, 30  
And Agamemnon's self; Eurypylus  
By a sharp arrow through the thigh transfixed;  
For these, the large resources of their art  
The leeches ply, and on their wounds attend;  
While thou, Achilles, still remain'st unmoved. 35  
Oh, be it never mine to nurse such hate  
As thou retain'st, inflexibly severe!  
Who e'er may hope in future days by thee  
To profit, if thou now forbear to save  
The Greeks from shame and loss? Unfeeling man! 40  
Sure Peleus, horseman brave, was ne'er thy sire,  
Nor Thetis bore thee; from the cold grey sea  
And craggy rocks thou hadst thy birth; so hard  
And stubborn is thy soul. But if the fear  
Of evil prophesied thyself restrain, 45  
Or message by thy Goddess-mother brought  
From Jove, yet send me forth with all thy force  
Of Myrmidons, to be the saving light  
Of Greece; and let me to the battle bear  
Thy glittering arms, if so the men of Troy, 50  
Scared by thy likeness, may forsake the field,  
And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,  
Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs.  
Fresh and unwearied, we may drive with ease  
To their own city, from our ships and tents, 55  
The Trojans, worn and battle-wearied men."

Thus prayed he, all unwisely; for the prayer  
He uttered, to himself was fraught with death;  
To whom, much grieved, Achilles, swift of foot:  
“Heaven-born Patroclus, oh, what words are these! 60  
Prophetic warnings move me not, though known;  
Nor message hath my mother brought from Jove;  
But it afflicts my soul, when one I see  
That basely robs his equal of his prize,  
His lawful prize, by highest valour won; 65  
Such grief is mine, such wrong have I sustained.  
Her, whom the sons of Greece on me bestowed,  
Prize of my spear, the well-walled city stormed,  
The mighty Agamemnon, Atreus’ son,  
Hath borne by force away, as from the hands 70  
Of some dishonoured, houseless vagabond.  
But let the past be past; I never meant  
My wrath should have no end; yet had not thought  
My anger to abate, till my own ships  
Should hear the war-cry, and the battle bear. 75  
But go, and in my well-known armour clad,  
Lead forth the valiant Myrmidons to war,  
Since the dark cloud of Trojans circles round  
The ships in force; and on the shingly beach,  
Pent up in narrow limits, lie the Greeks; 80  
And all the city hath poured its numbers forth  
In hope undoubting; for they see no more  
My helm among them flashing; else in flight  
Their dead would choke the streams, if but to me  
Great Agamemnon bore a kindly mind: 85  
But round the camp the battle now is waged.  
No more the hands of valiant Diomed,

The Greeks protecting, hurl his fiery spear;  
Nor hear I now, from his detested lips,  
The shout of Agamemnon; all around 90  
Is heard the warrior-slayer Hector's voice,  
Cheering his Trojans; with triumphant cries  
They, from the vanquished Greeks, hold all the plain.  
Nathless do thou, Patroclus, in defence  
Fall boldly on, lest they with blazing fire 95  
Our ships destroy, and hinder our retreat.  
But hear, and ponder well the end of all  
I have to say, and so for me obtain  
Honour and glory in the eyes of Greece;  
And that the beauteous maiden to my arms 100  
They may restore, with costly gifts to boot.  
The ships relieved, return forthwith; and though  
The Thunderer, Juno's Lord, should crown thine arms  
With triumph, be not rash, apart from me,  
To combat with the warlike sons of Troy; 105  
(So should my name in less repute be held;)  
Nor, in the keen excitement of the fight  
And slaughter of the Trojans, lead thy troops  
On toward the city, lest thou find thyself  
By some one of the immortal Gods opposed; 110  
For the far-darting Phœbus loves them well;  
But when in safety thou hast placed the ships,  
Delay not to return, and leave the rest  
To battle on the plain: for would to Jove,  
To Pallas and Apollo, that not one, 115  
Or Greek or Trojan, might escape from death,  
Save only thou and I; that so we two  
Alone might raze the sacred towers of Troy."



Such converse held they; while by hostile spears  
Hard pressed, no longer Ajax might endure; 120  
At once by Jove's high will and Trojan foes  
O'ermastered; loud beneath repeated blows  
Clattered around his brow the glittering helm,  
As on the well-wrought crest the weapons fell;  
And his left arm grew faint, that long had borne 125  
The burthen of his shield; yet nought availed  
The press of spears to drive him from his post;  
Labouring he drew his breath, his every limb  
With sweat was reeking; breathing space was none;  
Blow followed blow, and ills were heaped on ill. 130

Say now, ye Nine, who on Olympus dwell,  
How first the fire assailed the Grecian ships.

Hector approached, and on the ashen spear  
Of Ajax, close behind the head, let fall  
His mighty sword; right through he clove the wood; 135  
And in his hand the son of Telamon  
The headless shaft held bootless; far away,  
Loud ringing, fell to earth the brazen point.  
Ajax, dismayed, perceived the hand of Heaven,  
And knew that Jove the Thunderer had decreed 140  
To thwart his hopes, and victory give to Troy.  
Slow he retired; and to the vessel they  
The blazing torch applied; high rose the flame  
Unquenchable, and wrapped the poop in fire.  
The son of Peleus saw, and with his palm 145  
Smote on his thigh, and to Patroclus called:  
"Up, nobly born Patroclus, car-borne chief!  
Up, for I see above the ships ascend  
The hostile fires; and lest they seize the ships,

And hinder our retreat, do thou in haste 150  
Thine armour don, while I arouse the troops."

He said: his dazzling arms Patroclus donned:  
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fixed,  
Fastened with silver clasps; his ample chest  
The breastplate of Achilles, swift of foot, 155  
Star-spangled, richly wrought, defended well;  
Around his shoulders slung, his sword he bore,  
Brass-bladed, silver-studded; next his shield  
Weighty and strong; and on his firm-set head  
A helm he wore, well-wrought, with horsehair plume 160  
That nodded, fearful, o'er his brow; his hand  
Grasped two stout spears, familiar to his hold.  
One spear Achilles had, long, ponderous, tough;  
But this he touched not; none of all the Greeks,  
None, save Achilles' self, that spear could poise; 165  
The far-famed Pelian ash, which to his sire,  
On Pelion's summit felled, to be the bane  
Of mightiest chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.  
Then to Automedon he gave command  
To yoke the horses; him he honoured most, 170  
Next to Achilles' self; the trustiest he  
In battle to await his chief's behest.  
The flying steeds he harnessed to the car,  
Xanthus and Balius, fleetest than the winds;  
Whom, grazing in the marsh by ocean's stream, 175  
Podarge, swift of foot, to Zephyr bore:  
And by their side the matchless Pegasus,  
Whom from the capture of Eëtion's town  
Achilles bore away; a mortal horse,  
But with immortal coursers meet to vie. 180

Meantime Achilles, through their several tents,  
Summoned to arms the warlike Myrmidons.  
They all, like ravening wolves, of courage high,  
That on the mountain side have hunted down  
An antlered stag, and batten on his flesh : 185  
Their chaps all dyed with blood, in troops they go,  
With their lean tongues from some black-watered fount  
To lap the surface of the dark cool wave,  
Their jaws with blood yet reeking, unsubdued  
Their courage, and their bellies gorged with flesh ; 190  
So round Pelides' valiant follower thronged  
The chiefs and rulers of the Myrmidons.  
Achilles in the midst to charioteers  
And bucklered warriors issued his commands.  
Fifty swift ships Achilles, dear to Jove, 195  
Led to the coast of Troy ; and ranged in each  
Fifty brave comrades manned the rowers' seats.  
O'er these five chiefs, on whom he most relied,  
He placed, himself the Sovereign Lord of all.  
One band Menestheus led, with glancing mail, 200  
Son of Sperchius, Heaven-descended stream ;  
Ilion Peleus' daughter, Polydora fair,  
A mortal in a God's embrace compressed,  
To stout Sperchius bore ; but, by repute,  
To Borus, Perieres' son, who her 205  
In public, and with ample dower, espoused.  
The brave Eudorus led the second band,  
Whom Phylas' daughter, Polymele fair,  
To Hermes bore ; the maid he saw, and loved,  
Amid the virgins, mingling in the dance 210  
Of golden-shafted Dian, Huntress-Queen ;

He to her chamber access found, and gained  
By stealth her bed; a valiant son she bore,  
Eudorus, swift of foot, in battle strong.  
But when her infant, by Lucina's aid, 215  
Was brought to light, and saw the face of day,  
Her to his home, with ample dower enriched,  
Echeclus, son of Actor, bore away;  
While him the aged Phylas kept, and nursed  
With tender care, and cherished as his own. 220  
The brave Peisander, son of Mæmalus,  
The third commanded; of the Myrmidons,  
Next to Pelides' friend, the noblest spear.  
The fourth, the aged warrior Phoenix led;  
The fifth, Alcimedon, Laerce's son : 225  
These with their chiefs arranged in order due,  
Achilles thus with stirring words addressed :

“Ye Myrmidons, forget not now the vaunts  
Which, while my wrath endured, ye largely poured  
Upon the Trojans; me ye freely blamed; 230  
‘Ill-omened son of Peleus, sure in wrath  
Thou wast conceived, implacable, who keep'st  
Thy comrades here in idleness enforced!  
‘Twere better far our homeward way to take,  
If such pernicious rancour fill thy soul!’ 235  
Thus ye reproached me oft! Lo! now ye have  
The great occasion which your souls desired!  
Then on, and with brave hearts the Trojans meet!”

His words fresh courage roused in every breast;  
And more compact, beneath their monarch's eye, 240  
Their ranks were formed; as when a builder lays  
The closely-fitting stones, to form the wall



Of some great house, and brave the winds of Heaven;  
So close were fitted helm and bossy shield;  
Buckler on buckler pressed, and helm on helm, 245  
And man on man; the horsehair plumes above,  
That nodded, fearful, from the warriors' brows,  
Each other touched; so closely massed they stood.  
Before them all stood prominent in arms  
Two chiefs, Patroclus and Automedon, 250  
Both with one thought possessed, to lead the fight  
In the fore-front of all the Myrmidons.

Achilles then within his tent withdrew,  
And of a gorgeous coffer raised the lid,  
Well-wrought, by silver-footed Thetis placed 255  
On board his ship, and filled with rich attire,  
With store of wind-proof cloaks, and carpets soft.  
There lay a goblet, richly chased, whence none,  
But he alone, might drink the ruddy wine,  
Nor might libations thence to other Gods 260  
Be made, save only Jove; this brought he forth,  
And first with sulphur purified, and next  
Washed with pure water; then his hands he washed,  
And drew the ruddy wine; then standing forth  
Made in the centre of the court his prayer, 265  
And as he poured the wine, looked up to Heaven,  
Not unbeheld of Jove, the lightning's Lord:

"Great King, Dodona's Lord, Pelasgian Jove,  
Who dwell'st on high, and rul'st with sovereign sway  
Dodona's wintry heights; where dwell around 270  
Thy Sellian priests, men of unwashed feet,  
That on the bare ground sleep; thou once before  
Hast heard my prayer, and me with honour crowned,



And on the Greeks inflicted all thy plagues;  
Hear yet again, and this my boon accord. 275  
I 'mid the throng of ships myself remain;  
But with a numerous force of Myrmidons  
I send my comrade in my stead to fight:  
On him, all-seeing Jove, thy favour pour;  
Strengthen his heart, that Hector's self may learn 280  
If, e'en alone, my follower knows to fight,  
Or only then resistless power displays,  
When I myself the toil of battle share.  
And from our vessels when the foe is driven,  
Grant that with all his arms and comrades true 285  
He may in safety to the ships return."

Thus prayed he; Jove, the Lord of counsel, heard,  
And half his prayer he granted, half denied:  
For from the ships the battle to repel  
He granted; but denied his safe return. 290  
His prayers and offerings ended, to the tent  
Achilles turned again, and in the chest  
Replaced the cup; then issuing forth, he stood  
Before the tent; for much he longed to see  
The Greeks and Trojans join in battle strife. 295  
They who in arms round brave Patroclus stood  
Their line of battle formed, with courage high  
To dash upon the Trojans; and as wasps  
That have their nest beside the public road,  
Which boys delight to vex and irritate 300  
In wanton play, but to the general harm;  
Them if some passing traveller unawares  
Disturb, with angry courage forth they rush  
In one continuous swarm, to guard their nest:

E'en with such courage poured the Myrmidons 305  
Forth from the ships; then uproar wild arose,  
And loud Patroclus on his comrades called:

“Ye valiant Myrmidons, who boast yourselves  
Achilles' comrades, quit ye now like men;  
Your ancient valour prove; to Peleus' son, 310  
Of all the Greeks the noblest, so shall we,  
His faithful followers, highest honour give;  
And Agamemnon's haughty self shall mourn  
The slight on Grecia's bravest warrior cast.”

His words fresh courage roused in every breast. 315  
Thick on the Trojan host their masses fell;  
While loud the fleet re-echoed to the sound  
Of Grecian cheers; but when the Trojans saw,  
Blazing in arms, Menœtius' godlike son,  
Himself, and follower; quailed the spirits of all; 320  
Their firm-set ranks were shaken; for they deemed  
Achilles had beside the ships exchanged  
His wrath for friendship; and each several man  
Looked round, to find his own escape from death.

Then first Patroclus aimed his glittering spear 325  
Amid the crowd, where thickest round the ship  
Of brave Protesilæus, raged the war;  
And struck Pyræchmes, who from Amydon,  
From the wide-flowing stream of Axius, led  
The horsehair crested Pæons; him he struck 330  
Through the right shoulder; backwards in the dust,  
Groaning, he fell; around him quailed with fear  
His Pæons all, such terror in their ranks  
Patroclus threw, their bravest leader slain,  
The foremost in the fight; the crowd he drove 335

Far from the ships, and quenched the blazing fire.  
There lay the half-burnt ship; with shouts confused  
The Trojans fled; and from amid the ships  
Forth poured the Greeks; and loud the clamour rose.

As when around a lofty mountain's top 340  
The lightning's Lord dispels a mass of cloud,  
And every crag, and every jutting peak  
Is plainly seen, and every forest glade;  
And the deep vault of Heaven is opened wide;  
So when the Greeks had cleared the ships of fire, 345  
They breathed awhile; yet ceased not so the strife;  
For not in headlong panic from the ships  
The Trojans by the valiant Greeks were driven,  
But, though perforce retiring, still made head.

Then of the chiefs, as wider spread the fight, 350  
Each singled each; Menœtius' noble son  
First threw his pointed spear, and on the thigh  
Struck Arëilochus, in act to turn;  
Right through the point was driven; the weighty spear  
Shattered the bone, and prone to earth he fell. 355

The warlike Menelæus aimed his spear  
Where Thoas' breast, unguarded by his shield,  
Was left exposed; and slacked his limbs in death.  
Phyleus' brave son, as rushed Amphiclus on,  
Stood firm, with eye observant; then the attack 360  
Preventing, through his thigh, high up, where lie  
The strongest muscles, smote; the weapon's point  
Severed the tendons; darkness closed his eyes.  
Of Nestor's sons, Antilochus, the first,  
Atymnius wounded, driving through his flank 365  
The brazen spear; prone on his face he fell.

Then, burning to avenge his brother's death,  
Stood Maris o'er the corpse, and hand to hand  
Engaged Antilochus; but ere a blow  
Was struck, the godlike Thrasymedes drove 370  
Through his right shoulder, with unerring aim,  
His glittering spear; the point his upper arm  
Tore from the muscles, shattering all the bone:  
Thundering he fell, and darkness closed his eyes.  
So to the shades, by those two brethren's hands 375  
Subdued, Sarpedon's comrades brave were sent,  
The sons of Amisodarus, who reared  
The dread Chimæra, bane of mortal men.  
On Cleobulus, wounded in the press,  
Ajax Oïleus sprang, and captive took, 380  
Alive; but sudden on his neck let fall  
His hilted sword, and quenched the fire of life.  
The hot blood dyed the sword; the darkling shades  
Of death, and rigorous fate, his eyes o'erspread.  
Then Peneleus and Lycon, hand to hand, 385  
Engaged in combat; both had missed their aim,  
And bootless hurled their weapons; then with swords  
They met; first Lycon on the crested helm  
Dealt a fierce blow; but in his hand the blade  
Up to the hilt was shivered; then the sword 390  
Of Peneleus his neck, below the ear,  
Dissevered; deeply in his throat the blade  
Was plunged, and by the skin alone was stayed;  
Down drooped his head, his limbs relaxed in death.  
Meriones by speed of foot o'ertook, 395  
And, as his car he mounted, Acamas  
Through the right shoulder pierced; down from the car



He fell; the shades of death his eyes o'erspread.  
Full on the mouth of Erymas was thrust  
The weapon of Idomeneus; right through, 400  
The white bones crashing, passed the brazen spear  
Below the brain; his teeth were shattered all;  
With blood, which with convulsive sobs he blew  
From mouth and nostril, both his eyes were filled;  
And death's dark cloud encompassed him around. 405  
Thus slew the Grecian leaders each his man.

As ravening wolves, that lambs or kids assail,  
Strayed from their dams, by careless shepherds left  
Upon the mountain scattered; these they see,  
And tear at once their unresisting prey; 410  
So on the Trojans fell the Greeks; in rout  
Disastrous they, unmanned by terror, fled.  
Great Ajax still, unwearied, longed to hurl  
His spear at Hector of the brazen helm;  
But he, well skilled in war, his shoulders broad 415  
Protected by his shield of tough bull's hide,  
Watched for the whizzing shafts, and javelins' whirr.  
Full well he knew the tide of battle turned,  
Yet held his ground, his trusty friends to save.  
As from Olympus, o'er the clear blue sky 420  
Pour the dark clouds, when Jove the vault of Heaven  
O'erspreads with storm and tempest, from the ships  
So poured with panic cries the flying host,  
And in disordered rout recrossed the trench.  
Then Hector's flying coursers bore him safe 425  
Far from the struggling masses, whom the ditch  
Detained perforce; there many a royal car  
With broken pole the unharnessed horses left.



On, shouting to the Greeks, Patroclus pressed  
The flying Trojans; they, with panic cries, 430  
Dispersed, the roads encumbered; high uprose  
The storms of dust, as from the tents and ships  
Back to the city stretched the flying steeds;  
And ever, where the densest throng appeared,  
With furious threats Patroclus urged his course; 435  
His glowing axle traced by prostrate men  
Hurled from their cars, and chariots overthrown.  
Flew o'er the deep-sunk trench the immortal steeds,  
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave,  
Still onward straining; for he longed to reach, 440  
And hurl his spear at Hector; him meanwhile  
His flying steeds in safety bore away.

As in the autumnal season, when the earth  
With weight of rain is saturate; when Jove  
Pours down his fiercest storms in wrath to men, 445  
Who in their courts unrighteous judgments pass,  
And justice yield to lawless violence,  
The wrath of Heaven despising; every stream  
Is brimming o'er; the hills in gulleys deep  
Are by the torrents seamed, which, rushing down 450  
From the high mountains to the dark-blue sea,  
With groans and tumult urge their headlong course,  
Wasting the works of man; so urged their flight,  
So, as they fled, the Trojan horses groaned.  
The foremost ranks cut off, back toward the ships 455  
Patroclus drove them, baffling their attempts  
To gain the city; and in middle space  
Between the ships, the stream, and lofty wall,  
Dealt slaughter round him, and of many a chief

The bitter penalty of death required. 460  
Then Pronōus with his glittering spear he struck,  
Where by the shield his breast was left exposed,  
And slacked his limbs in death; thundering he fell.  
Next Thestor, son of Cēnops, he assailed;  
He on his polished car, down-crouching, sat, 465  
His mind by fear disordered; from his hands  
The reins had dropped; him, thrusting with the spear,  
Through the right cheek and through the teeth he smote,  
Then dragged him, by the weapon, o'er the rail.  
As when an Angler on a prominent rock 470  
Drags from the sea to shore with hook and line  
A weighty fish; so him Patroclus dragged,  
Gaping, from off the car; and dashed him down  
Upon his face; and life forsook his limbs.  
Next Eryalus, eager for the fray, 475  
On the mid forehead with a mighty stone  
He struck; beneath the ponderous helmet's weight  
The skull was split in twain; prostrate he fell,  
By life-consuming death encompassed round.  
Forthwith Amphoterus, and Erymas, 480  
Epaltēs, Echius, and Tlepolemus,  
Son of Damastor, Pyris, Ipheus brave,  
Euippus, Polymelus, Argeas' son,  
In quick succession to the ground he brought.  
Sarpedon his ungirdled forces saw 485  
Promiscuous fall before Menetius' son,  
And to the Lycians called in loud reproof:  
"Shame, Lycians! whither fly ye? why this haste?  
I will myself this chief confront, and learn  
Who this may be of bearing proud and high, 490

Who on the Trojans grievous harm hath wrought,  
And many a warrior's limbs relaxed in death."

He said, and from his car, accoutred, sprang;  
Patroclus saw, and he too leaped to earth.

As on a lofty rock, with angry screams, 495  
Hook-beaked, with talons curved, two vultures fight;  
So with loud shouts these two to battle rushed.

The son of Saturn pitying saw, and thus  
To Juno spoke, his sister and his wife:

"Woe, woe! that fate decrees my best-beloved, 500  
Sarpedon, by Patroclus' hand to fall;  
E'en now conflicting thoughts my soul divide,  
To bear him from the fatal strife unhurt,  
And set him down on Lycia's fertile plains,  
Or leave him by Patroclus' hand to fall." 505

Whom answered thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven:  
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
Wouldst thou a mortal man from death withdraw  
Long since by fate decreed? Do what thou wilt;  
Yet cannot we, the rest, applaud thine act. 510  
This too I say, and turn it in thy mind:  
If to his home Sarpedon thou restore  
Alive, bethink thee, will not other Gods  
Their sons too from the stubborn fight withdraw?  
For in the field around the walls of Troy 515  
Are many sons of Gods, in all of whom  
This act of thine will angry feelings rouse.  
But if thou love him, and thy soul deplore  
His coming doom, yet in the stubborn fight  
Leave him beneath Patroclus' hand to fall: 520  
Then, when his spirit hath fled, the charge assign

To Death and gentle Sleep, that in their arms  
They bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains:  
There shall his brethren and his friends perform  
His funeral rites, and mound and column raise, 525  
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

Thus she; the Sire of Gods and men complied:  
But to the ground some drops of blood let fall,  
In honour of his son, whom fate decreed,  
Far from his country, on the fertile plains 530  
Of Troy to perish by Patroclus' hand.  
As near the champions drew, Patroclus first  
His weapon hurled, and Thrasymedes brave,  
The faithful follower of Sarpedon, struck  
Below the waist, and slacked his limbs in death. 535  
Thrown in his turn, Sarpedon's glittering spear  
Flew wide; and Pegasus, the gallant horse,  
Through the right shoulder wounded; with a scream  
He fell, and in the dust breathed forth his life,  
As, shrieking loud his noble spirit fled. 540  
This way and that his two companions swerved;  
Creaked the strong yoke, and tangled were the reins,  
As in the dust the prostrate courser lay.  
Automedon the means of safety saw;  
And drawing from beside his brawny thigh 545  
His keen-edged sword, with no uncertain blow  
Cut loose the fallen horse; again set straight,  
The two, extended, stretched the tightened rein.  
Again in mortal strife the warriors closed:  
Once more Sarpedon hurled his glittering spear 550  
In vain; above Patroclus' shoulder flew  
The point, innocuous; from his hand in turn



The spear not vainly thrown, Sarpedon struck  
Where lies the diaphragm, below the heart.  
He fell; as falls an oak, or poplar tall, 555  
Or lofty pine, which on the mountain top  
For some proud ship the woodman's axe hath hewn;  
So he, with death-cry sharp, before his car  
Extended lay, and clutched the blood-stained soil.  
As when a lion on the herd has sprung, 560  
And, 'mid the heifers seized, the lordly bull  
Lies bellowing, crushed between the lion's jaws;  
So by Patroclus slain, the Lycian chief,  
Undaunted still, his faithful comrade called;  
"Good Glaucus, warrior tried, behoves thee now 565  
Thy spearmanship to prove, and warlike might.  
Welcome the fray; put forth thine utmost speed;  
Call on the Lycian chiefs, on every side,  
To press around, and for Sarpedon fight;  
Thou too thine arms for my protection wield; 570  
For I to thee, through all thy future days,  
Shall be a ceaseless scandal and reproach,  
If me, thus slain before the Grecian ships,  
The Greeks be suffered of my arms to spoil:  
But stand thou fast, and others' courage raise." 575  
Thus as he spoke, the shades of death o'erspread  
His eyes and nostrils; then with foot firm-set  
Upon his chest, Patroclus from the corpse  
Drew, by main force, the fast-adhering spear;  
The life forth issuing with the weapon's point. 580  
Loosed from the royal car, the snorting steeds,  
Eager for flight, the Myrmidons detained.  
Deep-grieving, Glaucus heard his voice: and chafed



His spirit within him, that he lacked the power  
To aid his comrade; with his hand he grasped 585  
His wounded arm, in torture from the shaft  
By Teucer shot, to save the Greeks from death,  
As on he pressed to scale the lofty wall:  
Then to Apollo thus addressed his prayer:

“Hear me, great King, who, as on Lycia’s plains, 590  
Art here in Troy; and hear’st in every place  
Their voice who suffer, as I suffer now.  
A grievous wound I bear, and sharpest pangs  
My arm assail, nor may the blood be stanchèd:  
The pain weighs down my shoulder; and my hand 595  
Hath lost its power to fight, or grasp my spear.  
Sarpedon, bravest of the brave, is slain,  
The son of Jove; yet Jove preserved him not.  
But thou, O king, this grievous wound relieve;  
Assuage the pain, and give me strength to urge 600  
My Lycian comrades to maintain the war,  
And fight myself to guard the noble dead.”

Thus as he prayed, his prayer Apollo heard,  
Assuaged his pains, and from the grievous wound  
Stanchèd the dark blood, and filled his soul with strength.  
Glaucus within himself perceived, and knew, [605  
Rejoicing, that the God had heard his prayer.  
First, hurrying here and there, he called on all  
The Lycian leaders for their King to fight:  
Then ’mid the Trojans went with lofty step, 610  
And first to Panthöus’ son, Polydamas,  
To brave Agenor and Æneas next;  
Then Hector of the brazen helm himself;  
Approaching, thus with wingèd words addressed:

“Hector, forgett'st thou quite thy brave allies, 615  
Who freely in thy cause pour forth their lives,  
Far from their home and friends? but they from thee  
No aid receive; Sarpedon lies in death,  
The leader of the bucklered Lycian bands,  
Whose justice and whose power were Lycia's shield; 620  
Him by Patroclus' hand hath Mars subdued.  
But, friends, stand by me now! with just revenge  
Inspired, determine that the Myrmidons  
Shall not, how grieved soe'er for all the Greeks  
Who by our spears beside the ships have fallen, 625  
Our dead dishonour, and his arms obtain.”

He said; and through the Trojans thrilled the sense  
Of grief intolerable, unrestrained;  
For he, though stranger-born, was of the State  
A mighty pillar; and his followers 630  
A numerous host; and he himself in fight  
Among the foremost; so, against the Greeks,  
With fiery zeal they rushed, by Hector led,  
Grieved for Sarpedon's loss; on the other side  
Patroclus' manly heart the Greeks aroused, 635  
And to the Ajaces first, themselves inflamed  
With warlike zeal, he thus addressed his speech:

“Ye two Ajaces, now is come the time  
Your former fame to rival, or surpass:  
The man hath fallen, who first o'erleaped our wall, 640  
Sarpedon; now remains, that, having slain,  
We should his corpse dishonour, and his arms  
Strip off; and should some comrade dare attempt  
His rescue, him too with our spears subdue.”

He said; and they, with martial ardour fired, 645

Rushed to the conflict. When on either side  
The reinforced battalions were arrayed,  
Trojans and Lycians, Myrmidons and Greeks  
Around the dead in sternest combat met,  
With fearful shouts; and loud their armour rang. 650  
Then, to enhance the horror of the strife  
Around his son, with darkness Jove o'erspread  
The stubborn fight: the Trojans first drove back  
The keen-eyed Greeks; for first a warrior fell,  
Not of the meanest 'mid the Myrmidons, 655  
Epegeus, son of valiant Agacles;  
Who in Budæum's thriving state bore rule  
Erewhile; but flying for a kinsman slain,  
To Peleus and the silver-footed Queen  
He came a suppliant; with Achilles thence 660  
To Ilion sent, to join the war of Troy.  
Him, as he stretched his hand to seize the dead,  
Full on the forehead, with a massive stone  
Great Hector smote; within the ponderous helm  
The skull was split in twain; prone on the corpse 665  
He fell, by life-destroying death subdued.  
Grieved was Patroclus for his comrade slain;  
Forward he darted, as a swift-winged hawk,  
That swoops amid the starlings and the daws;  
So swift didst thou, Patroclus, car-borne chief, 670  
Upon the Trojans and the Lycians spring,  
Thy soul with anger for thy comrade filled.  
A ponderous stone he hurled at Sthenelas,  
Son of Ithæmenes; the mighty mass  
Fell on his neck, and all the muscles crushed. 675  
Back drew great Hector and the chiefs of Troy;

Far as a javelin's flight, in sportive strife,  
Or in the deadly battle, hurled by one  
His utmost strength exerting; back so far  
The Trojans drew, so far the Greeks pursued. 680

Glaucus, the leader of the Lycian spears,  
First turning, slew the mighty Bathycles,  
The son of Chalcon; he in Hellas dwelt,  
In wealth surpassing all the Myrmidons.  
Him, as he gained upon him in pursuit, 685

Quick turning, Glaucus through the breast transfixed;  
Thundering he fell; deep grief possessed the Greeks  
At loss of one so valiant; fiercely joyed  
The Trojans, and around him crowded thick;  
Nor of their wonted valour were the Greeks 690  
Oblivious, but still onward held their course.

Then slew Meriones a crested chief,  
The bold Laogonus, Onetor's son;  
Onetor, of Idæan Jove the Priest,  
And by the people as a God revered. 695

Below the ear he struck him; from his limbs  
The spirit fled, and darkness veiled his eyes.

Then at Meriones Æneas threw  
His brazen spear, in hopes beneath his shield  
To find a spot unguarded; he beheld, 700

And downward stooping, shunned the brazen death;  
Behind him far, deep in the soil infixed,  
The weapon stood; there Mars its impulse stayed;  
So, bootless hurled, though by no feeble hand,  
Æneas' spear stood quivering in the ground; 705

Then thus in wrath he cried: "Meriones,  
Had it but struck thee, nimble as thou art,



My spear had brought thy dancing to a close."

To whom the spearman skilled, Meriones:

"Brave as thou art, Æneas, 'tis too much 710

For thee to hope the might of all to quell,

Who dare confront thee; thou art mortal too!

And if my aim be true, and should my spear

But strike thee fair, all valiant as thou art,

And confident, yet me thy fall shall crown 715

With triumph, and thy soul to Hades send."

He said; and him Menœtius' noble son

Addressed with grave rebuke: "Meriones,

Brave warrior, why thus waste the time in words?

Trust me, good friend, 'tis not by vaunting speech, 720

Unseconded by deeds, that we may hope

To scare away the Trojans from the slain:

Hands are for battle, words for council meet;

Boots it not now to wrangle, but to fight."

He said, and led the way; him followed straight 725

The godlike chief; forthwith, as loudly rings,

Amid the mountain forest's deep recess,

The woodman's axe, and far is heard the sound;

So from the wide-spread earth their clamour rose,

As brazen arms, and shields, and tough bull's hide 730

Encountered swords and double-pointed spears.

Nor might the sharpest sight Sarpedon know,

From head to foot with wounds and blood and dust

Disfigured; thickly round the dead they swarmed.

As when at spring-tide in the cattle-sheds 735

Around the milk-can swarm the buzzing flies,

While the warm milk is frothing in the pail;

So swarmed they round the dead; nor Jove the while



Turned from the stubborn fight his piercing glance;  
But still looked down with gaze intent, and mused 740  
Upon Patroclus' coming fate, in doubt,  
If he too there beside Sarpedon slain,  
Should perish by illustrious Hector's hand,  
Spoiled of his arms; or yet be spared awhile  
To swell the labours of the battle-field. 745  
He judged it best at length, that once again  
The gallant follower of Peleus' son  
Should toward the town with fearful slaughter drive  
The Trojans, and their brazen-helmèd chief.  
First Hector's soul with panic fear he filled; 750  
Mounting his car, he fled, and urged to flight  
The Trojans; for he saw the scales of Jove.  
Then nor the valiant Lycians held their ground;  
All fled in terror, as they saw their king  
Pierced through the heart, amid a pile of dead; 755  
For o'er his body many a warrior fell,  
When Saturn's son the conflict fierce inflamed.  
Then from Sarpedon's breast they stripped his arms,  
Of brass refulgent; these Menœtius' son  
Sent by his comrades to the ships of Greece. 760  
To Phœbus then the Cloud-compeller thus:  
"Hie thee, good Phœbus, from amid the spears  
Withdraw Sarpedon, and from all his wounds  
Cleanse the dark gore; then bear him far away,  
And lave his body in the flowing stream; 765  
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs  
Anointing, clothe him in immortal robes.  
To two swift bearers give him then in charge,  
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers, in their arms

To bear him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains : 770  
There shall his brethren and his friends perform  
His funeral rites, and mound and column raise,  
The fitting tribute to the mighty dead."

He said; obedient to his father's words,  
Down to the battle-field Apollo sped 775  
From Ida's height; and from amid the spears  
Withdrawn, he bore Sarpedon far away,  
And laved his body in the flowing stream;  
Then with divine ambrosia all his limbs  
Anointing, clothed him in immortal robes; 780  
To two swift bearers gave him then in charge,  
To Sleep and Death, twin brothers; in their arms  
They bore him safe to Lycia's wide-spread plains.

Then to Automedon Patroclus gave  
His orders, and the flying foe pursued. 785  
Oh much deceived, insensate! had he now  
But borne in mind the words of Peleus' son,  
He might have 'scaped the bitter doom of death.  
But still Jove's will the will of man o'errules:  
Who strikes with panic, and of victory robs 790  
The bravest; and anon excites to war;  
Who now Patroclus' breast with fury filled.  
Whom then, Patroclus, first, whom slew'st thou last,  
When summoned by the Gods to meet thy doom?  
Adrastus, and Autonöus, Perimus 795  
The son of Meges, and Echeclus next;  
Epistor, Melanippus, Elasmus,  
And Mulius, and Pylartes; these he slew;  
The others all in flight their safety found.

Then had the Greeks the lofty-gated town 800

Of Priam captured by Patroclus' hand,  
So forward and so fierce he bore his spear;  
But on the well-built tower Apollo stood,  
On his destruction bent, and Troy's defence.  
The jutting angle of the lofty wall 805  
Patroclus thrice assailed; his onset thrice  
Apollo, with his own immortal hands  
Repelling, backward thrust his glittering shield.  
But when again, with more than mortal force  
He made his fourth attempt, with awful mien 810  
And threatening voice the Far-destroyer spoke:  
    "Back, Heaven-born chief, Patroclus! not to thee  
Hath fate decreed the triumph to destroy  
The warlike Trojans' city; no, nor yet  
To great Achilles, mightier far than thou." 815  
Thus as he spoke, Patroclus backward stepped,  
Shrinking before the Far-destroyer's wrath.  
Still Hector kept before the Scæan gates  
His coursers; doubtful, if again to dare  
The battle-throng, or summon all the host 820  
To seek the friendly shelter of the wall.  
Thus as he mused, beside him Phœbus stood,  
In likeness of a warrior stout and brave,  
Brother of Hecuba, the uncle thence  
Of noble Hector, Asius, Dymas' son; 825  
Who dwelt in Phrygia, by Sangarius' stream;  
His form assuming, thus Apollo spoke;  
"Hector, why shrink'st thou from the battle thus?  
It ill beseems thee! Would to Heaven that I  
So far thy greater were, as thou art mine; 830  
Then sorely shouldst thou rue this abstinence.

But, forward thou! against Patroclus urge  
Thy fiery steeds, and, slaying him, obtain,  
If so Apollo will, immortal fame."

This said, the God rejoined the strife of men; 835  
And noble Hector bade Cebriones

Drive 'mid the fight his car; before him moved  
Apollo, scattering terror 'mid the Greeks,  
And lustre adding to the arms of Troy.

All others Hector passed unnoticed by, 840  
Nor stayed to slay; Patroclus was the mark  
At which his coursers' clattering hoofs he drove.

On the other side, Patroclus from his car  
Leaped to the ground: his left hand held his spear;  
And in the right a ponderous mass he bore 845

Of rugged stone, that filled his ample grasp:  
The stone he hurled; not far it missed its mark,  
Nor bootless flew; but Hector's charioteer

It struck, Cebriones, a bastard son  
Of royal Priam, as the reins he held. 850

Full on his temples fell the jagged mass,  
Drove both his eyebrows in, and crushed the bone;  
Before him in the dust his eyeballs fell;

And, like a diver, from the well-wrought car  
Headlong he plunged; and life forsook his limbs. 855  
O'er whom Patroclus thus with bitter jest:

"Heaven! what agility! how deftly thrown

That somersault! if only in the sea

Such feats he wrought, with him might few compete,  
Diving for oysters, if with such a plunge 860

He left his boat, how rough soe'er the waves,  
As from his car he plunges to the ground:



Troy can, it seems, accomplished tumblers boast."

Thus saying, on Cebriones he sprang,  
As springs a lion, through the breast transfix'd, 865  
In act the sheepfold to despoil, and dies  
The victim of his courage; so didst thou  
Upon Cebriones, Patroclus, spring.  
Down from his car too Hector leaped to earth.  
So, o'er Cebriones, opposed they stood; 870  
As on the mountain, o'er a slaughtered stag,  
Both hunger-pinched, two lions fiercely fight,  
So o'er Cebriones two mighty chiefs,  
Menœtius' son and noble Hector, strove,  
Each in the other bent to plunge his spear. 875  
The head, with grasp unyielding, Hector held;  
Patroclus seized the foot; and, crowding round,  
Trojans and Greeks in stubborn conflict closed.

As when, encountering in some mountain-glen,  
Eurus and Notus shake the forest deep, 880  
Of oak, or ash, or slender cornel-tree,  
Whose tapering branches are together thrown,  
With fearful din, and crash of broken boughs;  
So mixed confusedly, Greeks and Trojans fought,  
No thought of flight by either entertained. 885  
Thick o'er Cebriones the javelins flew,  
And feathered arrows, bounding from the string;  
And ponderous stones that on the bucklers rang,  
As round the dead they fought; amid the dust  
That eddying rose, his art forgotten all, 890  
A mighty warrior, mightily he lay.  
While in mid Heaven the sun pursued his course,  
Thick flew the shafts, and fast the people fell



On either side; but when declining day  
Brought on the hour that sees the loosened steers, 895  
The Greeks were stronger far; and from the darts  
And Trojan battle-cry Cebriones  
They drew, and from his breast his armour stripped.  
Fiercely Patroclus on the Trojans fell:  
Thrice he assailed them, terrible as Mars, 900  
With fearful shouts; and thrice nine foes he slew:  
But when again, with more than mortal force  
His fourth assault he made, thy term of life,  
Patroclus, then approached its final close:  
For Phœbus' awful self encountered thee, 905  
Amid the battle throng, of thee unseen,  
For thickest darkness shrouded all his form:  
He stood behind, and with extended palm  
Dealt on Patroclus' neck and shoulders broad  
A mighty buffet; dizzy swam his eyes, 910  
And from his head Apollo snatched the helm;  
Clanked, as it rolled beneath the horses' feet,  
The visored helm; the horsehair plume with blood  
And dust polluted; never till that day  
Was that proud helmet so with dust defiled, 915  
That wont to deck a godlike chief, and guard  
Achilles' noble head, and graceful brow:  
Now by the will of Jove to Hector given.

Now death was near at hand; and in his grasp  
His spear was shivered, ponderous, long, and tough, 920  
Brass-pointed; with its belt, the ample shield  
Fell from his shoulders; and Apollo's hand,  
The royal son of Jove, his corslet loosed.  
Then was his mind bewildered; and his limbs

Gave way beneath him; all aghast he stood : 925  
Him, from behind, a Dardan, Panthöus' son,  
Euphorbus, peerless 'mid the Trojan youth,  
To hurl the spear, to run, to drive the car,  
Approaching close, between the shoulders stabbed;  
He, trained to warfare, from his car, ere this 930  
A score of Greeks had from their chariots hurled:  
Such was the man who thee, Patroclus, first  
Wounded, but not subdued; the ashen spear  
He, in all haste withdrew; nor dared confront  
Patroclus, though disarmed, in deadly strife. 935

Back to his comrades' sheltering ranks retired,  
From certain death, Patroclus: by the stroke  
Of Phœbus vanquished, and Euphorbus' spear:  
But Hector, when Patroclus from the fight  
He saw retreating, wounded, through the ranks 940  
Advancing, smote him through the flank; right through  
The brazen spear was driven; thundering he fell;  
And deeply mourned his fall the Grecian host.

As when a lion hath in fight o'erborne  
A tuskèd boar, when on the mountain top 945  
They two have met, in all their pride of strength,  
Both parched with thirst, around a scanty spring;  
And vanquished by the lion's force, the boar  
Hath yielded, gasping; so Menœtius' son,  
Great deeds achieved, at length beneath the spear 950  
Of noble Hector yielded up his life;  
Who o'er the vanquished, thus, exulting, spoke:  
"Patroclus, but of late thou mad'st thy boast  
To raze our city walls, and in your ships  
To bear away to your far-distant land, 955

Their days of freedom lost, our Trojan dames:  
Fool that thou wast! nor knew'st, in their defence,  
That Hector's flying coursers scoured the plain;  
From them, the bravest of the Trojans, I  
Avert the day of doom; while on our shores 960  
Thy flesh shall glut the carrion birds of Troy.  
Poor wretch! though brave he be, yet Peleus' son  
Availed thee nought, when, hanging back himself,  
With sage advice he sent thee forth to fight:  
'Come not to me, Patroclus, car-borne chief, 965  
Nor to the ships return, until thou bear  
The warrior-slayer Hector's bloody spoils,  
Torn from his body;' such were, I suppose,  
His counsels; thou, poor fool, becam'st his dupe."  
To whom Patroclus thus in accents faint: 970

"Hector, thou boastest loudly now, that Jove,  
With Phœbus joined, hath thee with victory crowned:  
They wrought my death, who stripped me of my arms.  
Had I to deal with twenty such as thee,  
They all should perish, vanquished by my spear: 975  
Me fate hath slain, and Phœbus; and, of men,  
Euphorbus; thou wast but the third to strike.  
This too I say, and bear it in thy mind;  
Not long shalt thou survive me; death e'en now  
And final doom hangs o'er thee, by the hand 980  
Of great Achilles, Peleus' matchless son."

Thus as he spoke, the gloom of death his eyes  
O'erspread, and to the shades his spirit fled,  
Mourning his fate, his youth and strength cut off.

To whom, though dead, the noble Hector thus: 985  
"Patroclus, why predict my coming fate?

Or who can say but fair-haired Thetis' son,  
Achilles, by my spear may first be slain?"

He said, and planting firm his foot withdrew  
The brazen spear, and backward drove the dead 990  
From off the weapon's point; then, spear in hand,  
Intent to slay, Automedon pursued,  
The godlike follower of Æacides:  
But him in safety bore the immortal steeds,  
The noble prize the Gods to Peleus gave. 995

## BOOK XVII.

NOR was Patroclus' fall, by Trojans slain,  
Of warlike Meneläus unobserved;  
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms arrayed,  
And round him moved, as round her new-dropped calf,  
Her first, a heifer moves with plaintive moan: 5  
So round Patroclus Meneläus moved,  
His shield's broad orb and spear before him held,  
To all who might oppose him threatening death.  
Nor, on his side, was Panthöus' noble son  
Unmindful of the slain; but, standing near, 10  
The warlike Meneläus thus addressed:

“Illustrious son of Atreus, Heaven-born chief,  
Quit thou the dead; yield up the bloody spoils;  
For, of the Trojans and their famed Allies,  
Mine was the hand that in the stubborn fight 15  
First struck Patroclus; leave me then to wear  
Among the men of Troy my honours due,  
Lest by my spear thou lose thy cherished life.”

To whom in anger Meneläus thus:  
“O Father Jove, how ill this vaunting tone 20  
Beseems this braggart! In their own esteem,  
With Panthöus' sons for courage none may vie;  
Nor pard, nor lion, nor the forest boar,  
Fiercest of beasts, and proudest of his strength.  
Yet nought availed to Hyperenor's might 25



His youthful vigour, when he held me cheap,  
And my encounter dared; of all the Greeks  
He deemed my prowess least; yet he, I ween,  
On his own feet returned not, to rejoice  
His tender wife's and honoured parents' sight. 30  
So shall thy pride be quelled, if me thou dare  
Encounter; but I warn thee, while 'tis time,  
Ere ill betide thee, 'mid the general throng  
That thou withdraw, nor stand to me opposed.  
After the event may even a fool be wise." 35

He spoke in vain; Euphorbus thus replied:  
"Now, Heaven-born Menelæus, shalt thou pay  
The forfeit for my brother's life, o'er whom,  
Slain by thy hand, thou mak'st thy boasting speech.  
Thou in the chambers of her new-found home 40  
Hast made his bride a weeping widow; thou  
Hast filled with bitterest grief his parents' hearts:  
Some solace might those hapless mourners find,  
Could I thy head and armour in the hands  
Of Panthöus and of honoured Phrontis place; 45  
Nor uncontested shall the proof remain,  
Nor long deferred, of victory or defeat."

He said, and struck the centre of the shield,  
But broke not through; against the stubborn brass  
The point was bent; then with a prayer to Jove 50  
The son of Atreus in his turn advanced;  
And, backward as he stepped, below his throat  
Took aim, and pressing hard with stalwart hand  
Drove through the yielding neck the ponderous spear:  
Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang. 55  
Those locks, that with the Graces' hair might vie,

Those tresses bright, with gold and silver bound,  
Were dabbled all with blood. As when a man  
Hath reared a fair and vigorous olive plant,  
In some lone spot, by copious-gushing springs, 60  
And seen expanding, nursed by every breeze,  
Its whitening blossoms; till with sudden gust  
A sweeping hurricane of wind and rain  
Uproots it from its bed, and prostrate lays;  
So lay the youthful son of Panthöus, slain 65  
By Atreus' son, and of his arms despoiled.  
As when a lion, in the mountains bred,  
In pride of strength, amid the pasturing herd  
Seizes a heifer in his powerful jaws,  
The choicest; and, her neck first broken, rends, 70  
And, on her entrails gorging, laps the blood;  
Though with loud clamour dogs and herdsmen round  
Assail him from afar, yet ventures none  
To meet his rage, for fear is on them all;  
So none was there so bold, with dauntless breast 75  
The noble Meneläus' wrath to meet.  
Now had Atrides borne away with ease  
The spoils of Panthöus' son; but Phæbus grudged  
His prize of victory, and against him launched  
The might of Hector, terrible as Mars: 80  
To whom his wingèd words, in Mentès' form,  
Chief of the Cicones, he thus addressed:  
"Hector, thy labour all is vain, pursuing  
Pelides' flying steeds; and hard are they  
For mortal man to harness, or control, 85  
Save for Achilles' self, the Goddess-born.  
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son,

Defends meanwhile Patroclus; and e'en now  
Hath slain a noble Trojan, Panthöus' son,  
Euphorbus, and his youthful vigour quelled." 90

He said, and joined again the strife of men:  
Hector's dark soul with bitter grief was filled;  
He looked amid the ranks, and saw the two,  
One slain, the other stripping off his arms,  
The blood outpouring from the gaping wound. 95  
Forward he sprang, in dazzling arms arrayed,  
Loud shouting, blazing like the quenchless flames  
Of Vulcan: Meneläus heard the shout,  
And, troubled, communed with his valiant heart:

"Oh, woe is me! for should I now the spoils 100  
Abandon, and Patroclus, who for me  
And in my cause lies slain, of any Greek  
Who saw me, I might well incur the blame:  
And yet if here alone I dare to fight  
With Hector and his Trojans, much I fear, 105  
Singly, to be by numbers overwhelmed;  
For Hector all the Trojans hither brings.  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
Who strives against the will divine, with one  
Beloved of Heaven, a bitter doom must meet. 110  
Then none may blame me, though I should retreat  
From Hector, who with Heaven's assistance wars.  
Yet could I hear brave Ajax' battle cry,  
We two, returning, would the encounter dare,  
E'en against Heaven, if so for Peleus' son 115  
We might regain, and bear away the dead:  
Some solace of our loss might then be ours."

While in his mind and spirit thus he mused,

By Hector led, the Trojan ranks advanced:  
Backward he moved, abandoning the dead; 120  
But turning oft, as when by men and dogs  
A bearded lion from the fold is driven  
With shouts and spears; yet grieves his mighty heart,  
And with reluctant step he quits the yard:  
So from Patroclus Meneläus moved; 125  
Yet when he reached his comrades' ranks, he turned,  
And looked around, if haply he might find  
The mighty Ajax, son of Telamon.  
Him on the battle's farthest left he spied,  
Cheering his friends and urging to the fight, 130  
For sorely Phœbus had their courage tried;  
And hastening to his side, addressed him thus:  
"Ajax, haste hither; to the rescue come  
Of slain Patroclus; if perchance we two  
May to Achilles, Peleus' son, restore 135  
His body: his naked body, for his arms  
Are prize to Hector of the glancing helm."  
He said, and Ajax' spirit within him stirred;  
Forward he sprang, and with him Atreus' son.  
Hector was dragging now Patroclus' corpse, 140  
Stripped of its glittering armour, and intent  
The head to sever with his sword, and give  
The mangled carcass to the dogs of Troy:  
But Ajax, with his tower-like shield, approached:  
Then Hector to his comrades' ranks withdrew, 145  
Rushed to his car, and bade the Trojans bear  
The glittering arms, his glorious prize, to Troy:  
While Ajax with his mighty shield o'erspread  
Menætiüs' son; and stood, as for his cubs



A lion stands, whom hunters, unaware, 150  
Have with his offspring met amid the woods,  
Proud in his strength he stands; and down are drawn,  
Covering his eyes, the wrinkles of his brow:  
So o'er Patroclus mighty Ajax stood,  
And by his side, his heart with grief oppressed, 155  
The warlike Meneläus, Atreus' son.

Then Glaucus, leader of the Lycian host,  
To Hector thus, with scornful glance, addressed  
His keen reproaches: "Hector, fair of form,  
How art thou wanting in the fight! thy fame, 160  
Coward and runaway, thou hast belied.  
Bethink thee now, if thou alone canst save  
The city, aided but by Trojans born;  
Henceforth no Lycian will go forth for Troy  
To fight with Greeks; since favour none we gain 165  
By unremitting toil against the foe.  
How can a meaner man expect thine aid,  
Who basely to the Greeks a prize and spoil  
Sarpedon leav'st, thy comrade and thy guest?  
Greatly he served the city and thyself, 170  
While yet he lived; and now thou dar'st not save  
His body from the dogs! By my advice  
If Lycians will be ruled, we take at once  
Our homeward way, and Troy may meet her doom.  
But if in Trojan bosoms there abode 175  
The daring, dauntless courage, meet for men  
Who in their country's cause against the foe  
Endure both toil and war, we soon should see  
Patroclus brought within the walls of Troy;  
Him from the battle could we bear away, 180



And, lifeless, bring to royal Priam's town,  
Soon would the Greeks Sarpedon's arms release,  
And we to Ilion's heights himself might bear :  
For with his valiant comrades there lies slain  
The follower of the bravest chief of Greece. 185  
But thou before the mighty Ajax stood'st  
With downcast eyes, nor durst in manly fight  
Contend with one thy better far confessed."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
With stern regard, replied : " Why, Glaucus, speak, 190  
Brave as thou art, in this o'erbearing strain ?  
Good friend, I heretofore have held thee wise  
O'er all who dwell in Lycia's fertile soil ;  
But now I change, and hold thy judgment cheap,  
Who chargest me with flying from the might 195  
Of giant Ajax ; never have I shrunk  
From the stern fight, and clatter of the cars ;  
But all o'erruling is the mind of Jove,  
Who strikes with panic, and of victory robs  
The bravest ; and anon excites to war. 200  
Stand by me now, and see if through the day  
I prove myself the coward that thou say'st,  
Or suffer that a Greek, how brave soe'er,  
Shall rescue from my hands Patroclus' corpse."

He said, and loudly on the Trojans called : 205  
" Trojans and Lycians, and ye Dardans, famed  
In close encounter, quit ye now like men ;  
Maintain awhile the stubborn fight, while I  
The splendid armour of Achilles don,  
My glorious prize from slain Patroclus torn." 210

So saying, Hector of the glancing helm,

Withdrawing from the field, with rapid steps  
His comrades followed, and ere long o'ertook,  
Who toward the town Achilles' armour bore;  
Then standing from the bloody fight aloof 215  
The armour he exchanged; his own he bade  
The warlike Trojans to the city bear;  
While he, of Peleus' son, Achilles, donned  
The heavenly armour, which the immortal Gods  
Gave to his sire; he to his son conveyed; 220  
Yet in that armour grew not old that son.  
Him when apart the Cloud-compeller saw  
Girt with the arms of Peleus' godlike son,  
He shook his head, as inly thus he mused:  
"Ah hapless! little deem'st thou of thy fate, 225  
Though now so nigh! Thou of the prime of men,  
The dread of all, hast donned the immortal arms,  
Whose comrade, brave and good, thy hand hath slain;  
And shamed him, stripping from his head and breast  
Helmet and cuirass; yet thy latest hours 230  
Will I with glory crown; since ne'er from thee,  
Returned from battle, shall Andromache  
Receive the spoils of Peleus' godlike son."

He said, and nodded with his shadowy brows;  
Then with the armour, fitted to his form 235  
By Jove himself, was Hector girt by Mars  
The fierce and terrible; with vigorous strength  
His limbs were strung, as 'mid his brave allies  
He sprang, loud-shouting; glittering in his arms,  
To all he seemed Achilles' godlike self. 240  
To each and all in cheering tones he spoke,  
Mesthles and Glaucus and Thersilochus,

Asteropæus and Hippothöus,  
Medon, Deisenor, Phorcys, Chromius,  
And Ennomus the seer: to all of these 245  
His wingèd words he cheeringly addressed:

“Hear me, ye countless tribes, that dwelling round  
Assist our cause! You from your several homes  
Not for display of numbers have I called,  
But that with willing hearts ye should defend 250  
Our wives and infants from the warlike Greeks:  
For this I drain my people's stores, for food  
And gifts for you, exalting your estate;  
Then, who will boldly onward, he may fall,  
Or safe escape, such is the chance of war; 255  
But who within our valiant Trojans' ranks  
Shall but the body of Patroclus bring,  
Despite the might of Ajax; half the spoils  
To him I give, the other half myself  
Retaining; and his praise shall equal mine.” 260

He said; and onward, with uplifted spears,  
They marched upon the Greeks; high rose their hopes  
From Ajax Telamon to snatch the dead;  
Vain hopes, which cost them many a life! Then thus  
To valiant Menelaus Ajax spoke: 265

“O Heaven-born Menelæus, noble friend,  
For safe return I dare no longer hope:  
Not for Patroclus' corpse so much I fear,  
Which soon will glut the dogs and birds of Troy,  
As for my life and thine I tremble now: 270  
For, like a war-cloud, Hector's might I see  
O'ershadowing all around; now is our doom  
Apparent; but do thou for succour call

On all the chiefs, if haply they may hear."

Thus Ajax spoke: obedient to his word, 275

On all the chiefs Atrides called aloud:

"O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,

All ye that banquet at the general cost

With Atreus' sons, and o'er your several states

Dominion hold; whose honour is of Jove; 280

'Twere hard to call by name each single man,

So fierce the combat rages; but let each

And all their aid afford, and deem it shame

Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy."

He said: first heard Oïleus' active son, 285

And hastening through the fray, beside him stood.

Next him Idomeneus, with whom there came,

Valiant as Mars, his friend Meriones.

But who can know or tell the names of all,

Who, following, swelled the battle of the Greeks? 290

Onward the Trojans pressed, by Hector led:

With such a sound, as when the ocean wave

Meets on the beach the outpouring of a stream,

Swollen by the rains of Heaven; the lofty cliffs

Resound, and bellows the big sea without; 295

With such a sound advanced the Trojan host:

While round Patroclus, with one heart and mind,

The Greeks a fence of brass-clad bucklers raised.

O'er their bright helms the son of Saturn shed

A veil of darkness; for Menœtius' son, 300

Achilles' faithful friend, while yet he lived

Jove hated not, nor would that now his corpse

Should to the dogs of Troy remain a prey,

But to the rescue all his comrades stirred.



At first the Trojans drove the keen-eyed Greeks; 305  
Leaving the corpse, they fled; nor with their spears  
The valiant Trojans reached a single Greek;  
But on the dead they seized; yet not for long  
Endured their flight; them Ajax rallied soon,  
In form pre-eminent, and deeds of arms, 310  
O'er all the Greeks, save Peleus' matchless son.  
Onward he sprang, as springs a mountain boar,  
Which, turning in the forest glade to bay,  
Scatters with ease both dogs and stalwart youths;  
So Ajax scattered soon the Trojan ranks, 315  
That round Patroclus closing, hoped to bear,  
With glory to themselves, his corpse to Troy.  
Hippothöus, Pelasgian Lethus' son,  
Was dragging by the feet the noble dead,  
A leathern belt around his ancles bound, 320  
Seeking the favour of the men of Troy;  
But on himself he brought destruction down,  
Which none might turn aside; for from the crowd  
Outsprang the son of Telamon, and struck,  
In close encounter, on the brass-checked helm; 325  
The plumèd helm was shivered by the blow,  
Dealt by a weighty spear and stalwart hand;  
Gushed from the wound the mingled blood and brain,  
His vital spirit quenched; and on the ground  
Fell from his powerless grasp Patroclus' foot; 330  
While he himself lay stretched beside the dead,  
Far from his own Larissa's teeming soil:  
Not destined he his parents to repay  
Their early care; for short his term of life,  
By godlike Ajax' mighty spear subdued. 335



At Ajax Hector threw his glittering spear :  
He saw, and narrowly the brazen death  
Escaped ; but Schedius, son of Iphitus,  
(The bravest of the Phocian chiefs, who dwelt  
In far-famed Panopeus, the mighty Lord 340  
Of numerous hosts,) below the collar-bone  
It struck, and passing through, the brazen point  
Came forth again beneath his shoulder-blade :  
Thundering he fell, and loud his armour rang.

As Phoreys, son of Phænops, kept his watch 345  
O'er slain Hippothöus, him Ajax smote  
Below the waist ; the weighty spear broke through  
The hollow breastplate, and the intestines tore ;  
Prone in the dust he fell, and clutched the ground.  
At this the Trojan chiefs and Hector's self 350  
'Gan to give way ; the Greeks, with joyful shouts,  
Seized both the dead, and stripped their armour off.  
To Ilion now, before the warlike Greeks,  
O'ercome by panic, had the Trojans fled ;  
And now had Greeks, despite the will of Jove, 355  
By their own strength and courage, won the day,  
Had not Apollo's self Æneas roused,  
In likeness of a herald, Periphas,  
The son of Epytus, now aged grown  
In service of Æneas' aged sire, 360  
A man of kindest soul : his form assumed  
Apollo, and Æneas thus addressed :

" Æneas, how, against the will of Heaven,  
Could ye defend your city, as others now  
In their own strength and courage confident, 365  
Their numbers, and their troops' undaunted hearts,

I see their cause maintaining; if when Jove  
Rather to us than them the victory wills,  
With fear unspeakable ye shun the fight?"

He said: the presence of the Archer-God 370  
Æneas knew, and loud to Hector called:

"Hector, and all ye other chiefs of Troy,  
And brave Allies, foul shame it were that we,  
O'ercome by panic, should to Ilion now  
In flight be driven before the warlike Greeks; 375  
And by my side, but now, some God there stood,  
And told how Jove, the sovereign arbiter  
Of battle, on our side bestowed his aid;  
On then! nor undisturbed allow the Greeks  
To bear Patroclus' body to their ships." 380

He said, and far before the ranks advanced;  
They rallying turned, and faced again the Greeks.

Then first Æneas' spear the comrade brave  
Of Lycomedes struck, Leocritus,  
Son of Arisbas; Lycomedes saw 385  
With pitying eyes his gallant comrade's fall;  
And standing near, his glittering spear he threw,  
And through the midriff Apisaon struck,  
His people's guardian chief, the valiant son  
Of Hippasus, and slacked his limbs in death. 390

He from Pæonia's fertile fields had come,  
O'er all his comrades eminent in fight,  
All save Asteropæus, who with eyes  
Of pity saw his gallant comrade's fall,  
And forward sprang to battle with the Greeks; 395  
Yet could not force his way; for all around  
Patroclus rose a fence of serried shields,

And spears projecting; such the orders given  
By Ajax, and with earnest care enforced;  
That from around the dead should none retire, 400  
Nor any to the front advance alone  
Before his fellows; but their steady guard  
Maintain, and hand to hand the battle wage.  
So ordered Ajax; then with crimson blood  
The earth was wet; and hand to hand they fell, 405  
Trojans alike, and brave Allies, and Greeks;  
For neither these a bloodless fight sustained,  
Though fewer far their losses; for they stood  
Of mutual succour mindful, and support.  
Thus, furious as the rage of fire, they fought; 410  
Nor might ye deem the glorious sun himself  
Nor moon was safe; for darkest clouds of night  
O'erspread the warriors, who the battle waged  
Around the body of Menœtius' son:  
Elsewhere the Trojans and the well-greaved Greeks 415  
Fought, undisturbed, in the clear light of day;  
The sun's bright beams were shed abroad; no cloud  
Lay on the face of earth or mountain tops;  
They but by fits, at distant intervals,  
And far apart, each seeking to avoid 420  
The hostile missiles, fought; but in the midst  
The bravest all, in darkness and in strife  
Sore pressed, toiled on beneath their armour's weight.  
As yet no tidings of Patroclus' fall  
Had reached two valiant chiefs, Antilochus 425  
And Thrasymedes; but they deemed him still  
Alive, and fighting in the foremost ranks.  
They, witnessing their comrades' flight and death,

Fought on apart, by Nestor so enjoined,  
When from the ships he bade them join the fray. 430  
Great was meanwhile their labour, who sustained,  
Throughout the livelong day, that weary fight;  
Reeked with continuous toil and sweat, the knees,  
And legs and feet, the arms, and eyes, of all  
Who round Achilles' faithful comrade fought. 435  
As when a chief his people bids to stretch  
A huge bull's hide, all drenched and soaked with grease;  
They in a circle ranged, this way and that,  
Pull the tough hide, till entering in, the grease  
Is all absorbed; and dragged by numerous hands 440  
The supple skin to the utmost length is stretched;  
So these in narrow space this way and that  
The body dragged; and high the hopes of each  
To bear it off in triumph; to their ships  
The Greeks, to Troy the Trojans; fiercely raged 445  
The struggle; spirit-stirring Mars himself,  
Or Pallas to her utmost fury roused,  
Had not that struggle with contempt beheld:  
Such grievous labour o'er Patroclus' corpse  
Had Jove to horses and to men decreed. 450

But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet  
Had reached Achilles; for the war was waged  
Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy;  
Nor looked he of his death to hear, but deemed  
That when the Trojans to their gates were driven, 455  
He would return in safety; for no hope  
Had he of taking by assault the town,  
With, or without, his aid; for oft apart  
His Goddess-mother had his doom foretold,



Revealing to her son the mind of Jove; 460  
Yet ne'er had warned him of such grief as this,  
Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss.

Still round the dead they held their pointed spears,  
Fought hand to hand, and mutual slaughter dealt;  
And thus perchance some brass-clad Greek would say: 465

"O friends, 'twere shameful should we to the ships  
Ingloriously return; ere that should be,  
Let earth engulph us all; so better far  
Than let these Trojans to their city bear  
Our dead, and boast them of their triumph gained." 470  
On the other hand some valiant Trojan thus  
Would shout: "O friends, though fate decreed that here  
We all should die, yet let not one give way."

Thus, cheering each his comrades, would they speak,  
And thus they fought; the iron clangour pierced 475  
The empty air, and brazen vault of Heaven.

But from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds  
Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid  
Their charioteer, by Hector's murderous hand.

Automedon, Dioces' valiant son, 480  
Essayed in vain to rouse them with the lash,

In vain with honeyed words, in vain with threats;  
Nor to the ships would they return again

By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray;  
But as a column stands, which marks the tomb 485  
Of man or woman, so immovable

Beneath the splendid car they stood, their heads  
Down-drooping to the ground, while scalding tears  
Dropped earthward from their eyelids, as they mourned  
Their charioteer; and o'er the yoke-band shed 490

Down streamed their ample manes, with dust defiled.  
The son of Saturn pitying saw their grief,  
And sorrowing shook his head, as thus he mused :

“ Ah, hapless horses ! wherefore gave we you  
To royal Peleus, to a mortal man, 495  
You that from age and death are both exempt !  
Was it that you the miseries might share  
Of wretched mortals ? for of all that breathe,  
And walk upon the earth, or creep, is nought  
More wretched than the unhappy race of man. 500  
Yet shall not ye, nor shall your well-wrought car,  
By Hector, son of Priam, be controlled ;  
I will not suffer it ; enough for him  
To hold, with vaunting boast, Achilles' arms ;  
But to your limbs and spirits will I impart 505  
Such strength, that from the battle to the ships  
Ye shall in safety bear Automedon ;  
For yet I will the Trojans shall prevail,  
And slay, until they reach the well-manned ships,  
Till sets the sun, and darkness shrouds the earth.” 510

He said, and in their breasts fresh spirit infused ;  
They, shaking from their manes the dust, the car  
Amid the Greeks and Trojans lightly bore.  
Then as a vulture 'mid a flock of geese,  
Though for his comrade grieved, Automedon, 515  
His horses urging, 'mid the battle rushed.  
Swiftly he fled from out the Trojan host ;  
Swiftly again assailed them in pursuit ;  
Yet speedy to pursue, he could not slay ;  
Nor, in the car alone, had power at once 520  
To guide the flying steeds, and hurl the spear.

At length a comrade brave, Alcimedon,  
Laerces' son, beheld; behind the car  
He stood, and thus Automedon addressed:

“Automedon, what God has filled thy mind 525  
With counsels vain, and thee of sense bereft?  
That with the Trojans, in the foremost ranks,  
Thou fain wouldst fight alone, thy comrade slain,  
While Hector proudly on his breast displays  
The glorious arms of great Æacides.” 530

To whom Automedon, Diores' son:  
“Alcimedon, since none of all the Greeks  
May vie with thee, the mettle to control  
Of these immortal horses, save indeed,  
While yet he lived, Patroclus, godlike chief; 535  
But him stern death and fate have overta'en;  
Take thou the whip and shining reins, while I,  
Descending from the car, engage in fight.”

He said; and mounting on the war-car straight,  
Alcimedon the whip and reins assumed; 540  
Down leaped Automedon; great Hector saw,  
And thus addressed Æneas at his side:

“Æneas, prince and counsellor of Troy,  
I see, committed to unskilful hands,  
Achilles' horses on the battle field: 545  
These we may hope to take, if such thy will;  
For they, methinks, will scarcely stand opposed,  
Or dare the encounter of our joint assault.”

He said; Anchises' valiant son complied;  
Forward they went, their shoulders covered o'er 550  
With stout bull's-hide, thick overlaid with brass.  
With them both Chromius and Aretus went;

And high their hopes were raised, the warriors both  
To slay, and make the strong-necked steeds their prize:  
Blind fools! nor destined scatheless to escape 555

Automedon's encounter; he his prayer  
To Jove addressed, and straight with added strength  
His soul was filled; and to Alcimedon,  
His trusty friend and comrade, thus he spoke:

“Alcimedon, do thou the horses keep 560  
Not far away, but breathing on my neck;  
For Hector's might will not, I deem, be stayed,  
Ere us he slay, and mount Achilles' car,  
And carry terror 'mid the Grecian host,  
Or in the foremost ranks himself be slain.” 565

Thus spoke Automedon, and loudly called  
On Meneläus and the Ajaces both:

“Ye two Ajaces, leaders of the host,  
And, Meneläus, with our bravest all,  
Ye on the dead alone your care bestow, 570  
To guard him, and stave off the hostile ranks;  
But haste, and us, the living, save from death;  
For Hector and Æneas hitherward,  
With weight o'erpowering through the bloody press,  
The bravest of the Trojans, force their way: 575  
Yet is the issue in the hands of Heaven;  
I hurl the spear, but Jove directs the blow.”

He said, and, poisoning, hurled his ponderous spear;  
Full on Aretus' broad-orbed shield it struck;  
Nor stayed the shield its course; the brazen point 580  
Drove through the belt, and in his body lodged.  
As with sharp axe in hand a stalwart man,  
Striking behind the horns a sturdy bull,



Severs the neck; he forward plunging, falls;  
So forward first he sprang, then backwards fell; 585  
And quivering, in his vitals deep infix'd,  
The sharp spear soon relaxed his limbs in death.  
Then at Automedon great Hector threw  
His glittering spear; he saw, and forward stooped,  
And shunned the brazen death; behind him far 590  
Deep in the soil infix'd, with quivering shaft  
The weapon stood; there Mars its impulse stayed.  
And now with swords, and hand to hand, the fight  
Had been renewed; but at their comrade's call  
The two Ajaces, pressing through the throng, 595  
Between the warriors interposed in haste.  
Before them Hector and Æneas both,  
And godlike Chromius, in alarm recoiled;  
Pierced through the heart, Aretus there they left;  
And, terrible as Mars, Automedon 600  
Stripped off his arms, and thus exulting cried:  
"Of some small portion of its load of grief,  
For slain Patroclus, is my heart relieved,  
In slaying thee, all worthless as thou art."  
Then, throwing on the car the bloody spoils, 605  
He mounted, hands and feet imbrued with blood,  
As 'twere a lion, fresh from his repast  
Upon the carcase of a slaughtered bull.  
Again around Patroclus' body raged  
The stubborn conflict, direful, sorrow-fraught: 610  
From Heaven descending, Pallas stirred the strife,  
Sent by all-seeing Jove to stimulate  
The warlike Greeks; so changed was now his will.  
As o'er the face of Heaven when Jove extends

His bright-hued bow, a sign to mortal men 615  
Of war, or wintry storms, which bid surcease  
The rural works of man, and pinch the flocks;  
So Pallas, in a bright-hued cloud arrayed,  
Passed through the ranks, and roused each several man.  
To noble Meneläus, Atreus' son, 620  
Who close beside her stood, the Goddess first,  
The form of Phœnix and his powerful voice  
Assuming, thus her stirring words addressed:

“On thee, O Meneläus, foul reproach  
Will fasten, if beneath the walls of Troy 625  
The dogs devour Achilles' faithful friend;  
Then hold thou firm, and all the host inspire.”

To whom thus Meneläus, good in fight:  
“O Phœnix, aged warrior, honoured sire,  
If Pallas would the needful power impart, 630  
And o'er me spread her ægis, then would I  
Undaunted for Patroclus' rescue fight,  
For deeply by his death my heart is touched;  
But valiant Hector, with the strength of fire  
Still rages, and destruction deals around: 635  
For Jove is with him, and his triumph wills.”

He said: the blue-eyed Goddess heard with joy  
That, chief of all the Gods, her aid he sought.  
She gave fresh vigour to his arms and knees,  
And to his breast the boldness of the fly, 640  
Which, oft repelled by man, renews the assault  
Incessant, lured by taste of human blood;  
Such boldness in Atrides' manly breast  
Pallas inspired; beside Patroclus' corpse  
Again he stood, and poised his glittering spear. 645

There was one Podes in the Trojan ranks,  
Son of Eëtion, rich, of blameless life,  
Of all the people most to Hector dear,  
And at his table oft a welcome guest:  
Him, as he turned to fly, beneath the waist 650  
Atrides struck; right through the spear was driven;  
Thundering he fell; and Atreus' son the corpse  
Dragged from the Trojans 'mid the ranks of Greece.

Then close at Hector's side Apollo stood,  
Clad in the form of Phænops, Asius' son, 655  
Who in Abydos dwelt; of all the Allies  
Honoured of Hector most, and best beloved;  
Clad in his form, the Far-destroyer spoke:

"Hector, what other Greek will scare thee next?  
Who shrink'st from Meneläus, heretofore 660  
A warrior deemed of no repute; but now,  
Alone, he robs our Trojans of their dead;  
And in the foremost ranks e'en now hath slain  
Podes, thine own good friend, Eëtion's son."

He said; dark grief o'erclouded Hector's brow, 665  
As to the front in dazzling arms he sprang.  
Then Saturn's son his tasselled ægis waved,  
All glittering bright; and Ida's lofty head  
In clouds and darkness shrouded; then he bade  
His lightning flash, his volleying thunder roar, 670  
That shook the mountain; and with victory crowned  
The Trojan arms, and panic-struck the Greeks.

The first who turned to fly was Peneleus,  
Bœotian chief; him, facing still the foe,  
A spear had slightly on the shoulder struck, 675  
The bone just grazing: by Polydamas,

Who close before him stood, the spear was thrown.  
Then Hector Lëitus, Alectryon's son,  
Thrust through the wrist, and quelled his warlike might;  
Trembling, he looked around, nor hoped again 680  
The Trojans, spear in hand, to meet in fight;  
But, onward as he rushed on Lëitus,  
Idomeneus at Hector threw his spear:  
Full on his breast it struck; but near the head  
The sturdy shaft was on the breastplate snapped: 685  
Loud was the Trojans' shout; and he in turn  
Aimed at Idomeneus, Deucalion's son,  
Upstanding on his car; his mark he missed,  
But Cœranus he struck, the charioteer  
And faithful follower of Meriones, 690  
Who with him came from Lyctus' thriving town:  
The chief had left on foot the well-trimmed ships;  
And, had not Cœranus his car in haste  
Driven to the rescue, by his fall had given  
A Trojan triumph; to his Lord he brought 695  
Safety, and rescue from unsparing death;  
But fell, himself, by Hector's murderous hand.  
Him Hector struck between the cheek and ear,  
Crashing the teeth, and cutting through the tongue.  
Headlong he fell to earth, and dropped the reins: 700  
These, stooping from the car, Meriones  
Caught up, and thus Idomeneus addressed:  
"Ply now the lash, until thou reach the ships:  
Thyself must see how crushed the strength of Greece."  
He said; and toward the ships Idomeneus 705  
Urged his fleet steeds; for fear was on his soul.  
Nor did not Ajax and Atrides see



How in the Trojans' favour Saturn's son  
The wavering scale of victory turned; and thus  
Great Ajax Telamon his grief expressed: 710  
"O Heaven! the veriest child might plainly see  
That Jove the Trojans' triumph has decreed:  
Their weapons all, by whomsoever thrown,  
Or weak, or strong, attain their mark; for Jove  
Directs their course; while ours upon the plain 715  
Innocuous fall. But take we counsel now  
How from the fray to bear away our dead,  
And by our own return rejoice those friends  
Who look with sorrow on our plight, and deem  
That we, all powerless to resist the might 720  
Of Hector's arm, beside the ships must fall.  
Would that some comrade were at hand, to bear  
A message to Achilles; him, I ween,  
As yet the mournful tidings have not reached,  
That on the field his dearest friend lies dead. 725  
But such I see not; for a veil of cloud  
O'er men and horses all around is spread.  
O Father Jove, from o'er the sons of Greece  
Remove this cloudy darkness; clear the sky,  
That we may see our fate, and die at least, 730  
If such thy will, in the open light of day."

He said, and, pitying, Jove beheld his tears;  
The clouds he scattered, and the mist dispersed;  
The sun shone forth, and all the field was clear;  
Then Ajax thus to Meneläus spoke: 735

"Now, Heaven-born Meneläus, look around  
If haply 'mid the living thou mayst see  
Antilochus, the noble Nestor's son;

And bid him to Achilles bear in haste  
The tidings, that his dearest friend lies dead." 740

He said, nor did Atrides not comply;  
But slow as moves a lion from the fold,  
Which dogs and youths with ceaseless toil hath worn,  
Who all night long have kept their watch, to guard  
From his assault the choicest of the herd; 745

He, hunger-pinched, hath oft the attempt renewed,  
But nought prevailed; by spears on every side,  
And javelins met, wielded by stalwart hands,  
And blazing torches, which his courage daunt;  
Till with the morn he sullenly withdraws; 750

So from Patroclus, with reluctant step  
Atrides moved; for much he feared the Greeks  
Might to the Trojans, panic-struck, the dead  
Abandon; and departing, he besought  
The two Ajaces and Meriones: 755

"Ye two Ajaces, leaders of the Greeks,  
And thou, Meriones, remember now  
Our lost Patroclus' gentle courtesy,  
How kind and genial was his soul to all,  
While yet he lived—now sunk, alas! in death." 760

Thus saying, Meneläus took his way,  
Casting his glance around on every side,  
Like to an eagle, famed of sharpest sight  
Of all that fly beneath the vault of Heaven;  
Whom, soaring in the clouds, the crouching hare 765  
Eludes not, though in leafiest covert hid;  
But swooping down, he rends her life away:  
So, Meneläus, through the ranks of war  
Thy piercing glances every way were turned,

If Nestor's son, alive, thou mightst descry; 770  
Him on the field's extremest left he found,  
Cheering his friends, and urging to the fight;  
He stood beside him, and addressed him thus:

“Antilochus, come hither, godlike friend,  
And woful tidings hear, which would to Heaven 775  
I had not to impart; thyself thou seest  
How Jove hath heaped disaster on the Greeks,  
And victory given to Troy; but one has fallen,  
Our bravest, best! Patroclus lies in death;  
And deeply must the Greeks his loss deplore. 780  
But haste thee to the ships, to Peleus' son  
The tidings bear, if haply he may save  
The body of Patroclus from the foe;  
His naked body, for his arms are now  
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm.” 785

He said; and at his words Antilochus  
Astounded stood; long time his tongue in vain  
For utterance strove; his eyes were filled with tears,  
His cheerful voice was mute; yet not the less  
To Meneläus' bidding gave his care: 790  
Swiftly he sped; but to Læodocus,  
His comrade brave, who waited with his car  
In close attendance, first consigned his arms;  
Then from the field with active limbs he flew,  
Weeping, with mournful news, to Peleus' son. 795  
Nor, noble Meneläus, did thy heart  
Incline thee to remain, and aid thy friends,  
Where from their war-worn ranks the Pylian troops  
Deplored the absence of Antilochus;

But these in godlike Thrasymedes' charge 800  
He left; and to Patroclus hastening back,  
Beside the Ajaces stood, as thus he spoke:  
"Him to Achilles, to the ships, in haste  
I have despatched; yet fiercely as his wrath  
May burn toward Hector, I can scarce expect 805  
His presence here; for how could he, unarmed,  
With Trojans fight? But take we counsel now  
How from the field to bear away our dead,  
And 'scape ourselves from death by Trojan hands."

Whom answered thus great Ajax Telamon: 810  
"Illustrious Meneläus, all thy words  
Are just and true; then from amid the press,  
Thou and Meriones, take up in haste,  
And bear away the body; while behind  
We two, in heart united, as in name, 815  
Who side by side have still been wont to fight,  
Will Hector and his Trojans hold at bay."

He said; they, lifting in their arms the corpse,  
Upraised it high in air; then from behind  
Loud yelled the Trojans, as they saw the Greeks 820  
Retiring with their dead; and on they rushed,  
As dogs that in advance of hunter youths  
Pursue a wounded boar; awhile they run,  
Eager for blood; but when, in pride of strength,  
He turns upon them, backward they recoil, 825  
This way and that in fear of death dispersed:  
So onward pressed awhile the Trojan crowd,  
With thrust of swords, and double-pointed spears  
But ever as the Ajaces turned to bay,



Their colour changed to pale, not one so bold 830  
As, dashing on, to battle for the corpse.  
Thus they, with anxious care, from off the field  
Bore toward the ships their dead; but on their track  
Came sweeping on the storm of battle, fierce,  
As, on a sudden breaking forth, the fire 835  
Seizes some populous city, and devours  
House after house amid the glare and blaze,  
While roar the flames before the gusty wind;  
So fiercely pressed upon the Greeks' retreat  
The clattering tramp of steeds and armed men. 840  
But as the mules, with stubborn strength endued,  
That down the mountain through the trackless waste  
Drag some huge log, or timber for the ships,  
And spent with toil and sweat, still labour on  
Unflinching; so the Greeks with patient toil 845  
Bore on their dead; the Ajaces in their rear  
Stemming the war, as stems the torrent's force  
Some wooded cliff, far stretching o'er the plain;  
Checking the mighty river's rushing stream,  
And flinging it aside upon the plain, 850  
Itself unbroken by the strength of flood:  
So firmly, in the rear, the Ajaces stemmed  
The Trojan force; yet these still onward pressed,  
And 'mid their comrades proudly eminent,  
Two chiefs, Æneas, old Anchises' son, 855  
And glorious Hector, in the van were seen.  
Then, as a cloud of starlings or of daws  
Fly screaming, as they see the hawk approach,  
To lesser birds the messenger of death;

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So before Hector and Æneas fled, 860  
Screaming, forgetful of their warlike fame,  
The sons of Greece; and scattered here and there  
Around the ditch lay store of goodly arms,  
By Greeks abandoned in their hasty flight.  
Yet still, unintermitted, raged the war. 865

## BOOK XVIII.

THUS, furious as the rage of fire, they fought.

Meantime Antilochus to Peleus' son,  
Swift-footed messenger, his tidings bore.  
Him by the high-beaked ships he found, his mind  
The event presaging, filled with anxious thoughts,     5  
As thus he communed with his mighty heart:

“Alas! what means it, that the long-haired Greeks,  
Chased from the plain, are thronging round the ships?  
Let me not now, ye Gods, endure the grief  
My mother once foretold, that I should live     10  
To see the bravest of the Myrmidons  
Cut off by Trojans from the light of day.  
Mencætiüs' noble son has surely fallen;  
Foolhardy! yet I warned him, and besought,  
Soon as the ships from hostile fires were safe,     15  
Back to return, nor Hector's onset meet.”

While in his mind and spirit thus he mused,  
Beside him stood the noble Nestor's son,  
And weeping, thus his mournful message gave:

“Alas! great son of Peleus, woful news,     20  
Which would to Heaven I had not to impart,  
To thee I bring: Patroclus lies in death;  
And o'er his body now the war is waged;  
His naked body, for his arms are now  
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm.”     25

He said; and darkest clouds of grief o'erspread  
Achilles' brow; with both his hands he seized  
And poured upon his head the grimy dust,  
Marring his graceful visage; and defiled  
With blackening ashes all his costly robes. 30  
Stretched in the dust his lofty stature lay,  
As with his hands his flowing locks he tore;  
Loud was the wailing of the female band,  
Achilles' and Patroclus' prize of war,  
As round Achilles, rushing out of doors, 35  
Beating their breasts, with tottering limbs they pressed.  
In tears beside him stood Antilochus,  
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,  
Groaning in spirit, fearful lest for grief  
In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword. 40  
Loud were his moans; his Goddess-mother heard,  
Beside her aged father where she sat  
In the deep ocean caves, and wept aloud;  
The Nereids all, in ocean's depths who dwell,  
Encircled her around; Cymodoce,\* 45  
Nesæe, Spio, and Cymothœe,  
The stag-eyed Halia, and Amphithœe,  
Actæa, Limnorea, Melite,  
Doris, and Galatea, Panope;  
There too were Oreithyia, Clymene, 50

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\* L. 45 et seqq. I hope I may be pardoned for having somewhat curtailed the list of these ladies, which in the original extends over ten lines of names only. In doing so, I have followed the example of Virgil, who represents the same ladies, evidently the *élite* of submarine society (G. 4. 336), in attendance on Cyrene; and has not only reduced the list, but added some slight touches illustrating their occupations and private history: a liberty permissible to an imitator, but not to a translator.



And Amatheia with the golden hair,  
And all the denizens of ocean's depths.  
Filled was the glassy cave; in unison  
They beat their breasts, as Thetis led the wail:

“Give ear, my sister Nereids all, and learn 55  
How deep the grief that in my breast I bear.  
Me miserable! me, of noblest son  
Unhappiest mother! me, a son who bore,  
My brave, my beautiful, of heroes chief!  
Like a young tree he thrived: I tended him, 60  
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant;  
Till in the beakèd ships I sent him forth  
To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I behold,  
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.  
E'en while he lives, and sees the light of day, 65  
He lives in sorrow; nor, to soothe his grief,  
My presence can avail; yet will I go,  
That I may see my dearest child, and learn  
What grief hath reached him, from the war withdrawn.”

She said, and left the cave; with her they went, 70  
Weeping; before them parted the ocean wave.  
But when they reached the fertile shore of Troy,  
In order due they landed on the beach,  
Where frequent, round Achilles swift of foot,  
Were moored the vessels of the Myrmidons. 75  
There, as he groaned aloud, beside him stood  
His Goddess-mother; she, with bitter cry,  
Clasped in her hands his head, and sorrowing spoke:

“Why weeps my son? and what his cause of grief?  
Speak out, and nought conceal; for all thy prayer 80  
Which with uplifted hands thou mad'st to Jove,

He hath fulfilled, that, flying to their ships,  
The routed sons of Greece should feel how much  
They need thine aid, and deep disgrace endure."

To whom Achilles, deeply groaning, thus: 85

"Mother, all this indeed hath Jove fulfilled;

Yet what avails it, since my dearest friend

Is slain, Patroclus? whom I honoured most

Of all my comrades, loved him as my soul,

Him have I lost: and Hector from his corpse 90

Hath stripped those arms, those weighty, beauteous arms,

A marvel to behold, which from the Gods

Peleus received, a glorious gift, that day

When they consigned thee to a mortal's bed.

How better were it, if thy lot had been 95

Still 'mid the Ocean deities to dwell,

And Peleus had espoused a mortal bride!

For now is bitter grief for thee in store,

Mourning thy son; whom to his home returned

Thou never more shalt see; nor would I wish 100

To live, and move amid my fellow-men,

Unless that Hector, vanquished by my spear,

May lose his forfeit life, and pay the price

Of foul dishonour to Patroclus done."

To whom, her tears o'erflowing, Thetis thus: 105

"E'en as thou sayst, my son, thy term is short;

Nor long shall Hector's fate precede thine own."

Achilles, answering, spoke in passionate grief:

"Would I might die this hour, who failed to save

My comrade slain! far from his native land 110

He died, sore needing my protecting arm;

And I, who ne'er again must see my home,

Nor to Patroclus, nor the many Greeks  
Whom Hector's hand hath slain, have rendered aid;  
But idly here I sit, cumbering the ground: 115  
I, who amid the Greeks no equal own  
In fight; to others, in debate, I yield.  
Accursed of Gods and men be hateful strife  
And anger, which to violence provokes  
E'en temperate souls; though sweeter be its taste 120  
Than dropping honey, in the heart of man  
Swelling, like smoke; such anger in my soul  
Hath Agamemnon kindled, King of men.  
But pass we that; though still my heart be sore,  
Yet will I school my angry spirit down. 125  
In search of Hector now, of him who slew  
My friend, I go; prepared to meet my death,  
When Jove shall will it, and the Immortals all.  
From death not e'en the might of Hercules,  
Though best beloved of Saturn's son, could fly, 130  
By fate and Juno's bitter wrath subdued.  
I too, since such my doom, must lie in death;  
Yet, ere I die, immortal fame will win;  
And from their delicate cheeks, deep-bosomed dames,  
Dardan and Trojan, bitter tears shall wipe, 135  
And groan in anguish; then shall all men know  
How long I have been absent from the field;  
Then, though thou love me, seek not from the war  
To stay my steps: for bootless were thy speech."

Whom answered thus the silver-footed Queen: 140  
"True are thy words, my son; and good it is,  
And commendable, from the stroke of death  
To save a worsted comrade; but thine arms,

Thy brazen, flashing arms, the Trojans hold:  
Them Hector of the glancing helm himself 145  
Bears on his breast, exulting; yet not long  
Shall be his triumph, for his doom is nigh.  
But thou, engage not in the toils of war,  
Until thine eyes again behold me here;  
For with to-morrow's sun will I return 150  
With arms of Heavenly mould, by Vulcan wrought."

Thus saying, from her son she turned away,  
And turning, to her sister Nereids spoke:  
"Back to the spacious bosom of the deep  
Retire ye now; and to my father's house, 155  
The aged Ocean God, your tidings bear;  
While I to high Olympus speed, to crave  
At Vulcan's hand, the skilled artificer,  
A boon of dazzling armour for my son."

She said; and they beneath the ocean wave 160  
Descended, while to high Olympus sped  
The silver-footed Goddess, thence in hope  
To bear the dazzling armour to her son.  
She to Olympus sped; the Greeks meanwhile  
Before the warrior-slayer Hector fled 165  
With wild, tumultuous uproar, till they reached  
Their vessels and the shore of Hellespont.  
Nor had the well-greaved Greeks Achilles' friend,  
Patroclus, from amid the fray withdrawn;  
For close upon him followed horse and man, 170  
And Hector, son of Priam, fierce as flame;  
Thrice noble Hector, seizing from behind,  
Sought by the feet to drag away the dead,  
Cheering his friends; thrice, clad in warlike might,



The two Ajaces drove him from his prey. 175

Yet, fearless in his strength, now rushing on  
He dashed amid the fray; now, shouting loud,  
Stood firm; but backward not a step retired.

As from a carcase herdsman strive in vain  
To scare a tawny lion, hunger-pinched; 180

E'en so the Ajaces, mail-clad warriors, failed  
To scare the son of Priam from the corpse.

And now the body had he borne away,  
With endless fame; but from Olympus' height  
Came storm-swift Iris down to Peleus' son, 185

And bade him don his arms; by Juno sent,  
Unknown to Jove, and to the Immortals all.

She stood beside him, and addressed him thus:

“Up, son of Peleus! up, thou prince of men!  
Haste to Patroclus' rescue; whom around, 190

Before the ships, is waged a fearful war,  
With mutual slaughter; these the dead defending,  
And those to Ilion's breezy heights intent  
To bear the body; noble Hector chief,

Who longs to sever from the tender neck, 195  
And fix upon the spikes, thy comrade's head.

Up then! delay no longer; deem it shame  
Patroclus' corpse should glut the dogs of Troy,  
Dishonouring thee, if aught dishonour him.”

Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot: 200

“Say, heavenly Iris, of the immortal Gods  
Who bade thee seek me, and this message bring?”

To whom swift Iris thus: “To thee I come  
By Juno sent, the imperial wife of Jove;  
Unknown to Saturn's son, and all the Gods 205

Who on Olympus' snowy summit dwell."

To whom again Achilles, swift of foot:

"How in the battle toil can I engage?

My arms are with the Trojans; and to boot

My mother warned me not to arm for fight, 210

Till I again should see her; for she hoped

To bring me heavenly arms by Vulcan wrought:

Nor know I well whose armour I could wear,

Save the broad shield of Ajax Telamon;

And he, methinks, amid the foremost ranks 215

E'en now is fighting o'er Patroclus' corpse."

Whom answered storm-swift Iris: "Well we know

Thy glorious arms are by the Trojans held:

But go thou forth, and from above the ditch

Appear before them; daunted at the sight, 220

Haply the Trojans may forsake the field,

And breathing-time afford the sons of Greece,

Toil-worn; for little pause has yet been theirs."

Swift Iris said, and vanished; then uprose

Achilles, dear to Jove; and Pallas threw 225

Her tasselled ægis o'er his shoulders broad;

His head encircling with a coronet

Of golden cloud, whence fiery flashes gleamed.

As from an island city up to Heaven

The smoke ascends, which hostile forces round 230

Beleaguer, and all day with cruel war

From its own state cut off; but when the sun

Hath set, blaze frequent forth the beacon fires;

High rise the flames, and to the dwellers round

Their signal flash, if haply o'er the sea 235

May come the needful aid; so brightly flashed

That fiery light around Achilles' head.  
He left the wall, and stood above the ditch,  
But from the Greeks apart, remembering well  
His mother's prudent counsel; there he stood, 240  
And shouted loudly; Pallas joined her voice,  
And filled with terror all the Trojan host.  
Clear as the trumpet's sound, which calls to arms  
Some town, encompassed round with hostile bands,  
Rang out the voice of great Æacides. 245  
But when Achilles' voice of brass they heard,  
They quailed in spirit; the sleek-skinned steeds themselves,  
Conscious of coming ill, bore back the cars:  
Their charioteers, dismayed, beheld the flame  
Which, kindled by the blue-eyed Goddess, blazed 250  
Unquenched around the head of Peleus' son.  
Thrice shouted from the ditch the godlike chief;  
Thrice terror struck both Trojans and Allies;  
And there and then beside their chariots fell  
Twelve of their bravest; while the Greeks, well pleased, 255  
Patroclus' body from the fray withdrew,  
And on a litter laid; around him stood  
His comrades, mourning; with them, Peleus' son,  
Shedding hot tears, as on his friend he gazed,  
Laid on the bier, and pierced with deadly wounds: 260  
Him to the war with horses and with cars  
He sent; but ne'er to welcome his return.

By stag-eyed Juno sent, reluctant sank  
The unwearied sun beneath the ocean wave;  
The sun had set, and breathed awhile the Greeks 265  
From the fierce labours of the balanced field;  
Nor less the Trojans, from the stubborn fight

Retiring, from the chariots loosed their steeds:  
But ere they shared the evening meal, they met  
In council; all stood up; none dared to sit; 270  
For fear had fallen on all, when reappeared  
Achilles, from the battle long withdrawn.  
First Panthöus' son, the sage Polydamas,  
Addressed the assembly; his sagacious mind  
Alone beheld the future and the past; 275  
The friend of Hector, born the selfsame night;  
One best in arms, the other in debate;  
Who thus with prudent speech began, and said:  
"Be well advised, my friends! my counsel is  
That we regain the city, nor the morn 280  
Here in the plain, beside the ships, await,  
So far removed from our protecting walls.  
While fiercely burned 'gainst Atreus' godlike son  
That mighty warrior's wrath, 'twas easier far  
With the other Greeks to deal; and I rejoiced 285  
When by the ships we passed the night, in hopes  
We soon might call them ours; but now, I own,  
Achilles, swift of foot, excites my fear.  
His proud, impetuous spirit will spurn the plain,  
Where Greeks and Trojans oft in warlike strife 290  
Their balanced strength exert; if he come forth,  
Our fight will be to guard our homes and wives.  
Gain we the city; trust me, so 'twere best.  
Now, for a while, ambrosial night detains  
The son of Peleus; but at early morn 295  
If issuing forth in arms he find us here,  
His prowess we shall know; and happy he  
Who, flying, shall in safety reach the walls



Of sacred Troy; for many a Trojan slain  
Shall feed the vultures: Heaven avert such fate! 300  
But if, though loth, ye will by me be ruled,  
This night in council husband we our strength;  
While towers, and lofty gates, and folding doors  
Close joined, well-fitting, shall our city guard:  
Then issuing forth in arms at early morn 305  
Man we the towers; so harder were his task  
If, from the ships advancing, round the wall  
He offer battle; bootless to return,  
His strong-necked horses worn with labour vain  
In coursing, purposeless, around the town. 310  
To force an entrance, or the town destroy,  
Is not his aim; and ere that end be gained,  
The dogs of Troy upon his flesh shall feed."

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm  
With stern regard: "Polydamas, thy words 315  
Are such as grate unkindly on mine ear,  
Who fain would have us to the walls retire.  
What? have ye not already long enough  
Been cooped within the towers? the wealth of Troy,  
Its brass, its gold, were once the common theme 320  
Of every tongue; our hoarded treasures now  
Are gone, to Phrygian and Mæonian shores  
For sale exported, costly merchandise,  
Since on our city fell the wrath of Jove.  
And now, when deep-designing Saturn's son 325  
Such glory gives me as to gain the ships,  
And, crowded by the sea, hem in the Greeks,  
Fool! put not thou these timid counsels forth,  
Which none will follow, nor will I allow.

But hear ye all, and do as I advise: 330  
Share now the meal, by ranks, throughout the host;  
Then set your watch, and each keep careful guard;  
And whom his spoils o'erload, if such there be,  
Let him divide them with the general crowd;  
Better that they should hold them than the Greeks: 335  
And with the morn, in arms, beside the ships,  
Will we again awake the furious war.  
But if indeed Achilles by the ships  
Hath reappeared, himself, if so he choose,  
Shall be the sufferer; from the perilous strife 340  
I will not shrink, but his encounter meet:  
So he, or I, shall gain immortal fame;  
Impartial Mars hath oft the slayer slain."

Thus Hector spoke; the Trojans cheered aloud:  
Fools, and by Pallas of their sense bereft, 345  
Who all applauded Hector's ill advice,  
None the sage counsel of Polydamas!

Then through the camp they shared the evening meal.

Meantime the Greeks all night with tears and groans  
Bewailed Patroclus; on his comrade's breast 350

Achilles laid his murder-dealing hands,

And led with bitter groans the loud lament.

As when the hunters, in the forest's depth,

Have robbed a bearded lion of his cubs;

Too late arriving he with anger chafes; 355

Then follows, if perchance he may o'ertake,

Through many a mountain glen, the hunters' steps,

With grief and fury filled; so Peleus' son,

With bitter groans, the Myrmidons addressed:

"Vain was, alas! the promise which I gave, 360

Seeking the brave Menœtius to console,  
To bring to Opus back his gallant son,  
Rich with his share of spoil from Troy o'erthrown;  
But Jove fulfils not all that man designs:  
For us hath fate decreed, that here in Troy 365  
We two one soil should redden with our blood;  
Nor me, returning to my native land,  
Shall aged Peleus in his halls receive,  
Nor Thetis; here must earth retain my bones.  
But since, Patroclus, I am doomed on earth 370  
Behind thee to remain, thy funeral rites  
I will not celebrate, till Hector's arms,  
And head, thy haughty slayer's, here I bring;  
And on thy pyre twelve noble sons of Troy  
Will sacrifice, in vengeance of thy death. 375  
Thou by our beakèd ships till then must lie;  
And weeping o'er thee shall deep-bosomed dames,  
Trojan and Dardan, mourn both night and day;  
The prizes of our toil, when wealthy towns  
Before our valour and our spears have fallen." 380

He said, and bade his comrades on the fire  
An ample tripod place, without delay  
To cleanse Patroclus from the bloody gore:  
They on the burning fire the tripod placed,  
With water filled, and kindled wood beneath. 385  
Around the bellying tripod rose the flames,  
Heating the bath; within the glittering brass  
Soon as the water boiled, they washed the corpse,  
With lissom oils anointing, and the wounds  
With fragrant ointments filled, of nine years old; 390  
Then in fine linen they the body wrapped

From head to feet, and laid it on a couch,  
And covered over with a fair white sheet.  
All night around Achilles swift of foot  
The Myrmidons with tears Patroclus mourned. 395

To Juno then, his sister and his wife,  
Thus Saturn's son: "At length thou hast thy will,  
Imperial Juno, who hast stirred to war  
Achilles swift of foot; well might one deem  
These long-haired Greeks from thee derived their birth." 400

To whom in answer thus the stag-eyed Queen:  
"What words, dread son of Saturn, dost thou speak?  
E'en man, though mortal, and inferior far  
To us in wisdom, might so much effect  
Against his fellow-man; then how should I, 405  
By double title chief of Goddesses,  
First by my birth, and next because thy wife  
I boast me, thine, o'er all the Gods supreme,  
Not work my vengeance on the Trojan race?"

Such converse while they held, to Vulcan's house, 410  
Immortal, starlike bright, among the Gods  
Unrivalled, all of brass, by Vulcan's self  
Constructed, sped the silver-footed Queen.

Him sweltering at his forge she found, intent  
On forming twenty tripods, which should stand 415  
The wall surrounding of his well-built house;  
With golden wheels beneath he furnished each,  
And to the assembly of the Gods endued

With power to move spontaneous, and return,  
A marvel to behold! thus far his work 420  
He had completed; but not yet had fixed  
The rich-wrought handles; these his labour now



Engaged, to fit them, and to rivet fast.  
While thus he exercised his practised skill,  
The silver-footed Queen approached the house. 425  
Charis, the skilful artist's wedded wife,  
Beheld her coming, and advanced to meet;  
And, as her hand she clasped, addressed her thus:

“Say, Thetis of the flowing robe, beloved  
And honoured, whence this visit to our house, 430  
An unaccustomed guest? but come thou in,  
That I may welcome thee with honour due.”

Thus, as she spoke, the Goddess led her in,  
And on a seat with silver studs adorned,  
Fair, richly wrought, a footstool at her feet, 435  
She bade her sit; then thus to Vulcan called:  
“Haste hither, Vulcan; 'Thetis asks thine aid.”

Whom answered thus the skilled artificer:  
“An honoured and a venerated guest  
Our house contains; who saved me once from woe, 440  
When by my mother's act from Heaven I fell,  
Who, for that I was crippled in my feet,  
Deemed it not shame to hide me; hard had then  
My fortune been, had not Eurynome  
And Thetis in their bosoms sheltered me; 445  
Eurynome, from old Oceanus  
Who drew her birth, the ever-circling flood.  
Nine years with them I dwelt, and many a work  
I fashioned there of metal, clasps, and chains  
Of spiral coil, rich cups, and collars fair, 450  
Hid in a cave profound; where the ocean stream  
With ceaseless murmur foamed and moaned around;  
Unknown to God or man, but to those two

Who saved me, Thetis and Eurynome.  
Now to my house hath fair-haired Thetis come; 455  
To her, my life preserved its tribute owes:  
Then thou the hospitable rites perform,  
While I my bellows and my tools lay by."

He said, and from the anvil reared upright  
His massive strength; and as he limped along, 460  
His tottering knees were bowed beneath his weight.  
The bellows from the fire he next withdrew,  
And in a silver casket placed his tools;  
Then with a sponge his brows and lusty arms  
He wiped, and sturdy neck and hairy chest. 465  
He donned his robe, and took his weighty staff;  
Then through the door with halting step he passed;  
There waited on their King the attendant maids;  
In form as living maids, but wrought in gold;  
Instinct with consciousness, with voice endued, 470  
And strength, and skill from heavenly teachers drawn.  
These waited, duteous, at the Monarch's side,  
His step supporting; he, with halting gait,  
Passed to a gorgeous chair by Thetis' side,  
And, as her hand he clasped, addressed her thus: 475

"Say, Thetis of the flowing robe, beloved  
And honoured, whence this visit to our house,  
An unaccustomed guest? say what thy will,  
And, if within my power, esteem it done."

To whom in answer Thetis, weeping, thus: 480  
"Vulcan, of all the Goddesses who dwell  
On high Olympus, lives there one whose soul  
Hath borne such weight of woe, so many griefs,  
As Saturn's son hath heaped on me alone?

Me, whom he chose from all the sea-born nymphs, 485  
And gave to Peleus, son of Æacus,  
His subject; I endured a mortal's bed,  
Though sore against my will; he now, bent down  
By feeble age, lies helpless in his house.  
Now adds he farther grief; he granted me 490  
To bear, and rear, a son, of heroes chief;  
Like a young tree he throve; I tended him,  
In a rich vineyard as the choicest plant:  
Till in the beakèd ships I sent him forth  
To war with Troy; him ne'er shall I behold, 495  
Returning home, in aged Peleus' house.  
E'en while he lives, and sees the light of day,  
He lives in sorrow; nor, to soothe his grief,  
My presence can avail; a girl, his prize,  
Selected for him by the sons of Greece, 500  
Great Agamemnon wrested from his arms:  
In grief and rage he pined his soul away;  
The Trojans then, all egress from the camp  
Debarred, hemmed in the Greeks beside their ships:  
They, to implore his aid, their envoys sent 505  
With proffers charged of many and costly gifts.  
With his own hand to save them he refused;  
But, in his armour clad, to battle sent  
His friend Patroclus, with a numerous band.  
All day they fought before the Scæan gates; 510  
And in that day had Ilion been destroyed,  
But in the van, Menœtius' noble son,  
After great deeds achieved, Apollo slew,  
And crowned with glory Hector, Priam's son.  
Therefore a suppliant to thy knees I come, 515

If to my son, to early death condemned,  
Thou wilt accord the boon of shield and helm,  
And well-wrought greaves with silver clasps secured,  
And breastplate: for his own, his faithful friend,  
By Trojan hand subdued, hath lost; and he, 520  
O'erwhelmed with grief, lies prostrate on the earth."

Whom answered thus the skilled artificer:  
"Take comfort, nor let this disturb thy mind;  
Would that as surely, when his hour shall come,  
I could defend him from the stroke of death, 525  
As I can undertake that his shall be  
Such arms as they shall marvel who behold."

He left her thus, and to his forge returned;  
The bellows then directing to the fire,  
He bade them work; through twenty pipes at once 530  
Forthwith they poured their diverse-tempered blasts;  
Now briskly seconding his eager haste,  
Now at his will, and as the work required.  
The stubborn brass, and tin, and precious gold,  
And silver, first he melted in the fire; 535  
Then on its stand his weighty anvil placed;  
And with one hand the hammer's ponderous weight  
He wielded, while the other grasped the tongs.

And first a shield he fashioned, vast and strong,  
With rich adornment; circled with a rim, 540  
Threefold, bright-gleaming, whence a silver belt  
Depended; of five folds the shield was formed;  
And on its surface many a rare design  
Of curious art his practised skill had wrought.

Thereon were figured earth, and sky, and sea, 545  
The ever-circling sun, and full-orbed moon,



And all the signs that crown the vault of Heaven;  
Pleiads and Hyads, and Orion's might,  
And Aretos, called the Wain, who wheels on high  
His circling course, and on Orion waits; 550  
Sole star that never bathes in the ocean wave.

And two fair populous towns were sculptured there:  
In one were marriage pomp and revelry,  
And brides, in gay procession, through the streets  
With blazing torches from their chambers borne, 555  
While frequent rose the hymeneal song.  
Youths whirled around in joyous dance, with sound  
Of flute and harp; and, standing at their doors,  
Admiring women on the pageant gazed.

Meanwhile a busy throng the forum filled: 560  
There between two a fierce contention rose,  
About a death-fine; to the public one  
Appealed, asserting to have paid the whole;  
While one denied that he had aught received.  
Both were desirous that before the Judge 565  
The issue should be tried; with noisy shouts  
Their several partisans encouraged each.  
The heralds stilled the tumult of the crowd:  
On polished chairs, in solemn circle, sat  
The reverend Elders; in their hands they held 570  
The loud-voiced heralds' sceptres; waving these,  
They heard the alternate pleadings; in the midst  
Two talents lay of gold, which he should take  
Who should before them prove his righteous cause.

Before the second town two armies lay, 575  
In arms refulgent; to destroy the town  
The assailants threatened, or among themselves

Of all the wealth within the city stored  
An equal half, as ransom, to divide.  
The terms rejecting, the defenders manned 580  
A secret ambush; on the walls they placed  
Women and children mustered for defence,  
And men by age enfeebled; forth they went,  
By Mars and Pallas led; these, wrought in gold,  
In golden arms arrayed, above the crowd 585  
For beauty and stature, as befitting Gods,  
Conspicuous shone; of lesser height the rest.  
But when the destined ambuscade was reached,  
Beside the river, where the shepherds drove  
Their flocks and herds to water, down they lay, 590  
In glittering arms accoutred; and apart  
They placed two spies, to notify betimes  
The approach of flocks of sheep and lowing herds.  
These, in two shepherds' charge, ere long appeared,  
Who, unsuspecting as they moved along, 595  
Enjoyed the music of their pastoral pipes.  
They on the booty, from afar discerned,  
Sprang from their ambuscade; and cutting off  
The herds, and fleecy flocks, their guardians slew.  
Their comrades heard the tumult where they sat 600  
Before their sacred altars, and forthwith  
Sprang on their cars, and with fast-stepping steeds  
Pursued the plunderers, and o'ertook them soon.  
There on the river's bank they met in arms,  
And each at other hurled their brazen spears. 605  
And there were figured Strife, and Tumult wild,  
And deadly Fate, who in her iron grasp  
One newly wounded, one unwounded bore,

While by the feet from out the press she dragged  
Another slain: about her shoulders hung 610  
A garment crimsoned with the blood of men.  
Like living men they seemed to move, to fight,  
To drag away the bodies of the slain.

And there was graven a wide-extended plain  
Of fallow land, rich, fertile, mellow soil, 615  
Thrice ploughed; where many ploughmen up and down  
Their teams were driving; and as each attained  
The limit of the field, would one advance,  
And tender him a cup of generous wine:  
Then would he turn, and to the end again 620  
Along the furrow cheerly drive his plough.  
And still behind them darker showed the soil,  
The true presentment of a new-ploughed field,  
Though wrought in gold; a miracle of art.

There too was graven a corn-field, rich in grain, 625  
Where with sharp sickles reapers plied their task,  
And thick, in even swathe, the trusses fell;  
The binders, following close, the bundles tied:  
Three were the binders; and behind them boys  
In close attendance waiting, in their arms 630  
Gathered the bundles, and in order piled.  
Amid them, staff in hand, in silence stood  
The King, rejoicing in the plenteous swathe.  
A little way removed, the heralds slew  
A sturdy ox, and now beneath an oak 635  
Prepared the feast; while women mixed, hard by,  
White barley porridge for the labourers' meal.

And, with rich clusters laden, there was graven  
A vineyard fair, all gold; of glossy black

The bunches were, on silver poles sustained; 640  
Around, a darksome trench; beyond, a fence  
Was wrought, of shining tin; and through it led  
One only path, by which the bearers passed,  
Who gathered in the vineyard's bounteous store.  
There maids and youths, in joyous spirits bright, 645  
In woven baskets bore the luscious fruit.

A boy, amid them, from a clear-toned harp  
Drew lovely music; well his liquid voice  
The strings accompanied; they all with dance  
And song harmonious joined, and joyous shouts, 650  
As the gay bevy lightly tripped along.

Of straight-horned cattle too a herd was graven;  
Of gold and tin the heifers all were wrought:  
They to the pasture, from the cattle-yard,  
With gentle lowings, by a babbling stream, 655  
Where quivering reed-beds rustled, slowly moved.  
Four golden shepherds walked beside the herd,  
By nine swift dogs attended; then amid  
The foremost heifers sprang two lions fierce  
Upon the lordly bull: he, bellowing loud, 660  
Was dragged along, by dogs and youths pursued.  
The tough bull's-hide they tore, and gorging lapped  
The intestines and dark blood; with vain attempt  
The herdsmen following closely, to the attack  
Cheered their swift dogs; these shunned the lions' jaws,  
And close around them baying, held aloof. [665

And there the skilful artist's hand had traced  
A pasture broad, with fleecy flocks o'erspread,  
In a fair glade, with fold, and tents, and pens.

There, too, the skilful artist's hand had wrought, 670



With curious workmanship, a mazy dance,  
Like that which Dædalus in Cnossus erst  
At fair-haired Ariadne's bidding framed.  
There, laying each on other's wrists their hand,  
Bright youths and many-suited maidens danced : 675  
In fair white linen these ; in tunics those,  
Well woven, shining soft with fragrant oils ;  
These with fair coronets were crowned, while those  
With golden swords from silver belts were girt.  
Now whirled they round with nimble practised feet, 680  
Easy, as when a potter, seated, turns  
A wheel, new fashioned by his skilful hand,  
And spins it round, to prove if true it run :  
Now featly moved in well-beseeming ranks.  
A numerous crowd, around, the lovely dance 685  
Surveyed, delighted ; while an honoured Bard  
Sang, as he struck the lyre, and to the strain  
Two tumblers, in the midst, were whirling round.

About the margin of the massive shield  
Was wrought the mighty strength of the ocean stream  
The shield completed, vast and strong, he forged [690  
A breastplate, dazzling bright as flame of fire ;  
And next, a weighty helmet for his head,  
Fair, richly wrought, with crest of gold above ;  
Then last, well-fitting greaves of pliant tin. 695

The skilled artificer his works complete  
Before Achilles' Goddess-mother laid :  
She, like a falcon, from the snow-clad heights  
Of huge Olympus, darted swiftly down,  
Charged with the glittering arms by Vulcan wrought. 700

## BOOK XIX.

NOW morn in saffron robe, from the ocean stream  
Ascending, light diffused o'er Gods and men;  
As Thetis, to the ships returning, bore  
The gift of Vulcan; there her son she found,  
Who o'er Patroclus hung in bitter grief; 5  
Around him mourned his comrades; in the midst  
She stood, and clasped his hand, as thus she spoke:  
"Leave we, my son, though deep our grief, the dead;  
Here let him lie, since Heaven hath doomed his fall;  
But thou these arms receive, by Vulcan sent, 10  
Fairer than e'er on mortal breast were borne."  
The arms before Achilles, as she spoke,  
The Goddess laid; loud rang the wondrous work.  
With awe the Myrmidons beheld; nor dared  
Affront the sight: but as Achilles gazed, 15  
More fiery burned his wrath; beneath his brows  
His eyes like lightning flashed; with fierce delight  
He seized the glorious gift; and when his soul  
Had feasted on the miracle of art,  
To Thetis thus his wingèd words addressed: 20  
"Mother, the God hath given me arms indeed,  
Worthy a God, and such as mortal man  
Could never forge; I go to arm me straight;  
Yet fear I for Menœtius' noble son,  
Lest in his spear-inflicted wounds the flies 25

May gender worms, and desecrate the dead,  
And, life extinct, corruption reach his flesh."

Whom answered thus the silver-footed Queen:  
"Let not such fears, my son, disturb thy mind;  
I will myself the swarms of flies disperse, 30  
That on the flesh of slaughtered warriors prey;  
And should he here remain a year complete,  
Still should his flesh be firm and fresh as now:  
But thou to council call the chiefs of Greece;  
Against the monarch Agamemmon there, 35  
The leader of the host, abjure thy wrath;  
Then arm thee quickly, and put on thy might."

Her words with dauntless courage filled his breast.  
She in Patroclus' nostrils, to preserve  
His flesh, red nectar and ambrosia poured. 40

Along the ocean beach Achilles passed,  
And loudly shouting, called on all the chiefs;  
Then all who heretofore remained on board,  
The steersmen, who the vessels' rudders hold,  
The very stewards that served the daily bread, 45  
All to the assembly thronged, when reappeared  
Achilles, from the fight so long withdrawn.  
Two noble chiefs, two ministers of Mars,  
Ulysses sage, and valiant Diomed,  
Appeared, yet crippled by their grievous wounds, 50  
Their halting steps supporting with their spears,  
And on the foremost seats their places took.  
Next followed Agamemmon, King of men,  
He also wounded; for Antenor's son,  
Coön, had stabbed him in the stubborn fight. 55  
When all the Greeks were closely thronged around,

Up rose Achilles swift of foot, and said :

“ Great son of Atreus, what hath been the gain  
To thee or me, since heart-consuming strife  
Hath fiercely raged between us, for a girl, 60  
Who would to Heaven had died by Dian's shafts  
That day when from Lyrnessus' captured town  
I bore her off? so had not many a Greek  
Bitten the bloody dust, by hostile hands  
Subdued, while I in anger stood aloof. 65  
Great was the gain to Troy; but Greeks, methinks,  
Will long retain the memory of our feud.  
Yet pass we that; and though our hearts be sore,  
Still let us school our angry spirits down.  
My wrath I here abjure; it is not meet 70  
It burn for ever unappeased; do thou  
Muster to battle straight the long-haired Greeks;  
That, to the Trojans once again opposed,  
I may make trial if beside the ships  
They dare this night remain; but he, I ween, 75  
Will gladly rest his limbs, who safe shall fly,  
My spear escaping, from the battle field.”

He said: the well-greaved Greeks rejoiced to hear  
His wrath abjured by Peleus' godlike son;  
And from his seat, not standing in the midst, 80  
Thus to the assembly Agamemnon spoke:  
“ Friends, Grecian Heroes, Ministers of Mars,  
When one stands up to speak, 'tis meet for all  
To lend a patient ear, nor interrupt;  
For e'en to practised speakers hard the task: 85  
But in this vast assembly, who can speak  
That all may hear? the clearest voice must fail.



To Peleus' son, Achilles, I my mind  
Will frankly open; ye among yourselves  
Impart the words I speak, that all may know. 90  
Oft hath this matter been by Greeks discussed,  
And I their frequent censure have incurred:  
Yet was not I the cause; but Jove, and Fate,  
And gloomy Erinnys, who combined to throw  
A strong delusion o'er my mind, that day 95  
I robbed Achilles of his lawful prize.  
What could I do? a Goddess all o'er-ruled,  
Daughter of Jove, dread Até, baleful power,  
Misleading all; with lightest step she moves,  
Not on the earth, but o'er the heads of men, 100  
With blighting touch; and many hath caused to err.  
E'en Jove, the wisest deemed of Gods and men,  
In error she involved, when Juno's art  
By female stratagem the God deceived:  
When in well-girdled Thebes Alcmena lay 105  
In travail of the might of Hercules,  
In boastful tone amid the Gods he spoke:  
'Hear all ye Gods, and all ye Goddesses,  
The words I speak, the promptings of my soul.  
This day Lucina shall to light bring forth 110  
A child, the future Lord of all around,  
Of mortal men, who trace to me their blood.'  
Whom answered Juno thus, with deep deceit:  
'Thou dost but feign, nor wilt fulfil thy word:  
Come now, Olympian, swear a solemn oath 115  
That he shall be the Lord of all around,  
Who on this day shall be of woman born,  
Of mortal men, who trace to thee their blood.'

She said, and Jove, the snare unseeing, swore  
A solemn oath; but found his error soon. 120  
Down from Olympus' height she sped in haste  
To Argos of Achaia; for the wife  
Of Sthenelus, the son of Perseus, there,  
She knew, was seven months pregnant of a son;  
Whom, though untimely born, she brought to light, 125  
Staying meanwhile Almena's labour-pangs.  
To Saturn's son herself the tidings brought,  
And thus addressed him: 'Jove, the lightning's Lord,  
I bring thee news; this day a mighty man,  
By thee ordained to be the Argives' King, 130  
Is born, Eurystheus, son of Sthenelus,  
The son of Perseus, issue of thy blood;  
Well worthy he to be the Argives' King.'  
She said: keen sorrow deeply pierced his soul;  
Then Até by the glossy locks he seized 135  
In mighty wrath; and swore a solemn oath,  
That to Olympus and the starry Heaven  
She never should return, who all misleads.  
His arm then whirling, from the starry Heaven  
He flung her down, to vex the affairs of men. 140  
Yet oft her fraud remembered he with groans,  
When by Eurystheus' hard commands he saw  
Condemned to servile tasks his noble son.  
So, oft as Hector of the glancing helm  
Beside the ships to slaughter gave the Greeks, 145  
Back to my mind my former error came.  
I erred, for Jove my judgment took away;  
But friendly reconciliation now I seek,  
And tender costly presents; then thyself

Uprouse thee, and excite the rest to arms, 150  
While I prepare the gifts, whate'er of late\*  
The sage Ulysses promised in thy tent:  
Or, if thou wilt, though eager for the fray,  
Remain thou here awhile, till from my ship  
My followers bring the gifts; that thou mayst see 155  
I make my offerings with no niggard hand."

Whom answered thus Achilles swift of foot:  
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men,  
The gifts thou deem'st befitting, 'tis for thee  
To give, or to withhold; but now at once 160  
Prepare we for the battle; 'tis not meet  
On trivial pretexts here to waste our time,  
Or idly loiter; much remains to do:  
Again be seen Achilles in the van,  
Scattering with brazen spear the Trojan ranks; 165  
And ye, forget not man with man to fight."

To whom in answer sage Ulysses thus:  
"Brave as thou art, Achilles, godlike chief,  
Yet fasting lead not forth the sons of Greece  
To fight the Trojans; for no little time 170  
Will last the struggle, when the serried ranks  
Are once engaged in conflict, and the Gods  
With equal courage either side inspire:  
But bid them, by the ships, of food and wine  
(Wherein are strength and courage) first partake; 175

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\* L. 151. *Xθιζός*, yesterday. But either the word must have a more extended signification than is usually given to it, or Homer must here have fallen into an error; for two complete nights, and one day, that on which Patroclus met his death, had intervened since the visit of Ajax and Ulysses to the tent of Achilles. See also l. 215.

For none throughout the day till set of sun,  
Fasting from food, may bear the toils of war;  
His spirit may still be eager for the fray;  
Yet are his limbs by slow degrees weighed down,  
Himself by thirst and hunger worn, his knees 180  
Unable, as he moves, to bear his weight.  
But he who, first with food and wine refreshed,  
All day maintains the combat with the foe,  
His spirit retains unbroken, and his limbs  
Unwearied, till both armies quit the field. 185  
Disperse then now the crowd, and bid prepare  
The morning meal; meantime to public view  
Let Agamemnon, King of men, display  
His costly gifts; that all the Greeks may see,  
And that thy heart within thee melt with joy: 190  
And there in full assembly let him swear  
A solemn oath, that he hath ne'er approached  
The fair Briseis' bed, nor held with her  
Such intercourse as man with woman holds.  
Be thou propitious, and accept his oath. 195  
Then at a sumptuous banquet in his tent  
Let him receive thee; that thine honour due  
May nothing lack; and so, Atrides, thou  
Shalt stand in sight of all men clear of blame;  
For none can wonder that insulting speech 200  
Should rouse the anger of a sceptred King."

To whom thus Agamemnon, King of men:  
"Son of Laertes, I accept thy speech  
With cordial welcome: all that thou hast said  
Is well and wisely spoken; for the oath, 205  
I am prepared, with willing mind, to swear;



Nor in the sight of Heaven will be forsworn.  
Let then Achilles here awhile remain,  
Though eager for the fray; ye too remain,  
Until the presents from my tent be brought, 210  
And we our solemn compact ratify.

Then this command upon thyself I lay:  
That thou the noblest youths of all the Greeks  
Select, and bid them from my vessel bear  
The gifts, which to Achilles yesternight 215  
We promised, and withal the women bring;  
And let Talthymbius through the host seek out  
A boar, for sacrifice to Jove and Sol."

Whom answered thus Achilles swift of foot:  
"Most mighty Agamemnon, King of men, 220  
These matters to some future time were best  
Deferred, some hour of respite from the fight,  
Of rage less fiercely burning in my breast;  
But slaughtered now they lie, whom Priam's son,  
Hector, hath slain, by Jove to victory led. 225  
Ye bid us take our food; if I might rule,  
I would to battle lead the sons of Greece,  
Unfed, and fasting; and at set of sun,  
Our shame avenged, an ample feast prepare;  
Till then, nor food nor drink shall pass my lips, 230  
My comrade slain; who pierced with mortal wounds,  
Turned toward the doorway, lies within my tent,  
Amid his mourning friends; while there he lies,  
No thought have I for these or aught beside,  
Save carnage, blood, and groans of dying men." 235

To whom Ulysses, sage in council thus:  
"O Son of Peleus, noblest of the Greeks,

How far, Achilles, thou surpassesst me  
In deeds of arms, I know; but thou must yield  
To me in counsel, for my years are more, 240  
And my experience greater far than thine:  
Then to my words incline a patient ear.  
Men soonest weary of battle, where the sword  
The bloodiest harvest reaps; the lightest crop  
Of slaughter is where Jove inclines the scale, 245  
Dispenser, at his will, of human wars.  
The Greeks by fasting cannot mourn their dead;  
For day by day successive numbers fall;  
Where were the respite then from ceaseless fast?  
Behoves us bury out of sight our dead, 250  
Steeling our hearts, and weeping but a day;  
And we, the rest, whom cruel war hath spared,  
Should first with food and wine recruit our strength;  
Then, girding on our arms, the livelong day  
Maintain the war, unwearied; then let none 255  
Require a farther summons to the field;  
(And woe to him who loitering by the ships  
That summons hears;) but with united force  
Against the Trojans wake the furious war."

He said, and called on noble Nestor's sons, 260  
On Meges, Phyleus' son, Meriones,  
Thoas, and Lycomedes, Creon's son,  
And Melanippus; they together sought  
The mighty monarch Agamemnon's tent.  
Soon as the word was given, the work was done; 265  
Seven tripods brought they out, the promised gifts;  
Twelve horses, twenty caldrons glittering bright;  
Seven women too, well skilled in household cares,

With whom, the eighth, the fair Briseis came.  
Ulysses led the way, and with him brought 270  
Ten talents full of gold; the attendant youths  
The other presents bore, and in the midst  
Displayed before the assembly: then uprose  
The monarch Agamemnon; by his side,  
With voice of godlike power, Talthymbius stood, 275  
Holding the victim: then Atrides drew  
The dagger, ever hanging at his side,  
Close by the scabbard of his mighty sword,  
And from the victim's head the bristles shore.  
With hands uplifted then to Jove he prayed; 280  
While all around the Greeks in silence stood,  
Listening, decorous, to the monarch's words,  
As looking up to Heaven he made his prayer:  
"Be witness, Jove, thou highest, first of Gods,  
And Sun, and Earth, and ye who vengeance wreak 285  
Beneath the earth on souls of men forsworn,  
Furies! that never, or to love unchaste  
Soliciting, or otherwise, my hand  
Hath fair Briseis touched; but in my tent  
Still pure and undefiled hath she remained: 290  
And if in this I be forsworn, may Heaven  
With all the plagues afflict me, due to those  
Who sin by perjured oaths against the Gods."  
Thus as he spoke, across the victim's throat  
He drew the pitiless blade; Talthymbius then 295  
To hoary Ocean's depths the carcase threw,  
Food for the fishes; then Achilles rose,  
And thus before the assembled Greeks he spoke:  
"O Father Jove, how dost thou lead astray

Our human judgments! ne'er had Atreus' son 300  
My bosom filled with wrath, nor from my arms,  
To his own loss, against my will had torn  
The girl I loved, but that the will of Jove  
To death predestined many a valiant Greek.  
Now to the meal; anon renew the war." 305

This said, the assembly he dismissed in haste,  
The crowd dispersing to their several ships;  
Upon the gifts the warlike Myrmidons  
Bestowed their care, and bore them to the ships  
Of Peleus' godlike son; within the tent 310  
They laid them down, and there the women placed,  
While to the drove the followers led the steeds.  
Briseis, fair as golden Venus, saw  
Patroclus lying, pierced with mortal wounds,  
Within the tent; and with a bitter cry, 315  
She flung her down upon the corpse, and tore  
Her breast, her delicate neck, and beauteous cheeks;  
And, weeping, thus the lovely woman wailed:

"Patroclus, dearly loved of this sad heart!  
When last I left this tent, I left thee full 320  
Of healthy life; returning now, I find  
Only thy lifeless corpse, thou Prince of men!  
So sorrow still, on sorrow heaped, I bear.  
The husband of my youth, to whom my sire  
And honoured mother gave me, I beheld 325  
Slain with the sword before the city walls:  
Three brothers, whom with me one mother bore,  
My dearly-loved ones, all were doomed to death:  
Nor wouldst thou, when Achilles swift of foot  
My husband slew, and royal Mynes' town 330



In ruin laid, allow my tears to flow;  
But thou wouldst make me (such was still thy speech)  
The wedded wife of Peleus' godlike son:  
Thou wouldst to Phthia bear me in thy ship,  
And there, thyself, amid the Myrmidons, 335  
Wouldst give my marriage feast; then, unconsoled,  
I weep thy death, my ever-gentle friend!"

Weeping, she spoke; the women joined her wail:  
Patroclus' death the pretext for their tears,  
But each in secret wept her private griefs. 340

Around Achilles thronged the elder men,  
Urging to eat; but he, with groans, refused:  
"I pray you, would you show your love, dear friends,  
Ask me not now with food or drink to appease  
Hunger or thirst; a load of bitter grief 345  
Weighs heavy on my soul; till set of sun  
Fasting will I remain, and still endure."

The other monarchs at his word withdrew:  
The two Atridæ, and Ulysses sage,  
And Nestor and Idomeneus remained, 350  
And aged Phœnix, to divert his grief;  
But comfort none, save in the bloody jaws  
Of battle would he take; by memory stirred,  
He heaved a deep-drawn sigh, as thus he spoke:

"How oft hast thou, ill-fated dearest friend, 355  
Here in this tent with eager zeal prepared  
The tempting meal, whene'er the sons of Greece  
In haste would arm them for the bloody fray!  
Now liest thou there, while I, for love of thee,  
From food and drink, before me placed, refrain: 360  
For ne'er shall I again such sorrow know,

Not though I heard of aged Peleus' death,  
Who now in Phthia mourns, with tender tears,  
His absent son; he on a foreign shore  
Is warring in that hateful Helen's cause: 365  
No, nor of his, who now in Seyros' isle  
Is growing up, if yet indeed he live,  
Young Neoptolemus, my godlike son.  
My hope had been indeed, that here in Troy,  
Far from the plains of Argos, I alone 370  
Was doomed to die; and that to Phthia thou,  
Returned in safety, mightst my son convey  
From Seyros home, and show him all my wealth,  
My spoils, my slaves, my lofty, spacious house.  
For Peleus or to death, methinks, e'en now 375  
Hath yielded, or, not far from death removed,  
Lives on in sorrow, bowed by gloomy age,  
Expecting day by day the messenger  
Who bears the mournful tidings of my death."  
Weeping, Achilles spoke; and with him wept 380  
The Elders; each to fond remembrance moved  
Of all that in his home himself had left.  
The son of Saturn, pitying, saw their grief,  
And Pallas thus with wingèd words addressed:  
"My child, dost thou a hero's cause forsake, 385  
Or does Achilles claim no more thy care,  
Who sits in sorrow by the high-prowed ships,  
Mourning his comrade slain? the others all  
Partake the meal, while he from food abstains:  
Then haste thee, and, with hunger lest he faint, 390  
Drop nectar and ambrosia on his breast."  
His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal:

Down, like the long-winged falcon, shrill of voice,  
Through the clear sky she swooped : and while the Greeks  
Armed for the fight, Achilles she approached, 395  
And nectar and ambrosia on his breast  
Distilled, lest hunger should his strength subdue ;  
Back to her mighty father's ample house  
Returning, as from out the ships they poured.  
Thick as the snow-flakes that from Heaven descend, 400  
Before the sky-born Boreas' chilling blast ;  
So thick, outpouring from the ships, the stream  
Of helmets polished bright, and bossy shields,  
And breastplates firmly braced, and ashen spears :  
Their brightness flashed to Heaven ; and laughed the Earth  
Beneath the brazen glare ; loud rang the tramp [405  
Of armèd men : Achilles in the midst,  
The godlike chief, in dazzling arms arrayed.  
His teeth were gnashing audibly ; his eye  
Blazed with the light of fire ; but in his heart 410  
Was grief unbearable ; with furious wrath  
He burned against the Trojans, as he donned  
The heavenly gifts, the work of Vulcan's hand.  
First on his legs the well-wrought greaves he fixed,  
Fastened with silver clasps ; his breastplate next 415  
Around his chest ; and o'er his shoulders flung  
His silver-studded sword, with blade of brass ;  
Then took his vast and weighty shield, whence gleamed  
A light refulgent as the full-orbed moon ;  
Or as to seamen o'er the wave is borne 420  
The watchfire's light, which, high among the hills,  
Some shepherd kindles in his lonely fold :  
As they, reluctant, by the stormy winds,

Far from their friends are o'er the waters driven ;  
So from Achilles' shield, bright, richly wrought, 425  
The light was thrown. The weighty helm he raised,  
And placed it on his head ; the plumèd helm  
Shone like a star ; and waved the hairs of gold,  
Thick-set by Vulcan in the gleaming crest.  
Then all the arms Achilles proved, to know 430  
If well they fitted to his graceful limbs :  
Like wings, they seemed to lift him from the ground.  
Last, from its case he drew his father's spear,  
Long, ponderous, tough ; not one of all the Greeks,  
None, save Achilles' self, could poise that spear ; 435  
The far-famed Pelian ash, which to his sire,  
On Pelion's summit felled, to be the bane  
Of mighty chiefs, the Centaur Chiron gave.  
With care Automedon and Alcimus  
The horses yoked, with collars fair attached : 440  
Placed in their mouths the bits, and passed the reins  
Back to the well-built car : Automedon  
Sprang on the car, with shining lash in hand :  
Behind, Achilles came, arrayed for war,  
In arms all glittering as the gorgeous sun, 445  
And loudly to his father's steeds he called :  
" Xanthus and Balius, noble progeny  
Of swift Podarge, now in other sort  
Back to the Grecian ranks in safety bear,  
When ye shall quit the field, your charioteer ; 450  
Nor leave him, as ye left Patroclus, slain."

To whom in answer from beneath the yoke  
Xanthus, the noble horse, with glancing feet :  
Bowing his head the while till all his mane



Down from the yoke-band streaming, reached the ground;  
By Juno, white-armed Queen, with speech endued: [455

“Yes, great Achilles, we this day again  
Will bear thee safely; but thy day of doom  
Is nigh at hand; nor we shall cause thy death,  
But Heaven's high will, and Fate's imperious power. 460  
By no default of ours, nor lack of speed,  
The Trojans stripped Patroclus of his arms:  
The mighty God, fair-haired Latona's son,  
Achieved his death, and Hector's victory gained.  
Our speed of foot may vie with Zephyr's breeze, 465  
Deemed swiftest of the winds; but thou art doomed  
To die, by force combined of God and man.”

He said; his farther speech the Furies stayed.  
To whom in wrath Achilles swift of foot:  
“Xanthus, why thus predict my coming fate? 470  
It ill beseems thee! well I know myself  
That I am fated here in Troy to die,  
Far from my home and parents; yet withal  
I cease not, till these Trojans from the field  
Before me fly.” He said, and to the front,  
His war-cry shouting, urged his fiery steeds. 476

## BOOK XX.

ROUND thee, Achilles, by their beakèd ships  
Stood thus accoutred, eager for the fray,  
The sons of Greece; the Trojan host, opposed,  
Stood on the sloping margin of the plain.  
Then Jove to Themis gave command to call 5  
The Gods to council from the lofty height  
Of many-ridged Olympus; to the house  
Of Jove she summoned them from every side.  
Thence of the Rivers, save Oceanus,  
Not one was absent; nor of Nymphs, who haunt 10  
Clear fount, or shady grove, or grassy mead.  
They, at the Cloud-compeller's house arrived,  
Within the polished corridor reclined,  
Which Vulcan's cunning hand for Jove had built.  
There were they gathered in the abode of Jove: 15  
Nor did the Earth-shaking Neptune slight the call,  
But came from ocean's depths, and in the midst  
He sat, and thus the will of Jove enquired:

“Why, Lord of lightning, hast thou summoned here  
The Gods to council? dost thou aught devise 20  
Touching the Greeks and Trojans? who e'en now  
Kindle anew, it seems, the blaze of war.”

To whom the Cloud-compeller, answering, thus:  
“The purpose, Neptune, well thou know'st thyself  
For which I called ye; true, they needs must die, 25

But still they claim my care; yet here will I  
Upon Olympus' lofty ridge remain,  
And view, serene, the combat; you, the rest,  
Go, as you list, to Trojans or to Greeks,  
And at your pleasure either party aid. 30  
For if we leave Achilles thus alone  
To fight against the Trojans, not an hour  
Will they before the son of Peleus stand.  
They dreaded him before; but now, I fear,  
Since roused to fury by his comrade's death, 35  
He e'en in fate's despite may storm the wall."

Thus Saturn's son, and quenchless battle roused:  
The Gods, divided, hastened to the war:  
Juno and Pallas to the ships of Greece,  
With them the Earth-shaker, and the helpful God, 40  
Hermes, for cunning subtleties unmatched;  
And Vulcan too, exulting in his strength,  
Yet halting, and on feeble limbs sustained.  
Mars of the glancing helm took part with Troy,  
And golden Phoebus with his locks unshorn, 45  
Latona too, and Dian, Archer-Queen,  
Xanthus, and Venus, laughter-loving dame.

While from the fight of men the Gods abstained,  
High rose the Grecian vaunts, as, long withdrawn,  
Achilles on the field again appeared; 50  
And every Trojan's limbs with terror quaked,  
Trembling, as Peleus' godlike son they saw,  
In arms all-glittering, fierce as blood-stained Mars.  
But when the Immortals mingled in the throng,  
Then furious waxed the spirit-stirring strife; 55  
Then Pallas raised her war-cry, standing now

Beside the deep-dug trench, without the wall,  
Now shouting loud along the sounding beach.  
On the other side, as with the tempest's roar,  
Mars to the Trojans shouted loud; one while 60  
From Ilion's topmost height; anon again  
From the fair hill, o'erhanging Simöis' stream.  
Thus, either side exciting to the fray,  
The immortal Gods unchained the angry war.  
Thundered on high the Sire of Gods and men 65  
With awful din; while Neptune shook beneath  
The boundless earth, and lofty mountain tops.  
The spring-abounding Ida quaked and rocked  
From her firm basis to her loftiest peak,  
And Troy's proud city, and the ships of Greece. 70  
Pluto, the infernal monarch, heard alarmed,  
And, springing from his throne, cried out in fear,  
Lest Neptune, breaking through the solid earth,  
To mortals and Immortals should lay bare  
His dark and drear abode of Gods abhorred. 75  
Such was the shock when Gods in battle met;  
For there to royal Neptune stood opposed  
Phœbus Apollo with his arrows keen;  
The blue-eyed Pallas to the God of War;  
To Juno, Dian, heavenly Archeress, 80  
Sister of Phœbus, golden-shafted Queen.  
Stout Hermes, helpful God, Latona faced;  
While Vulcan met the mighty rolling stream,  
Xanthus by Gods, by men Scamander called.  
Thus Gods encountered Gods: Achilles' soul 85  
Meantime was burning 'mid the throng to meet  
Hector, the son of Priam, with whose blood



He longed to glut the insatiate Lord of War.

Apollo then, the spirit-stirring God,

Æneas moved Achilles to confront, 90

And filled with courage high; and thus, the voice

Assuming of Lycaon, Priam's son,

Apollo, son of Jove, the chief addressed:

“Æneas, prince and councillor of Troy,

Where are the vaunts, which o'er the wine-cup late 95

Thou mad'st amid the assembled chiefs of Troy,

That hand to hand thou wouldst Achilles meet?”

To whom Æneas thus in answer spoke:

“Why, son of Priam, urge me to contend,

Against my will, with Peleus' mighty son? 100

Not for the first time should I now engage

Achilles swift of foot: I met him once,

And fled before his spear, on Ida's hill,

When on our herds he fell; Lyrnessus then

He razed, and Pedasus; me Jove preserved, 105

With strength endowing, and with speed of foot.

Else had I fallen beneath Achilles' hand,

By Pallas aided; who before him moves,

Light of his life, and guides his brazen spear

Trojans and Leleges alike to slay. 110

'Tis not in mortal man with him to fight,

Whom still some God attends, and guards from harm;

And, e'en unaided, to the mark his spear

Unerring flies, unchecked until it pierce

A warrior's breast; yet if the Gods the scale 115

Impartial held, all brass-clad as he is,

O'er me no easy triumph should he gain.”

To whom the King Apollo, son of Jove:

“Brave chief, do thou too to the immortal Gods  
Address thy prayer; men say that thou art sprung 120  
From Venus, child of Jove; his mother owns  
A humbler origin; one born to Jove,  
The other to the aged Ocean God.

On then with dauntless spear, nor be dismayed  
By his high tone and vaunting menaces.” 125

His words with courage filled the hero's breast,  
And on he sprang, in dazzling arms arrayed;  
But not unmarked of white-armed Juno passed,  
To meet Achilles through the press of men,  
Who thus addressed the Gods, to council called: 130

“Neptune and Pallas both, bethink ye well  
What now should be our course; Æneas comes,  
In dazzling arms arrayed, to meet in fight  
The son of Peleus; Phœbus sends him forth.  
Say, then, shall we, encountering, to retreat 135

Perforce constrain him? or shall one of us  
Beside Achilles stand, and give him strength  
That he may nothing lack; and know himself  
By all the mightiest of the immortal Gods  
Beloved, and those how powerless, by whose aid 140  
The Trojans yet maintain defensive war?

Therefore, to join the battle, came we all  
From high Olympus, that in this day's fight  
No ill befall him; though the time shall come  
For him to meet the doom, by fate decreed, 145  
When at his birth his thread of life was spun.

But if Achilles from a voice divine  
Receive not this assurance, he may well  
Be struck with fear, if haply to some God

He find himself opposed: 'tis hard for man 150  
To meet, in presence visible, a God."

To whom Earth-shaking Neptune thus replied:  
"Juno, thine anger carry not too far;  
It ill beseems thee. Not with my consent  
Shall we, the stronger far, provoke to arms 155  
The other Gods; but rather, from the field  
Retiring, let us from on high survey,  
To mortals left, the turmoil of the war.  
Should Mars or Phoebus then begin the fight,  
Or stay Achilles, and his arm restrain, 160  
Then in the contest we too may engage;  
And soon, methinks, will they be fain to join,  
Driven from the field, the Synod of the Gods,  
Subdued perforce by our victorious hands."

The dark-haired monarch spoke; and led the way 165  
To the high wall, by Trojans built of old,  
With Pallas' aid, for godlike Hercules;  
Within whose circle he might safety seek,  
When from the beach the monster of the deep  
Might chase him toward the plain; there Neptune sat, 170  
And with him, the other Gods, a veil of cloud  
Impenetrable around their shoulders spread.  
On the other side, upon the fair hill's brow,  
Phoebus with Mars the fort-destroyer sat.  
On either side they sat, each facing each 175  
With hostile counsels; yet reluctant both  
To take the initiative of ruthless war;  
Till Jove, enthroned on high, the signal gave.  
Then all the plain, with men and horses thronged,  
The brazen gleam illumined; rang the earth 180

Beneath their feet, as to the battle-shock  
They rushed; but in the midst, both hosts between,  
Eager for fight, stood forth two warriors bold,  
Proudly pre-eminent; Anchises' son  
Æneas, and Achilles' godlike might. 185

Æneas first with threatening mien advanced,  
Nodding his ponderous helm; before his breast  
His shield he bore, and poised his brazen spear.  
Him met Achilles from the opposing ranks;  
Fierce as a ravening lion, whom to slay 190  
Pour forth the stalwart youths, the united strength  
Of the roused village; he unheeding moves  
At first; but wounded by a javelin thrown  
By some bold youth, he turns, with gaping jaws,  
And frothing fangs, collecting for the spring, 195  
His breast too narrow for his mighty heart;  
And with his tail he lashes both his flanks  
And sides, as though to rouse his utmost rage;  
Then on, in pride of strength, with glaring eyes  
He dashes, if some hunter he may slay, 200  
Or in the foremost rank himself be slain.

So moved his dauntless spirit Peleus' son  
Æneas to confront; when near they came,  
Thus first Achilles, swift of foot, began:

"Æneas, why so far before the ranks 205  
Advanced? dost thou presume with me to fight?  
Perchance expecting that the throne of Troy  
And Priam's royal honours may be thine.  
E'en if thou slay me, deem not to obtain  
Such boon from Priam; valiant sons are his, 210  
And he not weak, but bears a constant mind.



Or have the Trojans set apart for thee  
Some favoured spot, the fairest of the land,  
Orchard or corn-field, shouldst thou work my death;  
Which thou shalt find, I trust, too hard a task? 215  
Already hast thou fled before my spear;  
Hast thou forgotten how amid thy herds  
Alone I found thee, and with flying foot  
Pursued thee down the steep of Ida's hill?  
Nor didst thou dare to turn, or pause in flight. 220  
Thou to Lyrnessus fiedd'st; Lyrnessus I,  
With Pallas' aid and Jove's, assailed and took:  
Their women thence, their days of freedom lost,  
I bore away, my captives; thee from death  
Jove and the other Gods defended then; 225  
But will not now bestow, though such thy hope,  
Their succour; then I warn thee, while 'tis time,  
Ere ill betide thee, to the general throng  
That thou withdraw, nor stand to me opposed:  
After the event may e'en a fool be wise." 230

To whom in answer thus Æneas spoke:  
"Achilles, think not me, as though a fool,  
To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well  
With cutting words, and insult, answer thee.  
Each other's race and parents well we know 235  
From tales of ancient days; although by sight  
Nor mine to thee, nor thine to me are known.  
To noble Peleus thou, 'tis said, wast born  
Of Thetis, fair-haired daughter of the sea;  
Of great Anchises, Heaven-descended chief, 240  
I boast me sprung, to him by Venus borne.  
Of these shall one or other have this day

To mourn their son ; since not with empty words  
Shall thou and I from mortal combat part.  
But if thou farther wouldst enquire, and learn 245  
The race I spring from, not unknown to men,  
By Dardanus, of cloud-compelling Jove  
Begotten, was Dardania peopled first,  
Ere sacred Ilion, populous city of men,  
Was founded on the plain ; as yet they dwelt 250  
On spring-abounding Ida's lowest spurs.  
To Dardanus was Erichthonius born,  
Great King, the wealthiest of the sons of men ;  
For him were pastured in the marshy mead,  
Rejoicing with their foals, three thousand mares ; 255  
Them Boreas, in the pasture where they fed,  
Beheld, enamoured ; and amid the herd  
In likeness of a coal-black steed appeared ;  
Twelve foals, by him conceiving, they produced.  
These, o'er the teeming corn-fields as they flew, 260  
Skimmed o'er the standing ears, nor broke the haulm ;  
And, o'er wide Ocean's bosom as they flew,  
Skimmed o'er the topmost spray of the hoary sea.  
Again, to Erichthonius Tros was born,  
The King of Troy ; three noble sons were his, 265  
Ilus, Assaracus, and Ganymede ;  
The fairest he of all the sons of men ;  
Him, for his beauty, bore the Gods away,  
To minister, as cup-bearer to Jove,  
And dwell amid the Immortals : Ilus next 270  
Begot a noble son, Laomedon ;  
Tithonus he, and Priam, Clytius,  
Lampus and Ictæon, plant of Mars ;

Capys, begotten of Assaracus,  
Begot Anchises, and Anchises me: 275  
To Priam godlike Hector owes his birth.  
Such is my race, and such the blood I boast;  
But Jove, at will, to mortals valour gives  
Or minishes; for he is Lord of all.  
Then cease we now, like babbling fools, to prate 280  
Here in the centre of the coming fight.  
Terms of reproach we both might find, whose weight  
Would sink a galley of a hundred oars;  
For glibly runs the tongue, and can at will  
Give utterance to discourse in every vein; 285  
Wide is the range of language; and such words  
As one may speak, another may return.  
What need that we should insults interchange?  
Like women, who some paltry quarrel wage,  
Scolding and brawling in the public street, 290  
And in opprobrious terms their anger vent,  
Some true, some false; for so their rage suggests.  
With words thou shalt not turn me from the field,  
Till we have met in arms; then try we now  
Each other's prowess with our brazen spears." 295  
He said, and hurled against the mighty shield  
His brazen spear; loud rang the weapon's point:  
And at arm's length Achilles held the shield  
With his broad hand, in fear that through its folds  
Æneas' spear would easy passage find; 300  
Blind fool! forgetful that the glorious gifts  
Bestowed by Gods, are not with ease o'ercome,  
Nor yield before the assaults of mortal men.  
So broke not through Æneas' sturdy spear,

Stayed by the golden plate, the gift of Heaven; 305  
Yet through two plates it passed, but three remained,  
For five were in the shield by Vulcan wrought;  
Two were of brass, the inner two of tin,  
And one of gold, which stayed the brazen spear.

Achilles threw in turn his ponderous spear, 310  
And struck the circle of Æneas' shield

Near the first rim, where thinnest lay the brass,  
And thinnest too the o'erlying hide; right through  
The Pelian shaft was driven; wide gaped the shield.

Æneas crouched, in fear, as o'er his head 315

He held his shield; the eager weapon passed  
Through both the circles of his ample shield,  
And in the ground, behind him, quivering, stood.

Escaped the ponderous weapon, sharpest pain  
Flashing across his eyes, in fear he stood, 320

So close the spear had passed him; onward then,  
Drawing his trenchant blade, Achilles rushed,  
With fearful shout; a rocky fragment then

Æneas lifted up, a mighty mass,  
Which scarce two men, as men are now, could bear, 325  
But he, unaided, lifted it with ease.

Then had Æneas, with the massive stone,  
Or on the helmet, or the shield, his death  
Averting, struck Achilles; and himself

Had by the sword of Peleus' son been slain, 330

Had not the Earth-shaking God his peril seen,  
And to the Immortals thus addressed his speech:

"Oh, woe is me for great Æneas' sake,

Who, by Achilles slain, must visit soon

The viewless shades; insensate, who relied 335



On Phœbus' words; yet nought shall he avail  
From death to save him. Yet oh why should he,  
Blameless himself, the guilt of others rue?  
Who still his grateful sacrifice hath paid  
To all the Gods in wide-spread Heaven who dwell. 340  
Let us then interpose to guard his life;  
Lest, if Achilles slay him, Saturn's son  
Be moved to anger; for his destiny  
Would have him live; lest, heirless, from the earth  
Should perish quite the race of Dardanus; 345  
By Saturn's son the best-beloved of all  
His sons, to him of mortal women born.  
For Jove the race of Priam hath abhorred;  
But o'er the Trojans shall Æneas reign,  
And his sons' sons, through ages yet unborn." 350

Whom answered thus the stag-eyed Queen of Heaven:

"Neptune, do thou determine for thyself  
Æneas to withdraw, or leave to fall,  
Good as he is, beneath Achilles' sword;  
But we before the immortal Gods are bound, 355  
Both I and Pallas, by repeated oaths,  
Ne'er from his doom one Trojan life to save,  
Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy  
Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks."

The Earth-shaker heard; and through the fight he passed,  
And through the throng of spears, until he came [360  
Where great Achilles and Æneas stood.  
Around the eyes of Peleus' son he spread  
A veil of mist; then from Æneas' shield  
The brass-tipped spear withdrawing, laid it down 365  
Before Achilles' feet; and lifting up

Æneas, bore him high above the ground.  
O'er many a rank of warriors and of cars  
Æneas flew, supported by the God;  
Till to the field's extremest verge he came, 370  
Where stood the Caucons, arming for the war.  
There to Æneas, standing by his side,  
The Earth-shaker thus his wingèd words addressed:  
"Æneas, say what God has moved thee thus  
Against Achilles, reckless, to contend, 375  
Thy stronger far, and dearer to the Gods?  
If e'er he cross thy path, do thou retire,  
Lest, e'en despite of fate, thou find thy death.  
But when Achilles hath to fate succumbed,  
Then, fearless, with the foremost join the fray: 380  
No other Greek shall bear away thy spoils."

Thus plainly warned, Æneas there he left.  
Then from Achilles' eyes he purged the film:  
Astonished, he with eyes wide open gazed,  
As thus he communed with his mighty heart: 385

"O Heaven, what marvel do mine eyes behold?  
My spear before me laid, and vanished he  
At whom I hurled it with intent to slay!  
Then is Æneas of the immortal Gods  
In truth beloved, though vain I deemed his boast. 390  
A curse go with him! yet methinks not soon  
Will he again presume to prove my might,  
Who gladly now in flight escapes from death.  
Then, to the valiant Greeks my orders given,  
Let me some other Trojan's mettle prove." 395

Then toward the ranks he sprang, each several man  
Exhorting: "From the Trojans, valiant Greeks,

No longer stand aloof; but man to man  
Confront the foe, and nobly dare the fight.  
'Twere hard for me, brave warrior though I be, 400  
To face such numbers, and to fight with all:  
Not Mars, nor Pallas, though immortal Gods,  
Could face, and vanquish, such a mighty mass.  
But what my single arm, and feet, and strength  
May profit, not a jot will I relax; 405  
Right through the ranks I mean to force my way;  
And small shall be that Trojan's cause for joy,  
Who comes within the compass of my spear."

Thus he, exhorting; Hector cheering on  
Meanwhile the Trojans, with assurance given 410  
That he himself Achilles would confront.

"Ye valiant Trojans, fear not Peleus' son;  
I too in words could with the Gods contend,  
Though not in arms; so much the stronger they.  
Not all his words Achilles shall make good; 415  
Fulfilling some, in others he shall fail,  
His course midway arrested. Him will I  
Encounter, though his hands were hands of fire,  
Of fire his hands, his strength as burnished steel."

Thus he, exhorting: with uplifted spears 420  
Advanced the Trojans; from the mingling hosts  
Loud rose the clamour; then at Hector's side  
Apollo stood, and thus addressed the chief:  
"Hector, forbear Achilles to defy;  
And 'mid the crowd withdraw thee from the fray; 425  
Lest with the spear he slay thee, thrown from far,  
Or with the sword in combat hand to hand."

He said; and troubled by the heavenly voice,

Hector amid the throng of men withdrew.

Then, girt with might, amid the Trojans sprang, 430  
With fearful shouts, Achilles; first he slew  
Otryntes' son, Iphition, valiant chief

Of numerous warriors; him a Naiad nymph,  
In Hyde's fertile vale, beneath the feet  
Of snow-clad Tmolus, to Otryntes bore; 435

At him, as on he rushed, Achilles hurled,  
And through his forehead drove his glittering spear;  
The head was cleft in twain; thundering he fell,  
And o'er him thus Achilles made his boast:

"Son of Otryntes, lie thou there, of men 440  
The most vain-glorious; here thou find'st thy death,  
Far from thy place of birth, beside the lake  
Gygæan; there hadst thou thine heritage  
Of old, beside the fish-abounding stream  
Of Hyllus, and by Hermus' eddying flood." 445

Thus he, exulting: o'er Iphition's eyes  
Were spread the shades of death; his mangled corpse  
Was crushed beneath the Grecian chariot wheels,  
In the first shock. Demoleon next he smote,  
A helpful aid in war, Antenor's son, 450  
Pierced through the temples, through the brass-bound  
helm;

Nor checked the brazen helm the spear, whose point  
Went crashing through the bone, that all the brain  
Was shattered; onward as he rushed, he fell.  
Then through the neck Hippodamas he smote, 455  
Flying before him, mounted on his car.

Deep groaned he, breathing out his soul, as groans  
A bull, by sturdy youths to the altar dragged



Of Neptune, King divine of Helice;  
The Earth-shaking God, well-pleased, the gift receives; 460  
E'en with such groans his noble spirit fled.  
The godlike Polydore he next assailed,  
The son of Priam; him his aged sire  
Would fain have kept at home, of all his sons  
At once the youngest and the best-beloved; 465  
Among them all for speed of foot unmatched;  
Whose youthful folly, in the foremost ranks  
His speed displaying, cost him now his life.  
Him, as he darted by, Achilles' spear  
Struck through the centre of the back, where met 470  
The golden clasps that held the glittering belt,  
And where the breastplate formed a double guard:  
Right through his body passed the weapon's point;  
Groaning, he fell upon his knees; dark clouds  
O'erspread his eyes; supporting with his hand 475  
His wounded bowels, on the ground he writhed.  
When Hector saw his brother Polydore  
Writhing in death, a mist o'erspread his eyes;  
Nor longer could he bear to stand aloof,  
But sprang to meet Achilles, flashing fire, 480  
His keen spear brandishing; at sight of him  
Up leaped Achilles, and exulting cried:

“Lo, here the man who most hath wrung my soul,  
Who slew my loved companion; now, methinks,  
Upon the pass of war not long shall we 485  
Stand separate, nor each the other shun.”

Then, with stern glance, to godlike Hector thus:  
“Draw near, and quickly meet thy doom of death.”

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,

Unterrified: "Achilles, think not me, 490  
As though a fool and ignorant of war,  
To daunt with lofty speech; I too could well  
With cutting words and insult answer thee.  
I know thee strong and valiant; and I know  
Myself to thee inferior; but the event 495  
Is with the Gods; and I, if such their will,  
The weaker, with my spear may reach thy life:  
My point too hath, ere now, its sharpness proved."

He said, and, poisoning, hurled his ponderous spear,  
Which from Achilles Pallas turned aside 500  
With lightest breath; and back to Hector sent,  
And laid before his feet; intent to slay,  
Onward Achilles rushed, with fearful shout;  
But Phœbus Hector from the field conveyed,  
(As Gods can only,) veiled in thickest cloud. 505  
Thrice Peleus' godlike son, with brazen spear,  
His onset made; thrice struck the misty cloud;  
But when, with power as of a God, he made  
His fourth essay, in fury thus he cried:

"Yet once again, vile hound, hast thou escaped; 510  
Thy doom was nigh, but thee thy God hath saved,  
Phœbus, to whom, amid the clash of spears,  
Well mayst thou pray! We yet shall meet again;  
When I shall end thee, if I too may claim  
A guardian God; meanwhile, from thee I turn, 515  
And others seek on whom my hap may light."

He said, and drove through Dryops' neck his spear.  
And stretched him at his feet, and pass'd him by.  
Next with his spear he struck below the knee  
Philetor's son, Demuchus, stout and tall, 520

And checked his forward course; then rushing on  
Dealt with his mighty sword the mortal blow.  
The sons of Bias next, Laögonus  
And Dardanus, he hurled from off their car,  
One with the spear, and one by sword-stroke slain. 525  
'Tros too he slew, Alastor's son, who came  
To meet him, and embrace his knees, and pray  
To spare his life, in pity of his youth:  
Little he knew how vain would be his prayer;  
For not of temper soft, nor mild of mood 530  
Was he, but sternly fierce; and as he knelt  
And clasped his knees, and would his prayer prefer,  
Achilles clove him with his mighty sword,  
Gashed through the liver; as from out the wound  
His liver dropped, the dark blood gushing forth 535  
His bosom filled, and darkness closed his eyes,  
As ebb'd his life away. Then through the ear  
Molius he thrust; at the other ear came forth  
The brazen point. Echoelus next he met,  
Son of Agenor, and his hilted sword 540  
Full on the centre of his head let fall.  
The hot blood dyed the blade; the darkling shades  
Of death, and rigorous fate, his eyes o'erspread.  
Next, where the tendons bind the elbow-joint,  
The brazen spear transfix'd Deucalion's arm; 545  
With death in prospect, and disabled arm  
He stood, till on his neck Achilles' sword  
Descending, shared, and flung afar, both head  
And helmet; from the spine's dissevered joints  
The marrow flow'd, as stretch'd in dust he lay. 550  
The noble son of Peireus next he slew,

Rigmus, who came from Thracia's fertile plains;  
Him through the waist he struck, the brazen spear  
Plunged in his bowels; from the car he fell;  
And as Areithöus, his charioteer, 555  
His horses turned, Achilles through the neck  
His sharp spear thrusting, hurled him to the ground,  
The startled steeds in wild confusion thrown.

As rage the fires amid the wooded glen  
Of some parched mountain's side, and fiercely burns 560  
The copse-wood dry, while eddying here and there  
The flames are whirled before the gusty wind;  
So fierce Achilles raged, on every side  
Pursuing, slaughtering; reeked the earth with blood.  
As when upon a well-rolled threshing floor, 565  
Two sturdy-fronted steers, together yoked,  
Tread the white barley out; beneath their feet  
Fast flies the grain out-trodden from the husk;  
So by Achilles driven, his flying steeds  
His chariot bore, o'er bodies of the slain 570  
And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath  
Was plashed with blood the axle, and the rails  
Around the car, as from the horses' feet  
And from the felloes of the wheels were thrown  
The bloody gouts; and onward still he pressed, 575  
Panting for added triumphs, deeply dyed  
With gore and carnage his unconquered hands. 577



## BOOK XXI.

BUT when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,  
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,  
Achilles cut in twain the flying host;  
Part driving toward the city, o'er the plain,  
Where on the former day the routed Greeks, 5  
When Hector raged victorious, fled amain.  
On, terror-struck, they rushed; but Juno spread,  
To baffle their retreat, before their path,  
Clouds and thick darkness; half the fugitives  
In the deep river's silvery eddies plunged: 10  
With clamour loud they fell; the torrent roared;  
The banks around re-echoed; here and there,  
They, with the eddies wildly struggling, swam.  
As when, pursued by fire, a hovering swarm  
Of locusts riverward direct their flight, 15  
And, as the insatiate flames advance, they cower  
Amid the waters; so a mingled mass  
Of men and horses, by Achilles driven,  
The deeply-whirling stream of Xanthus choked.  
His spear amid the tamarisks on the bank 20  
The hero left; on savage deeds intent,  
Armed with his sword alone, a God in power,  
He sprang amid the torrent; right and left  
He smote; then fearful rose the groans of men  
Slain with the sword; the stream ran red with blood. 25

As fishes, flying from a dolphin, crowd  
The shoal recesses of some open bay,  
In fear, for whom he catches he devours;  
So crouched the Trojans in the mighty stream  
Beneath the banks; and when at length his hand 30  
Wearied of slaughter, from the stream, alive,  
He dragged twelve youths, whose forfeit lives should be  
The bloody fine for slain Patroclus paid.  
Helpless from fear, as fawns, he brought them forth;  
Their hands secured behind them with the belts 35  
Which o'er their shirts of twisted mail they wore,  
And bade his comrades lead them to the ships.  
Then on again he dashed, athirst for blood;  
And first encountered, flying from the stream,  
Lycaon, Priam's son; him once before 40  
He by a nightly onslaught had surprised,  
And from his father's vineyard captive borne:  
Where, as he cut, to form his chariot rail,  
A fig-tree's tender shoots, unlooked-for ill  
O'ertook him in the form of Peleus' son. 45  
Thence in his ship to Lemnos' thriving isle  
He bore him, ransomed there by Jason's son.  
His Imbrian host, Eëtion, set him free  
With liberal gifts, and to Arisba sent:  
Escaping thence, he reached his native home. 50  
Twelve days save one, rejoicing, with his friends  
He spent, returned from Lemnos: fate, the twelfth,  
Again consigned him to Achilles' hands,  
From him, reluctant, to receive his death.  
Him when Achilles, swift of foot, beheld, 55  
Of helm and shield bereft, no spear in hand,

All flung in haste away, as from the stream,  
Reeking with sweat, and faint with toil, he fled,  
He communed, wrathful, with his mighty heart:

“Ye Gods, what marvel do mine eyes behold! 60  
Methinks the valiant Trojans slain by me  
Ere long will from the realms of darkness rise;  
Since, death escaping, but to slavery sold  
In Lemnos’ isle, this fellow hath returned,  
Despite the hoary sea’s impediment, 65  
Which many a man against his will hath stayed:  
Now shall he taste my spear, that I may see  
If thence too he return, or if the earth  
May keep him safe, which e’en the strongest holds.”

Thus, as he stood, he mused; but all aghast 70  
Approached Lycaon; and would fain have clasped  
The Hero’s knees; for longingly he sought  
Escape from bitter death and evil fate.

Achilles raised his spear, in act to strike;  
He, stooping, ran beneath, and clasped his knees; 75  
Above his back the murderous weapon passed,  
And in the earth was fixed: one suppliant hand  
Achilles’ knees embraced; the other held,  
With unrelaxing grasp, the pointed spear;  
As he with wingèd words, imploring spoke: 80

“I clasp thy knees, Achilles! look then down  
With pity on my woes; and recognize,  
Illustrious chief, a suppliant’s sacred claim:  
For in thy tent I first broke bread, that day,  
When, in my father’s fruitful vineyard seized, 85  
Thy captive I became, to slavery sold,  
Far from my sire and friends, in Lemnos’ isle.

A hundred oxen were my ransom then;  
At thrice so much I now would buy my life.  
This day is but the twelfth, since, sorely tried 90  
By lengthened suffering, back to Troy I came.  
Now to thy hands once more my cruel fate  
Consigns me; surely by the wrath of Jove  
Pursued, who gives me to thy power again.  
Me, doomed to early death, my mother bore, 95  
Old Altes' daughter, fair Læothœ;  
Altes, who ruled the warlike Leleges,  
In lofty Pedasus, by Satnôis' stream.  
His child of Priam's many wives was one;  
Two sons she bore, and both by thee must die. 100  
Already one, the godlike Polydore,  
Amid the foremost ranks thy spear hath slain;  
And now my doom hath found me; for from thee,  
Since evil fate hath placed me in thy hands,  
I may not hope to fly; yet hear but this, 105  
And weigh it in thy mind, to spare my life:  
I come not of that womb which Hector bore,  
Who slew thy comrade, gentle, kind, and brave."

Thus Priam's noble son, imploring, spoke;  
But stern the answer fell upon his ear: 110

"Thou fool! no more to me of ransom prate!  
Before Patroclus met the doom of death,  
To spare the Trojans still my soul inclined;  
And many captives, ta'en alive, I sold;  
But from henceforth, before the walls of Troy, 115  
Not one of all the Trojans, whom the Gods  
May to my hands deliver, least of all  
A son of Priam, shall escape the death.



Thou too, my friend, must die : why vainly wail ?  
Dead is Patroclus too, thy better far. 120

Me too thou see'st, how stalwart, tall, and fair,  
Of noble sire, and Goddess-mother born :  
Yet must I yield to death and stubborn fate,  
Whene'er, at morn, or noon, or eve, the spear  
Or arrow from the bow may reach my life." 125

He said ; and sank Lycaon's limbs and heart ;  
He loosed the spear, and sat, with both his hands  
Upraised, imploring ; but Achilles drew,  
And on his neck beside the collar-bone  
Let fall his trenchant sword ; the two-edged blade 130  
Was buried deep ; prone on the earth he lay ;  
Forth gushed the crimson blood, and dyed the ground.  
Him, dragging by the feet, Achilles threw  
In the mid stream, and thus with vaunting speech :

" Lie there amid the fishes, who shall cleanse, 135  
But not with kindly thought, thy gory wounds :  
O'er thee, extended on thy bier, shall rise  
No mother's wail ; Scamander's eddying stream  
Shall to the sea's broad bosom roll thee down ;  
And, springing through the darkly rippling wave, 140  
Fishes shall rise, and banquet on thy flesh.  
On now the work of death ! till, flying ye,  
And slaughtering I, we reach the city wall.  
Nor this fair-flowing, silver-eddying stream,  
Shall aught avail ye, though to him ye pay 145  
In sacrifice the blood of countless bulls,  
And living horses in his waters sink.  
Ye all shall perish, till Patroclus' death  
Be fully avenged, and slaughter of the Greeks,

Whom, in my absence, by the ships ye slew." 150

He said: the mighty River at his words  
Indignant chafed, and pondered in his mind  
How best to check Achilles' warlike toil,  
And from destruction guard the Trojan host.

Meantime Achilles with his ponderous spear 155

Asteropæus, son of Pelegon,  
Assailed with deadly purpose; Pelegon  
To broadly-flowing Axius owed his birth,  
The River-God commingling with the blood  
Of Peribœa, daughter eldest born 160

Of Accessamenus: on him he sprang;  
He, from the river rising, stood opposed,  
Two lances in his hand; his courage roused  
By Xanthus, who, indignant, saw his stream  
Polluted by the blood of slaughtered youths, 165  
By fierce Achilles' hand, un pitying, slain.

When near the warriors, each to other, came,  
Achilles, swift of foot, took up the word:

"What man, and whence art thou, who dar'st to stand  
Opposed to me? of most unhappy sires 170

The children they, who my encounter meet!"

To whom the illustrious son of Pelegon:

"Great son of Peleus, why enquire my race?  
From far Pæonia's fertile fields I come,  
The leader of the long-speared Pæon host. 175

Ten days have passed since I to Ilion came.  
From widely-flowing Axius my descent,  
Axius, the purest stream on earth that flows.

He Pelegon begot, the spear-renowned;  
Of Pelegon I boast me sprung; and now 180

Address thee, brave Achilles, to the fight."

Threatening he spoke: Achilles raised on high  
The Pelian spear; but, ambidexter, he  
From either hand at once a javelin launched.  
One struck, but pierced not through, the mighty shield, 185  
Stayed by the golden plate, the gift of Heaven:  
Achilles' right fore-arm the other grazed:  
Forth gushed the crimson blood; but, glancing by,  
And vainly longing for the taste of flesh,  
The point behind him in the earth was fixed. 190  
Then at Asteropæus in his turn  
With deadly intent the son of Peleus threw  
His straight-directed spear; his mark he missed,  
But struck the lofty bank, where, deep infix'd  
To half its length, the Pelian ash remained. 195  
Then from beside his thigh Achilles drew  
His trenchant blade, and, furious, onward rushed;  
While from the cliff Asteropæus strove  
In vain, with stalwart hand, to wrench the spear.  
Three times he shook it with impetuous force, 200  
Three times relaxed his grasp; a fourth attempt  
He made to bend and break the sturdy shaft;  
But him, preventing, Peleus' godlike son  
With deadly stroke across the belly smote,  
And gashed his bowels forth; upon the ground 205  
Gasping he lay, and darkness sealed his eyes.  
Then on his breast Achilles sprang, and stripped  
His armour off, and thus with vaunting speech:  
"So lie thou there! 'tis hard for thee to fight,  
Though river-born, against the progeny 210  
Of mighty Jove; a widely-flowing stream

Thou claim'st as author of thy parentage;  
My high descent from Jove himself I boast.  
My father Peleus, son of Æacus,  
Reigns o'er the numerous race of Myrmidons; 215  
The son of Jove himself was Æacus.

High o'er all rivers, that to the ocean flow,  
Is Jove exalted; and in like degree  
Superior is his race in power to theirs.  
A mighty River hast thou here at hand, 220  
If that might aught avail thee; but his power  
Is impotent to strive with Saturn's son.

With him, not Achelöus, King of streams,  
Presumes to vie; nor e'en the mighty strength  
Of deeply-flowing, wide Oceanus; 225

From whom all rivers, all the boundless sea,  
All fountains, all deep wells derive their source:  
Yet him appals the lightning bolt of Jove,  
And thunder, pealing from the vault of Heaven."

He said, and from the cliff withdrew his spear. 230  
Him left he lifeless there upon the sand  
Extended; o'er him the dark waters washed,  
And eels and fishes, thronging, gnawed his flesh.  
Then 'mid the Pæons' plumèd host he rushed,  
Who fled along the eddying stream, when him, 235  
Their bravest in the stubborn fight, they saw  
Slain by the sword and arm of Peleus' son.

Thersilochus and Mydon then he slew,  
Mnesus and Thrasius and Astypylus,  
Ænius and Ophelestes; and yet more 240  
Had been the slaughter by Achilles wrought,  
But from his eddying depths, in human form,



With wrathful tone the mighty River spoke :

“ In strength, Achilles, and in deeds of arms,  
All mortals thou surpassest; for the Gods 245  
Themselves attend thee, and protect from harm;  
If Saturn’s son have given thee utterly  
The Trojans to destroy, yet, ere thou slay,  
Far from my waters drive them o’er the plain;  
For now my lovely stream is filled with dead; 250  
Nor can I pour my current to the sea,  
With floating corpses choked, whilst thou pursuest  
The work of death, insatiate: stay thy hand!  
With horror I behold thee, mighty chief!”

Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot: 255  
“ Be it as thou wilt, Scamander, Heaven-born stream;  
Yet cease I not to slay until I drive  
These vaunting Trojans to their walls, and prove  
The force of Hector, if, in single fight,  
I be by him, or he by me, subdued.” 260

He said, and fiercely on the Trojans rushed,  
A God in might! to Phœbus then his speech  
The deeply-eddying River thus addressed :

“ God of the silver bow, great son of Jove,  
Obey’st thou thus the will of Saturn’s son, 265  
Who charged thee by the Trojans still to stand,  
And aid their cause, till evening’s late approach  
Should cast its shadows o’er the fertile earth?”

Thus as he spoke, from off the lofty bank  
Achilles springing in mid current plunged; 270  
Then high the swelling stream, tumultuous, rose  
In all its angry flood; and with a roar  
As of a bellowing bull, cast forth to land

The numerous corpses by Achilles slain ;  
And many living, in his caverned bed 275  
Concealed, behind the whirling waters saved.  
Fierce, round Achilles, rose the boiling wave,  
And on his shield descending, drove him down ;  
Nor might he keep his foothold ; but he grasped  
A lofty elm, well-grown, which from the cliff 280  
Uprooted, all the bank had torn away,  
And with its tangled branches checked the flow  
Of the fair river, which with all its length  
It bridged across ; then, springing from the deep,  
Swiftly he fled in terror o'er the plain. 285  
Nor ceased the mighty River, but pursued,  
With darkly-ruffling crest, intent to stay  
Achilles' course, and save the Trojan host.  
Far as a javelin's flight he rushed, in speed  
Like the dark hunter eagle, strongest deemed, 290  
And swiftest winged of all the feathered race.  
So on he sped ; loud rattled on his breast  
His brazen armour, as before the God,  
Cowering, he fled ; the God behind him still  
With thundering sound pursued. As when a man 295  
From some dark-watered spring through trenches leads,  
'Mid plants and gardens, the irrigating stream,  
And, spade in hand, the appointed channel clears :  
Down flows the stream anon, its pebbly bed  
Disturbing ; fast it flows with bubbling sound, 300  
Down the steep slope, o'ertaking him who leads.  
Achilles so the advancing wave o'ertook,  
Though great his speed ; but man must yield to Gods.  
Oft as Achilles, swift of foot, essayed

To turn and stand, and know if all the Gods, 305  
Who dwell in Heaven, were leagued to daunt his soul;  
So oft the Heaven-born River's mighty wave  
Above his shoulders dashed; in deep distress  
He sprang on high; then rushed the flood below,  
And bore him off his legs, and wore away 310  
The soil beneath his feet; then, groaning, thus,  
As up to Heaven he looked, Achilles cried:  
"O Father Jove, will none of all the Gods  
In pity save me from this angry flood?  
Content, thereafter, would I meet my fate. 315  
Of all the powers of Heaven, my mother most  
Hath wronged me, who hath buoyed me up with hope  
Delusive, that, before the walls of Troy,  
I should by Phœbus' swift-winged arrows fall.  
Would that by Hector's hand 'twere mine to die, 320  
The bravest of their brave! a warrior so  
Were by a warrior slain! now am I doomed  
Ignobly here to sink, the mighty flood  
O'erwhelming me, like some poor shepherd lad,  
Borne down in crossing by a wintry brook." 325

He said; and quickly, clothed in mortal form,  
Neptune and Pallas at his side appeared;  
With cheering words they took him by the hand,  
And thus the Earth-shaking God his speech began:  
"Achilles, fear not thou, nor be dismayed; 330  
Such powerful aid, by Jove's consent, we bring,  
Pallas and I, from Heaven; 'tis not decreed  
That thou shouldst by the River be o'erwhelmed;  
He shall retire ere long, and thou shalt see;  
And more, if thou wilt hear, we undertake 335

That from the war thine arm shall not be stayed,  
Till thou shalt drive beneath the walls of Troy  
The crowd of flying Trojans; thou thyself  
Shalt Hector slay, and safe regain the ships:  
Such high renown we give thee to achieve." 340

They to the other Gods, this said, returned;  
He, greatly strengthened by the voice divine,  
Pressed onwards to the plain; the plain he found  
All flooded o'er; and, floating, armour fair,  
And many a corpse of men in battle slain; 345  
Yet onward, lifting high his feet, he pressed  
Right toward the stream; nor could the mighty stream  
Check his advance, such vigour Pallas gave;  
Nor did Seamander yet his fary stay,  
But fiercer rose his rage; and rearing high 350  
His crested wave, to Simöis thus he cried:

"Dear brother, aid me with united force  
This mortal's course to check; he, unrestrained,  
Will royal Priam's city soon destroy,  
Nor will the Trojans his assault endure. 355  
Haste to the rescue then, and from their source  
Fill all thy stream, and all thy channels swell;  
Rouse thy big waves, and roll a torrent down  
Of logs and stones, to whelm this man of might,  
Who triumphs now, and bears him as a God. 360  
Nought shall his strength or beauty then avail,  
Or gallant arms, beneath the waters sunk,  
Deep buried in the mud: himself will I  
In sand imbed, and o'er his corpse a pile  
Of shingly gravel heap; nor shall the Greeks 365  
Be able to collect his bones, encased



By me so deep in slime. His monument  
They here may raise; but when they celebrate  
His funeral rites, no mound will he require."

He said; and on Achilles, from on high 370  
Came boiling, rushing down, with thundering roar,  
With foam and blood and corpses intermixed.  
High rose the Heaven-born River's darkling wave,  
And bore Achilles downward; then in fear  
Lest the broad waters of the eddying stream 375  
Should quite o'erwhelm him, Juno cried aloud,  
And Vulcan thus, her son, in haste addressed:

"Up, Vulcan; up, my son; for we had deemed  
That eddying Xanthus stood to thee opposed:  
Haste thee to aid; thy fiery strength display; 380  
While from the sea I call the stormy blast  
Of Zephyr and brisk Notus, who shall drive  
The raging flames ahead, and burn alike  
The Trojans and their arms: do thou the while  
Burn down the trees on Xanthus' banks; himself 385  
Assail with fire, nor by his honeyed words  
Nor by his menaces be turned aside;  
Nor, till thou hear my voice, restrain thy power;  
Then stay the raging flames' unwearied course."

Thus Juno spoke; and Vulcan straight prepared 390  
The heavenly fire; and first upon the plain  
The flames he kindled, and the dead consumed,  
Who lay, promiscuous, by Achilles slain:  
The plain was dried, and stayed the watery flood.  
As when the breath of Boreas quickly dries 395  
In Autumn-time a newly-watered field,  
The tiller's heart rejoicing: so was dried

The spacious plain; then he, the dead consumed,  
Against the river turned the fiery glare:  
Burnt were the willows, elms, and tamarisk shrubs, 400  
The lotus, and the reeds, and galingal,  
Which by the lovely river grew profuse.  
The eels and fishes, 'mid the eddying whirl,  
'Mid the clear wave were hurrying here and there,  
In dire distress from Vulcan's fiery breath: 405  
Scorched by the flames, the mighty River spoke:

“Vulcan, no God against thy power can stand,  
Nor with thy fiery flames will I contend;  
Restrain thy wrath; though Peleus' godlike son  
Should from their city drive the Trojans straight, 410  
With rival parties what concern have I?”

All scorched he spoke; his fair stream bubbling up,  
As when a caldron, on a blazing fire,  
Filled with the melting fat of well-fed swine,  
Boils up within, and bubbles all around, 415  
With well-dried wood beneath, so bubbling up  
The waters of the lovely River boiled:  
Nor onward would he flow, but checked his course,  
By the hot blast o'er-borne, and fiery strength  
Of skilful Vulcan; and to Juno thus, 420  
Imploring, he his wingèd words addressed:

“Juno, what cause impels thy son, my stream,  
O'er all the rest, to visit with his wrath?  
E'en less than others who the Trojans aid,  
Have I offended; yet at thy command 425  
Will I withdraw; but bid that he too cease;  
And this I swear, no Trojan more to save,  
Though to devouring flames a prey, all Troy

Were blazing, kindled by the valiant Greeks."

This when the white-armed Goddess Juno heard, 430  
To Vulcan straight she thus addressed her speech:

"Vulcan, my glorious son, restrain thy hand:  
In mortal men's behalf, it is not meet  
To press thus hardly an Immortal God."

She said, and Vulcan stayed his fiery strength, 435  
And, back returning, in his wonted bed  
Flowed the fair River. Xanthus thus subdued,  
These two their warfare ceased, by Juno checked,  
Despite her wrath; but 'mid the other Gods  
Arose contention fierce, and discord dire, 440  
Their warring passions roused on either side.

With fearful crash they met: the broad Earth groaned;  
Loud rang the Heaven as with a trumpet's sound:  
Jove, on Olympus' height, the tumult heard,  
And in his heart he laughed a joyous laugh, 445  
To see the Gods in angry battle met.

Not long they stood aloof, led on by Mars  
The buckler-breaker, who to Pallas first,  
Poising his spear, his bitter speech addressed:

"What dost thou here, thou saucy jade, to war 450  
The Gods exciting, over-bold of mood,  
Led by thy haughty spirit? dost thou forget  
How thou the son of Tydeus, Diomed,  
Didst urge against me, and with visible spear  
Direct his aim, and aid to wound my flesh? 455  
For all I suffered then, thou now shalt pay."  
Thus as he spoke, he struck the tasselled shield,  
Awful to view, which not the lightning bolt  
Of Jove himself could pierce: the blood-stained Mars

Against it thrust in vain his ponderous spear. 460  
The Goddess stooped, and in her ample hand  
Took up a stone that lay upon the plain,  
Dark, rugged, vast, which men of elder days  
Had set to mark the limits of their land.

Full on the neck of Mars she hurled the mass, 465  
His limbs relaxing: o'er seven hundred feet  
Prostrate he lay, his hair defiled with dust:  
Loud rang his armour; and with scornful smile  
Pallas addressed him thus with vaunting speech:

“Fool, hast thou yet to learn how mightier far 470  
My strength than thine, that me thou dar'st to meet?  
Bear thus the burthen of thy mother's curse,  
Who works thee harm, in wrath that thou the Greeks  
Deserting, aid'st the haughty Trojans' cause.”

She said, and turned away her piercing glance: 475  
Him, deeply groaning, scarce to life restored,  
Jove's daughter Venus taking by the hand,  
Led from the field; which when the white-armed Queen  
Beheld, in haste to Pallas thus she cried:  
“O Heaven, brave child of ægis-bearing Jove, 480  
Undaunted! lo again this saucy jade  
Amid the press, the bane of mortals, Mars  
Leads from the field; but haste thee in pursuit.”

Thus Juno: Pallas hastened in pursuit  
Well pleased; and Venus with her powerful hand 485  
Assailing, struck upon the breast; at once  
The Goddess' courage and her limbs gave way.  
There on the ground the two together lay,  
While Pallas o'er them thus with vaunting speech:

“Would all were such, who aid the Trojan cause, 490



Whene'er they meet in fight the warlike Greeks,  
As valiant and as stout as Venus proves,  
Who brings her aid to Mars, confronting me;  
Then had our warlike labours long been o'er,  
And Ilion's strong-built citadel o'erthrown." 495

Thus Pallas spoke: the white-armed Goddess smiled,  
And to Apollo thus the Earth-shaker spoke:

"Phœbus, why stand we idly thus aloof?  
The war begun by others, 'tis not meet;  
And shame it were that to Olympus' height 500

And to the brazen-floored abode of Jove  
We two without a contest should return.

Thou then begin, as younger: 'twere not well  
For me, in age and practice more advanced.  
Feeble of soul, how senseless is thy heart! 505

Hast thou forgotten all the cruel wrongs

We two, alone of all the Immortals, bore,

When here, in Ilion, for a year, we served,

By Jove's command, the proud Laomedon,

For promised hire; and he our tasks assigned? 510

His fortress, and a wall both broad and fair

I built, the town's impregnable defence;

While thou didst on his plodding herds attend,

In many-crested Ida's woody glens.

But when the joyous seasons in their course, 515

Had brought our labour's term, the haughty King

Denied our guerdon, and with threats dismissed.

Bound hand and foot he threatened thee to send

And sell to slavery in the distant isles,

And with the sword cut off the ears of both. 520

So in indignant sorrow we returned,

Robbed of the hire he promised, but denied.  
For this thy favour dost thou show to Troy;  
And dost not rather join thy force to ours,  
That down upon their knees the Trojans all 525  
Should perish, with their babes and matrons chaste."

Whom answered thus the far-destroying King:  
"Earth-shaking God, I should not gain with thee  
The esteem of wise, if I with thee should fight  
For mortal men; poor wretches, who like leaves 530  
Flourish awhile, and eat the fruits of earth,  
But, sapless, soon decay: from combat then  
Refrain we, and to others leave the strife."

He turned, thus saying: for he deemed it shame  
His father's brother to assail in arms; 535  
But him his sister, Goddess of the chase,  
Rebuked, and thus with scornful speech addressed:

"Fliest thou, Apollo? and to Neptune leav'st  
The easy victory and baseless fame?  
Why o'er thy shoulder hangs thine idle bow? 540  
Ne'er in our father's halls again, as erst  
Among the Immortals, let me hear thee boast  
How thou with Neptune wouldst in arms contend."

Thus she; Apollo answered not a word;  
But Jove's imperial consort, filled with wrath, 545  
Assailed with bitter words the Archer-Queen.

"How canst thou dare, thou saucy minx,\* to stand

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\* L. 547. The terms made use of in this line, and in 481, may appear somewhat coarse, as addressed by one Goddess to another: but I assure the English reader that in this passage especially I have greatly softened down the expression of the original; a literal translation of which, however forcible, would shock even the least fastidious critic. It must, indeed, be admitted that the mode in

Opposed to me, too great for thine assault,  
Despite thy bow? though Jove hath given thee power  
O'er feeble women, whom thou wilt, to slay, 550  
E'en as a lion; better were't for thee  
To chase the mountain beasts and flying hinds,  
Than thy superiors thus to meet in arms.  
But since thou dar'st confront me, thou shalt know  
And feel how far my might surpasses thine." 555

She said; and with the left hand both the wrists  
Of Dian grasping, with her ample right  
The bow and quiver from her shoulders tore;  
And with them, as she turned away her head,  
With scornful laughter buffeted her ears: 560  
The arrows keen were scattered on the ground:  
Weeping, the Goddess fled; as flies a dove  
The hawk's pursuit, and in a hollow rock  
Finds refuge, doomed not yet to fall a prey;  
So, weeping, Dian fled, and left her bow. 565

Then Hermes to Latona thus: "With thee  
I strive not; shame it were to meet in fight  
A consort of the cloud-compelling Jove.  
Freely amid the Immortals make thy boast,  
That by thy prowess thou hast vanquished me." 570

Thus he: Latona gathered up the bow,  
And fallen arrows, scattered here and there  
Amid the whirling dust; then, these regained,  
Following her daughter, from the field withdrew.  
Meanwhile to high Olympus fled the Maid, 575

---

which "the white-armed Goddess" proceeds to execute her threat is hardly more dignified than the language, in which it is conveyed, is refined.

And to the brazen-floored abode of Jove.

There, weeping, on her father's knees she sat,

While quivered round her form the ambrosial robe.

The son of Saturn towards him drew his child,

And thus, with gracious smile, enquiry made: 580

"Which of the heavenly powers hath wronged thee thus,

My child, as guilty of some open shame?"

To whom the bright-crowned Goddess of the chase:

"Thy wife, my father, white-armed Juno; she

Hath dealt thus rudely with me; she, from whom 585

All jars and strife among the Gods proceed."

Such converse while they held, the gates of Troy

Apollo entered, for the well-built wall

Alarmed, lest e'en against the will of fate

The Greeks that day should raze it to the ground. 590

The other Gods were to Olympus gone,

Triumphant these, and those in angry mood,

And took their seats before the cloud-girt Sire.

But on the Trojans pressing, Peleus' son

Horses and men alike, promiscuous, slew. 595

As in a city, which the Gods in wrath

Have fired, whose volleying smoke ascends to Heaven,

On all her people grievous toil is cast,

On many, harm and loss; such toil, such loss

Achilles wrought amid the Trojan host. 600

Upon a lofty tower, the work of Gods,

The aged Priam stood, and looking down,

He marked Achilles' giant might, and saw

Before him driven in panic flight confused,

Their courage quite subdued, the Trojan host: 605

Then, groaning, from the tower he hastened down,



And to the warders cried along the wall :

“Stand to the gates, and hold them opened wide,  
That in the crowd of fugitives may pour,  
And refuge find : for close upon their flight 610  
Achilles hangs ; disaster now is near.

But while our friends, received within the walls,  
Find time to breathe again, replace in haste  
The closely-fitting portals, for I fear  
That man of blood may e'en the city storm.” 615

He said ; the gates they opened, and drew back  
The solid bars ; the portals, opening wide,  
Let in the light ; but in the vacant space  
Apollo stood, the Trojan host to save.

The flyers, parched with thirst and dust-begrimed, 620  
Straight for the city and the lofty wall

Made from the plain ; Achilles, spear in hand,  
Pressed hotly on the rearmost ; for his soul  
Was filled with rage, and maddening lust of fame.  
And now the lofty-gated city of Troy 625

The sons of Greece had won ; but Phœbus roused  
Agenor's spirit, a valiant youth and strong,  
Son of Antenor ; he his bosom filled  
With dauntless courage, and beside him stood  
To turn aside the heavy hand of death, 630  
As, veiled in cloud, against the oak he leaned.

He, when Achilles' awful form he knew,  
Yet firmly stood, though much perplexed in mind,  
As thus he communed with his mighty heart :

“Oh woe is me ! should I attempt to fly 635  
Before Achilles' might, where fly the rest  
Across the plain, disordered, he would soon

O'ertake me, and in flight ignoble slay.  
Or should I leave the others to their fate,  
Scattered by Peleus' son, and from the wall 640  
And o'er the plain of Troy direct my flight,  
Far as the foot of Ida's hill, and there  
Lie hid in thickest covert; and at eve,  
Refreshed by bathing in the cooling stream,  
And purged the sweat, retrace my steps to Troy? 645  
Yet why, my soul, admit such thoughts as these?  
For should he mark me flying from the town,  
And overtake me by his speed of foot,  
No hope were left me of escape from death,  
So far his strength exceeds the strength of man. 650  
But how if boldly I await him here  
Before the wall? his flesh is not to wounds  
Impervious: but a single life is his,  
Nor is he more, they say, than mortal man,  
Though Jove assists him, and his triumph wills." 655  
He said, and stood collected, to await  
Achilles' onset; and his manly heart,  
With courage filled, was eager for the fray.  
As when a panther from the thicket's depth  
Comes forth to meet the hunter, undismayed, 660  
Nor turned to flight by baying of the hounds;  
Nor, wounded or by javelin or by sword,  
Or by the spear transfixed, remits her rage,  
But fights, until she reach her foe, or die;  
Agenor so, Antenor's godlike son, 665  
Disclaimed to fly, ere proved Achilles' might.  
Before his breast his shield's broad orb he bore,  
And poised his spear, as thus he called aloud:

“Thy hope, renowned Achilles, was this day  
The valiant Trojans’ city to destroy; 670  
Unconscious of the toils, the woes, that yet  
Around her walls await ye! for within  
Are warriors brave and numerous, who will fight  
In her defence, for parents, children, wives.  
Thou too, Achilles, here shalt meet thy doom, 675  
All-powerful as thou art, and warrior bold.”

He said, and threw with stalwart hand the spear;  
Achilles’ leg he struck, below the knee,  
Nor missed his aim, and loudly rang the greaves  
Of new-wrought tin; but back the brazen point 680  
Rebounded, nor the heavenly armour pierced.  
In turn Achilles on Agenor sprang:  
But Phoebus robbed him of his hoped-for prize,  
Who, veiled in thickest cloud, conveyed away  
Antenor’s son, and from the battle bore 685  
To rest in peace, while he by guile withdrew  
The son of Peleus from the flying crowd:  
For in Agenor’s very likeness clad,  
Before him stood the far-destroying King:  
Then fled, Achilles hastening in pursuit. 690  
He o’er the fertile plain with flying foot  
Pursued; beside Scamander’s eddying stream  
Apollo turned, and still but little space  
Before him flying, subtly lured him on,  
Each moment hoping to attain his prize. 695  
Meantime the general crowd, in panic flight,  
With eager haste the city’s refuge sought,  
And all the town with fugitives was filled.

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Nor did they dare without the walls to stand  
For mutual aid; nor halt to know what friends      700  
Were safe, who left upon the battle-field;  
But through the gates poured in the hurrying mass  
Who to their active limbs their safety owed.      703



## BOOK XXII.

THUS they from panic flight, like timorous fawns,  
Within the walls escaping, dried their sweat,  
And drank, and quenched their thirst, reclining safe  
On the fair battlements; but nearer drew,  
With slanted shields, the Greeks; yet Hector still      5  
In front of Ilion and the Scæan gate,  
Stayed by his evil doom, remained without.  
Then Phœbus thus to Peleus' godlike son:  
"Achilles, why with active feet pursue,  
Thou mortal, me Immortal? know'st thou not      10  
My Godhead, that so hot thy fury burns?  
Or heed'st thou not that all the Trojan host  
Whom thou hast scared, while thou art here withdrawn,  
Within the walls a refuge safe have found?  
On me thy sword is vain! I know not death!"      15  
Enraged, Achilles, swift of foot, replied:  
"Deep is the injury, far-darting King,  
Most hostile of the Gods, that at thy hand  
I bear, who here hast lured me from the walls,  
Which many a Trojan else had failed to reach,      20  
Ere by my hand they bit the bloody dust.  
Me of immortal honour thou hast robbed,  
And them, thyself from vengeance safe, hast saved:  
Had I the power, that vengeance thou shouldst feel."  
Thus saying, and on mightiest deeds intent,      25

He turned him city-ward, with fiery speed;  
As when a horse contending for the prize,  
Whirls the swift car, and stretches o'er the plain,  
E'en so, with active limbs, Achilles raced.

Him first the aged Priam's eyes discerned, 30  
Scouring the plain, in arms all dazzling bright,  
Like to the autumnal star, whose brilliant ray  
Shines eminent amid the depth of night,  
Whom men the dog-star of Orion call;  
The brightest he, but sign to mortal man 35  
Of evil augury, and fiery heat:

So shone the brass upon the warrior's breast.

The old man groaned aloud, and lifting high  
His hands, he beat his head, and with loud voice  
Called on his son, imploring; he, unmoved, 40  
Held post before the gates, awaiting there  
Achilles' fierce encounter; him his sire,  
With hands outstretched and piteous tone addressed:

"Hector, my son, await not here alone  
That warrior's charge, lest thou to fate succumb, 45  
Beneath Pelides' arm, thy better far!  
Accursed be he! would that the immortal Gods  
So favoured him as I! then should his corpse  
Soon to the vultures and the dogs be given!  
(So should my heart a load of anguish lose) 50  
By whom I am of many sons bereaved,  
Many and brave, whom he has slain, or sold  
To distant isles in slavery; and e'en now,  
Within the city walls I look in vain  
For two, Lycaon brave, and Polydore, 55  
My gallant sons, by fair Laothœe;

If haply yet they live, with brass and gold  
Their ransom shall be paid; good store of these  
We can command; for with his daughter fair  
A wealthy dowry aged Altes gave. 60  
But to the viewless shades should they have gone,  
Deep were their mother's sorrow and my own;  
But of the general public, well I know  
Far lighter were the grief, than if they heard  
That thou hadst fallen beneath Achilles' hand. 65  
Then enter now, my son, the city gates,  
And of the women and the men of Troy  
Be still the guardian; nor to Peleus' son,  
With thine own life, immortal glory give.  
Look too on me with pity; me, on whom, 70  
E'en on the threshold of mine age, hath Jove  
A bitter burthen cast, condemned to see  
My sons struck down, my daughters dragged away  
In servile bonds; our chambers' sanctity  
Invaded; and our babes by hostile hands 75  
Dashed to the ground, and by ferocious Greeks  
Enslaved the widows of my slaughtered sons.  
On me at last the ravening dogs shall feed,  
When by some foeman's hand, by sword or lance,  
My soul shall from my body be divorced; 80  
Those very dogs which I myself have bred,  
Fed at my table, guardians of my gate,  
Shall lap my blood, and over-gorged shall lie  
E'en on my threshold. That a youth should fall  
Victim to Mars, beneath a foeman's spear, 85  
May well bescem his years, and if he fall  
With honour, though he die, yet glorious he!

But when the hoary head and hoary beard,  
And naked corpse to ravening dogs are given,  
No sadder sight can wretched mortals see." 90

The old man spoke, and from his head he tore  
The hoary hair; yet Hector firm remained.  
Then to the front his mother rushed, in tears,  
Her bosom bare, with either hand her breast  
Sustaining, and with tears addressed him thus: 95  
"Hector, my child, thy mother's breast revere;  
And on this bosom if thine infant woes  
Have e'er been hushed, bear now in mind, dear child,  
The debt thou ow'st; and from within the walls  
Ward off this fearful man, nor in the field 100  
Encounter; cursed be he! should he prevail,  
And slay thee, not upon the funeral bed,  
My child, my own, the offspring of my womb,  
Shall I deplore thee, nor thy widowed wife,  
But far away, beside the Grecian ships, 105  
Thy corpse shall to the ravening dogs be given."

Thus they, with tears and earnest prayers imploring,  
Addressed their son; yet Hector firm remained,  
Waiting the approach of Peleus' godlike son.  
As when a snake upon the mountain side, 110  
With deadly venom charged, beside his hole  
Awaits the traveller, and filled with rage,  
Coiled round his hole, his baleful glances darts;  
So filled with dauntless courage Hector stood,  
Scorning retreat, his gleaming buckler propped 115  
Against the jutting tower; then, deeply moved,  
Thus with his warlike soul communion held:

"Oh woe is me! if I should enter now



The city gates, I should the just reproach  
Encounter of Polydamas, who first 120  
His counsel gave within the walls to lead  
The Trojan forces, on that fatal night  
When great Achilles in the field appeared.  
I heeded not his counsel; would I had!  
Now, since my folly hath the people slain, 125  
I well might blush to meet the Trojan men,  
And long-robed dames of Troy, lest some might say,  
To me inferior far, 'This woful loss  
To Hector's blind self-confidence we owe.'  
Thus shall they say; for me, 'twere better far, 130  
Or from Achilles, slain in open fight,  
Back to return in triumph, or myself  
To perish nobly in my country's cause.  
What if my bossy shield I lay aside,  
And stubborn helmet, and my ponderous spear 135  
Propping against the wall, go forth to meet  
The unmatched Achilles? What if I engage  
That Helen's self, and with her all the spoil,  
And all that Paris in his hollow ships  
Brought here to Troy, whence first this war arose, 140  
Should be restored, and to the Greeks be paid  
An ample tribute from the city's stores,  
Her secret treasures; and hereafter bind  
The Trojans by their Elders' solemn oaths  
Nought to withhold, but fairly to divide 145  
Whate'er of wealth our much-loved city holds?  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
Should I so meet him, what if he should show  
Nor pity nor remorse, but slay me there,

Defenceless as a woman, and unarmed? 150  
Not this the time, nor he the man, with whom  
By forest oak or rock, like youth and maid,  
To hold light talk, as youth and maid might hold.  
Better to dare the fight, and know at once  
To whom Olympian Jove the triumph wills." 155

Thus, as he stood, he mused; but near approached  
Achilles, terrible as plumèd Mars;  
From his right shoulder brandishing aloft  
The ashen spear of Peleus, while around  
Flashed his bright armour, dazzling as the glare 160  
Of burning fire, or of the rising sun.  
Hector beheld, and trembled at the sight;  
Nor dared he there await the attack, but left  
The gates behind, and, terror-stricken, fled.  
Forward, with flying foot, Pelides rushed. 165  
As when a falcon, bird of swiftest flight,  
From some high mountain-top, on timorous dove  
Swoops fiercely down; she, from beneath, in fear,  
Evades the stroke; he, dashing through the brake,  
Shrill-shrieking, pounces on his destined prey; 170  
So, winged with desperate hate, Achilles flew,  
So Hector, flying from his keen pursuit,  
Beneath the walls his active sinews plied.  
They by the watch-tower, and beneath the wall  
Where stood the wind-beat fig-tree, raced amain 175  
Along the public road, until they reached  
The fairly-flowing fount whence issued forth,  
From double source, Scamander's eddying streams.  
One with hot current flows, and from beneath,  
As from a furnace, clouds of steam arise; 180

'Mid summer's heat the other rises cold  
As hail, or snow, or water crystallized;  
Beside the fountains stood the washing-troughs  
Of well-wrought stone, where erst the wives of Troy  
And daughters fair their choicest garments washed, 185  
In peaceful times, ere came the sons of Greece.  
There raced they, one in flight, and one pursuing;  
Good he who fled, but better who pursued,  
With fiery speed; for on that race was staked  
No common victim, no ignoble ox: 190  
The prize at stake was mighty Hector's life.  
As when the solid-footed horses fly  
Around the course, contending for the prize,  
Tripod, or woman of her lord bereft;  
So raced they thrice around the walls of Troy 195  
With active feet; and all the Gods beheld.  
Then thus began the Sire of Gods and men:  
"A woful sight mine eyes behold; a man  
I love in flight around the walls! my heart  
For Hector grieves, who, now upon the crown 200  
Of deeply-furrowed Ida, now again  
On Ilion's heights, with fat of choicest bulls  
Hath piled mine altar; whom around the walls,  
With flying speed, Achilles now pursues.  
Give me your counsel, Gods, and say, from death 205  
If we shall rescue him, or must he die,  
Brave as he is, beneath Pelides' hand?"

To whom the blue-eyed Goddess, Pallas, thus:  
"O Father, lightning-flashing, cloud-girt King,  
What words are these? wouldst thou a mortal man, 210  
Long doomed by fate, again from death preserve?"

Do as thou wilt, but not with our consent."

To whom the Cloud-compeller thus replied :

"Be of good cheer, my child! unwillingly

I speak, yet loth thy wishes to oppose: 215

Have then thy will, and draw not back thy hand."

His words fresh impulse gave to Pallas' zeal,

And from Olympus' heights in haste she sped.

Meanwhile on Hector, with untiring hate,

The swift Achilles pressed: as when a hound, 220

Through glen and tangled brake, pursues a fawn,

Roused from its lair upon the mountain side;

And if awhile it should evade pursuit,

Low crouching in the copse, yet quests he back,

Searching unwearied, till he find the trace; 225

So Hector sought to baffle, but in vain,

The keen pursuit of Peleus' active son.

Offt as he sought the shelter of the gates

Beneath the well-built towers, if haply thence

His comrades' weapons might some aid afford; 230

So oft his foeman, with superior speed,

Would cut him off, and turn him to the plain.

He toward the city still essayed his flight;

And as in dreams, when one pursues in vain,

One seeks in vain to fly, the other seeks 235

As vainly to pursue; so could not now

Achilles reach, nor Hector quit, his foe.

Yet how should Hector now the doom of death

Have 'scaped, had not Apollo once again,

And for the last time, to his rescue come, 240

And given him strength and suppleness of limb?

Then to the crowd Achilles with his head



Made sign that none at Hector should presume  
To cast a spear, lest one might wound, and so  
The greater glory obtain, while he himself 245  
Must be contented with the second place.

But when the fourth time in their rapid course  
The founts were reached, the Eternal father hung  
His golden scales aloft, and placed in each  
The lots of doom, for great Achilles one, 250  
For Hector one, and held them by the midst:  
Down sank the scale, weighted with Hector's death,  
Down to the shades, and Phœbus left his side.

Then to Pelides came the blue-eyed Maid,  
And stood beside him, and bespoke him thus: 255  
"Achilles, loved of Heaven, I trust that now  
To thee and me great glory shall accrue  
In Hector's fall, insatiate of the fight.

Escape he cannot now, though at the feet  
Of ægis-bearing Jove, on his behalf, 260  
With earnest prayer Apollo prostrate fall.  
But stay thou here and take thy breath, while I  
Persuade him to return and dare the fight."

So Pallas spoke; and he with joy obeying,  
Stood leaning on his brass-barbed ashen spear. 265  
The Goddess left him there, and went (the form  
And voice assuming of Deiphobus)  
In search of godlike Hector; him she found,  
And standing near, with wingèd words addressed:  
"Sorely, good brother, hast thou been bested 270  
By fierce Achilles, who around the walls  
Hath chased thee with swift foot; now stand we both  
For mutual succour and his onset wait."

To whom great Hector of the glancing helm :  
“ Deiphobus, of all my brothers, sons 275  
Of Hecuba and Priam, thou hast been  
Still dearest to my heart ; and now the more  
I honour thee who dar’st on my behalf,  
Seeing my peril, from within the walls  
To sally forth, while others skulk behind.” 280  
To whom the blue-eyed Goddess thus replied :  
“ With many prayers, good brother, both our sire  
And honoured mother, and our comrades all  
Successively implored me to remain ;  
Such fear is fallen on all ; but in my soul 285  
On thine account too deep a grief I felt.  
Now, forward boldly ! spare we not our spears ;  
Make trial if Achilles to the ships  
From both of us our bloody spoils can bear,  
Or by thine arm himself may be subdued.” 290

Thus Pallas lured him on with treacherous wile ;  
But when the two were met, and close at hand,  
First spoke great Hector of the glancing helm :  
“ No more before thee, Pelcus’ son, I fly :  
Thrice have I fled around the walls, nor dared 295  
Await thine onset ; now my spirit is roused  
To stand before thee, to be slain, or slay.  
But let us first the immortal Gods invoke ;  
The surest witnesses and guardians they  
Of compacts : at my hand no foul disgrace 300  
Shalt thou sustain, if Jove with victory  
Shall crown my firm endurance, and thy life  
To me be forfeit ; of thine armour stripped  
I promise thee, Achilles, to the Greeks

Thy body to restore; do thou the like." 305

With fierce regard Achilles answered thus:

"Hector, thou object of my deadly hate,  
Talk not to me of compacts; as 'tween men  
And lions no firm concord can exist,  
Nor wolves and lambs in harmony unite, 310  
But ceaseless enmity between them dwells:  
So not in friendly terms, nor compact firm,  
Can thou and I unite, till one of us  
Glut with his blood the mail-clad warrior Mars.  
Mind thee of all thy fence; behoves thee now 315  
To prove a spearman skilled, and warrior brave.  
For thee escape is none; now, by my spear,  
Hath Pallas doomed thy death; my comrades' blood,  
Which thou hast shed, shall all be now avenged."

He said, and poising, hurled his weighty spear; 320  
But Hector saw, and shunned the blow; he stooped,  
And o'er his shoulder flew the brass-tipped spear,  
And in the ground was fixed; but Pallas drew  
The weapon forth, and to Achilles' hand,  
All unobserved of Hector, gave it back. 325  
Then Hector thus to Peleus' matchless son:

"Thine aim has failed; nor truly has my fate,  
Thou godlike son of Peleus, been to thee  
From Heaven revealed; such was indeed thy boast;  
But flippant was thy speech, and subtly framed 330  
To scare me with big words, and make me prove  
False to my wonted prowess and renown.  
Not in my back will I receive thy spear,  
But through my breast, confronting thee, if Jove  
Have to thine arm indeed such triumph given. 335

Now, if thou canst, elude in turn my spear;  
May it be deeply buried in thy flesh!  
For lighter were to Troy the load of war,  
If thou, the greatest of her foes, wert slain."

He said, and poising, hurled his ponderous spear; 340  
Nor missed his aim; full in the midst he struck  
Pelides' shield; but glancing from the shield  
The weapon bounded off. Hector was grieved,  
That thus his spear had bootless left his hand.  
He stood aghast; no second spear was nigh: 345

And loudly on Deiphobus he called  
A spear to bring; but he was far away.  
Then Hector knew that he was duped, and cried,  
"Oh Heaven! the Gods above have doomed my death!  
I deemed indeed that brave Deiphobus 350

Was near at hand; but he within the walls  
Is safe, and I by Pallas am betrayed.  
Now is my death at hand, nor far away:  
Escape is none; since so hath Jove decreed,  
And Jove's far-darting son, who heretofore 355  
Have been my guards; my fate hath found me now.  
Yet not without a struggle let me die,  
Nor all inglorious; but let some great act,  
Which future days may hear of, mark my fall."

Thus as he spoke, his sharp-edged sword he drew, 360  
Ponderous and vast, suspended at his side;  
Collected for the spring, and forward dashed:  
As when an eagle, bird of loftiest flight,  
Through the dark clouds swoops downward on the plain,  
To seize some tender lamb, or cowering hare; 365  
So Hector rushed, and waved his sharp-edged sword.



Achilles' wrath was roused: with fury wild  
His soul was filled: before his breast he bore  
His well-wrought shield; and fiercely on his brow  
Nodded the four-plumed helm, as on the breeze 370  
Floated the golden hairs, with which the crest  
By Vulcan's hand was thickly interlaced;  
And as amid the stars' unnumbered host,  
When twilight yields to night, one star appears,  
Hesper, the brightest star that shines in Heaven, 375  
Gleamed the sharp-pointed lance, which in his right  
Achilles poised, on godlike Hector's doom  
Intent, and scanning eagerly to see  
Where from attack his body least was fenced.  
All else the glittering armour guarded well, 380  
Which Hector from Patroclus' corpse had stripped;  
One chink appeared, just where the collar-bone  
The neck and shoulder parts, beside the throat,  
Where lies exposed the swiftest road of death.  
There levelled he, as Hector onward rushed; 385  
Right through the yielding neck the lance was driven,  
But severed not the windpipe, nor destroyed  
His power of speech; prone in the dust he fell;  
And o'er him, vaunting, thus Achilles spoke:  
    "Hector, Patroclus stripping of his arms, 390  
Thy hope was that thyself wast safe; and I,  
Not present, brought no terror to thy soul:  
Fool! in the hollow ships I yet remained,  
I, his avenger, mightier far than he;  
I, who am now thy conqueror. By the dogs 395  
And vultures shall thy corpse be foully torn,  
While him the Greeks with funeral rites shall grace."

Whom answered Hector of the glancing helm,  
Prostrate and helpless: "By thy soul, thy knees,  
Thy parents' heads, Achilles, I beseech, 400  
Let not my corpse by Grecian dogs be torn.  
Accept the ample stores of brass and gold,  
Which as my ransom by my honoured sire  
And mother shall be paid thee; but my corpse  
Restore, that so the men and wives of Troy 405  
May deck with honours due my funeral pyre."  
To whom, with fierce aspect, Achilles thus:  
"Knee me no knees, vile hound! nor prate to me  
Of parents! such my hatred, that almost  
I could persuade myself to tear and eat 410  
Thy mangled flesh; such wrongs I have to avenge.  
He lives not, who can save thee from the dogs;  
Not though with ransom ten and twenty fold  
He here should stand, and yet should promise more;  
No, not though Priam's royal self should sue 415  
To be allowed for gold to ransom thee;  
No, not e'en so, thy mother shall obtain  
To lay thee out upon the couch, and mourn  
O'er thee, her offspring; but on all thy limbs  
Shall dogs and carrion vultures make their feast." 420

To whom thus Hector of the glancing helm,  
Dying: "I know thee well; nor did I hope  
To change thy purpose; iron is thy soul.  
But see that on thy head I bring not down  
The wrath of Heaven, when by the Scæan gate 425  
The hand of Paris, with Apollo's aid,  
Brave warrior as thou art, shall strike thee down."

E'en as he spoke, his eyes were closed in death;

And to the viewless shades his spirit fled,  
Mourning his fate, his youth and vigour lost. 430

To him, though dead, Achilles thus replied:  
“Die thou! my fate I then shall meet, whene’er  
Jove and the immortal Gods shall so decree.”

He said, and from the corpse his spear withdrew,  
And laid aside; then stripped the armour off, 435  
With blood besmeared; the Greeks around him thronged,  
Gazing on Hector’s noble form and face,  
And none approached that did not add a wound:  
And one to other looked, and said, “Good faith,  
Hector is easier far to handle now, 440  
Than when erewhile he wrapped our ships in fire.”  
Thus would they say, then stab the dead anew.

But when the son of Peleus, swift of foot,  
Had stripped the armour from the corpse, he rose,  
And, standing, thus the assembled Greeks addressed: 445  
“O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece,  
Since Heaven hath granted us this man to slay,  
Whose single arm hath wrought us more of ill  
Than all the rest combined, advance we now  
Before the city in arms, and trial make 450  
What is the mind of Troy; if, Hector slain,  
They from the citadel intend retreat,  
Or still, despite their loss, their ground maintain.  
But wherefore entertain such thoughts, my soul?  
Beside the ships, unwept, unburied, lies 455  
Patroclus; whom I never can forget,  
While numbered with the living, and my limbs  
Have power to move; in Hades though the dead  
May be forgotten, yet even there will I

The memory of my loved companion keep. 460  
Now to the ships return we, sons of Greece,  
Glad pæans singing! with us he shall go;  
Great glory is ours, the godlike Hector slain,  
The pride of Troy, and as a God revered."

He said, and foully Hector's corpse misused; 465  
Of either foot he pierced the tendon through,  
That from the ancle passes to the heel,  
And to his chariot bound with leathern thongs,  
Leaving the head to trail along the ground;  
Then mounted, with the captured arms, his car, 470  
And urged his horses; nothing loth they flew.  
A cloud of dust the trailing body raised:  
Loose hung his glossy hair; and in the dust  
Was laid that noble head, so graceful once;  
Now to foul insult doomed by Jove's decree, 475  
In his own country, at a foeman's hand.  
So lay the head of Hector; at the sight  
His aged mother tore her hair, and far  
From off her head the glittering veil she threw,  
And with loud cries bewailed her slaughtered son. 480  
Piteous, his father groaned; and all around  
Was heard the voice of wailing and of woe.  
Such was the cry, as if the beetling height  
Of Ilion all were smouldering in the fire.

Scarce in his anguish could the crowd restrain 485  
The old man from issuing through the Dardan gates;  
Low in the dust he rolled, imploring all,  
Entreating by his name each several man:  
"Forbear, my friends; though sorrowing, stay me not;  
Leave me to reach alone the Grecian ships, 490



And there implore this man of violence,  
This haughty chief, if haply he my years  
May reverence, and have pity on my age.  
For he too has a father, like to me;  
Peleus, by whom he was begot, and bred, 495  
The bane of Troy; and, most of all, to me  
The cause of endless grief, who by his hand  
Have been of many stalwart sons bereft.  
Yet all, through grieved for all, I less lament,  
Than one, whose loss will sink me to the grave, 500  
Hector! oh would to Heaven that in mine arms  
He could have died; with mourning then and tears  
We might have satisfied our grief, both she  
Who bore him, hapless mother, and myself."

Weeping, he spoke; and with him wept the crowd: 505  
Then 'mid the women, Hecuba poured forth  
Her vehement grief: "My child, oh whither now,  
Heart-stricken, shall I go, of thee bereft,  
Of thee, who wast to me by night and day  
A glory and a boast; the strength of all 510  
The men of Troy, and women? as a God  
They worshipped thee: for in thy life thou wast  
The glory of all; but fate hath found thee now."

Weeping, she spoke; but nought as yet was known  
To Hector's wife; to her no messenger 515  
Had brought the tidings, that without the walls  
Remained her husband; in her house withdrawn  
A web she wove, all purple, double woof,  
With varied flowers in rich embroidery,  
And to her neat-haired maidens gave command 520  
To place the largest caldrons on the fire,

That with warm baths, returning from the fight,  
Hector might be refreshed; unconscious she,  
That by Achilles' hand, with Pallas' aid,  
Far from the bath, was godlike Hector slain. 525  
The sounds of wailing reached her from the tower;  
Tottered her limbs, the distaff left her hand,  
And to her neat-haired maidens thus she spoke:  
"Haste, follow me, some two, that I may know  
What mean these sounds; my honoured mother's voice 530  
I hear; and in my breast my beating heart  
Leaps to my mouth; my limbs refuse to move;  
Some evil, sure, on Priam's house impends.  
Be unfulfilled my words! yet much I fear  
Lest my brave Hector be cut off alone, 535  
By great Achilles, from the walls of Troy,  
Chased to the plain, the desperate courage quenched,  
Which ever led him from the general ranks  
Far in advance, and bade him yield to none."  
Then from the house she rushed, like one distract, 540  
With beating heart; and with her went her maids.  
But when she reached the tower, where stood the crowd,  
And mounted on the wall, she looked around,  
And saw the body which with insult foul  
The flying steeds were dragging towards the ships; 545  
Then sudden darkness overspread her eyes;  
Backward she fell, and gasped her spirit away.  
Far off were flung the adornments of her head,  
The net, the fillet, and the woven bands;  
The nuptial veil by golden Venus given, 550  
That day when Hector of the glancing helm  
Led from Eëtion's house his wealthy bride.

The sisters of her husband round her pressed,  
And held, as in the deadly swoon she lay.  
But when her breath and spirit returned again, 555  
With sudden burst of anguish thus she cried :  
“ Hector, oh woe is me ! to misery  
We both were born alike ; thou here in Troy  
In Priam’s royal palace ; I in Thebes,  
By wooded Placos, in Eëtion’s house, 560  
Who nursed my infancy ; unhappy he,  
Unhappier I ! would I had ne’er been born !  
Now thou beneath the depths of earth art gone,  
Gone to the viewless shades ; and me hast left  
A widow in thy house, in deepest woe ; 565  
Our child, an infant still, thy child and mine,  
Ill-fated parents both ! nor thou to him,  
Hector, shalt be a guard, nor he to thee :  
For though he ’scape this tearful war with Greece,  
Yet nought for him remains but ceaseless woe, 570  
And strangers on his heritage shall seize.  
No young companions own the orphan boy :  
With downcast eyes, and cheeks bedewed with tears,  
His father’s friends approaching, pinched with want,  
He hangs upon the skirt of one, of one 575  
He plucks the cloak ; perchance in pity some  
May at their tables let him sip the cup,  
Moisten his lips, but scarce his palate touch ;  
While youths, with both surviving parents blessed,  
May drive him from their feast with blows and taunts, 580  
‘ Begone ! thy father sits not at our board : ’  
Then weeping, to his widowed mother’s arms  
He flies, that orphan boy, Astyanax,

Who on his father's knees erewhile was fed  
On choicest marrow, and the fat of lambs; 585  
And, when in sleep his childish play was hushed,  
Was lulled to slumber in his nurse's arms  
On softest couch, by all delights surrounded.  
But grief, his father lost, awaits him now,  
Astyanax, of Trojans so surnamed, 590  
Since thou alone wast Troy's defence and guard.  
But now on thee, beside the beakèd ships,  
Far from thy parents, when the ravening dogs  
Have had their fill, the wriggling worms shall feed;  
On thee, all naked; while within thy house 595  
Lies store of raiment, rich and rare, the work  
Of women's hands; these will I burn with fire;  
Not for thy need—thou ne'er shalt wear them more,—  
But for thine honour in the sight of Troy.”  
Weeping she spoke; the women joined her wail. 600



## BOOK XXIII.

THUS they throughout the city made their moan ;

But when the Greeks had come where lay their ships  
By the broad Hellespont, their several ways  
They each pursued, dispersing ; yet not so  
Achilles let his Myrmidons disperse, 5

But thus his warlike comrades he addressed :

“ My faithful comrades, valiant Myrmidons,  
Loose we not yet our horses from the cars ;  
But for Patroclus mourn, approaching near,  
With horse and car ; such tribute claim the dead ; 10  
Then, free indulgence to our sorrows given,  
Loose we the steeds, and share the evening meal.”

He said ; and they with mingled voices raised  
The solemn dirge ; Achilles led the strain ;  
Thrice round the dead they drove their sleek-skinned  
steeds, 15

Mourning, with hearts by Thetis grief-inspired ;  
With tears the sands, with tears the warriors' arms,  
Were wet ; so mighty was the chief they mourned.  
Then on his comrade's breast Achilles laid  
His blood-stained hands, and thus began the wail : 20

“ All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm ;  
All that I promised, lo ! I now perform ;  
That on the corpse of Hector, hither dragged,  
Our dogs should feed ; and that twelve noble youths,

The sons of Troy, before thy funeral pyre, 25  
My hand, in vengeance for thy death, should slay."

He said, and foully Hector's corpse misused,  
Flung prostrate in the dust, beside the couch  
Where lay Menœtius' son. His comrades then  
Their glittering armour doffed, of polished brass, 30  
And loosed their neighing steeds; then round the ship  
Of Peleus' son in countless numbers sat,  
While he the abundant funeral feast dispensed.  
There many a steer lay stretched beneath the knife,  
And many a sheep, and many a bleating goat, 35  
And many a white-tusked porker, rich in fat,  
There lay extended, singeing o'er the fire;  
And blood, in torrents, flowed around the corpse.  
To Agamemnon then the Kings of Greece  
The royal son of Peleus, swift of foot, 40  
Conducted; yet with him they scarce prevailed;  
So fierce his anger for his comrade's death.  
But when to Agamemnon's tent they came,  
He to the clear-voiced heralds gave command  
An ample tripod on the fire to place; 45  
If haply Peleus' son he might persuade  
To wash away the bloody stains of war:  
But sternly he, and with an oath refused.

"No, by great Jove I swear, of all the Gods  
Highest and mightiest, water shall not touch 50  
This head of mine, till on the funeral pyre  
I see the body of Patroclus laid,  
And build his tomb, and cut my votive hair;  
For while I live and move 'mid mortal men,  
No second grief like this can pierce my soul. 55

Observe we now the mournful funeral feast;  
But thou, great Agamemnon, King of men,  
Send forth at early dawn, and to the camp  
Bring store of fuel, and all else prepare,  
That with provision meet the dead may pass 60  
Down to the realms of night; so shall the fire  
From out our sight consume our mighty dead,  
And to their wonted tasks the troops return."

He said; they listened, and his words obeyed;  
Then busily the evening meal prepared, 65  
And shared the social feast; nor lacked there aught.  
But when their thirst and hunger were appeased,  
Each to their several tents the rest repaired;  
But on the many-dashing ocean's shore  
Pelides lay, amid his Myrmidons, 70  
With bitter groans; in a clear space he lay,  
Where broke the waves, continuous, on the beach.  
There, circumfused around him, gentle sleep,  
Lulling the sorrows of his heart to rest,  
O'ercame his senses; for the hot pursuit 75  
Of Hector round the breezy heights of Troy  
His active limbs had wearied: as he slept,  
Sudden appeared Patroclus' mournful shade,  
His very self; his height, and beauteous eyes,  
And voice; the very garb he wont to wear: 80  
Above his head it stood, and thus it spoke:

"Sleep'st thou, Achilles, mindless of thy friend,  
Neglecting, not the living, but the dead?  
Hasten my funeral rites, that I may pass  
Through Hades' gloomy gates; ere those be done, 85  
The spirits and spectres of departed men

Drive me far from them, nor allow to cross  
The abhorred river; but forlorn and sad  
I wander through the wide-spread realms of night.  
And give me now thy hand, whereon to weep; 90  
For never more, when laid upon the pyre,  
Shall I return from Hades; never more,  
Apart from all our comrades, shall we two,  
As friends, sweet counsel take; for me, stern Death,  
The common lot of man, has oped his mouth; 95  
Thou too, Achilles, rival of the Gods,  
Art destined here beneath the walls of Troy  
To meet thy doom; yet one thing must I add,  
And make, if thou wilt grant it, one request.  
Let not my bones be laid apart from thine, 100  
Achilles, but together, as our youth  
Was spent together in thy father's house,  
Since first my sire Menœtius me a boy  
From Opus brought, a luckless homicide,  
Who of Amphidamas, by evil chance, 105  
Had slain the son, disputing o'er the dice:  
Me noble Peleus in his house received,  
And kindly nursed, and thine attendant named  
So in one urn be now our bones enclosed,  
The golden vase, thy Goddess-mother's gift." 110  
Whom answered thus Achilles, swift of foot:  
"Why art thou here, loved being? why on me  
These several charges lay? whate'er thou bidd'st  
Will I perform, and all thy mind fulfil;  
But draw thou near; and in one short embrace, 115  
Let us, while yet we may, our grief indulge."

Thus as he spoke, he spread his longing arms,



But nought he clasped; and with a wailing cry,  
Vanished, like smoke, the spirit beneath the earth.  
Up sprang Achilles, all amazed, and smote 120  
His hands together, and lamenting cried:

“Oh Heaven, there are then, in the realms below,  
Spirits and spectres, unsubstantial all;  
For all night long Patroclus' shade hath stood,  
Weeping and wailing, at my side, and told 125  
His bidding; the image of himself it seemed.”

He said; his words the general grief aroused:  
To them, as round the piteous dead they mourned,  
Appeared the rosy-fingered morn; and straight,  
From all the camp, by Agamemnon sent, 130  
Went forth, in search of fuel, men and mules,  
Led by a valiant chief, Meriones,  
The follower of renowned Idomeneus.  
Their felling axes in their hands they bore,  
And twisted ropes; their mules before them driven; 135  
Now up, now down, now sideways, now aslope,  
They journeyed on; but when they reached the foot  
Of spring-abounding Ida, they began  
With axes keen to hew the lofty oaks;  
They, loudly crashing, fell: the wood they clove, 140  
And bound it to the mules; these took their way  
Through the thick brushwood, hurrying to the plain.  
The axe-men too, so bade Meriones,  
The follower of renowned Idomeneus,  
Were laden all with logs, which on the beach 145  
They laid in order, where a lofty mound,  
In memory of Patroclus and himself,  
Achilles had designed. When all the store

Of wood was duly laid, the rest remained  
In masses seated; but Achilles bade 150  
The warlike Myrmidons their armour don,  
And harness each his horses to his car;  
They rose and donned their arms, and on the cars  
Warriors and charioteers their places took.

First came the horse, and then a cloud of foot, 155  
Unnumbered; in the midst Patroclus came,  
Borne by his comrades; all the corpse with hair  
They covered o'er, which from their heads they shorn.  
Behind, Achilles held his head, and mourned  
The noble friend whom to the tomb he bore. 160  
Then on the spot by Peleus' son assigned,  
They laid him down, and piled the wood on high.  
Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceived:  
Standing apart, the yellow locks he shorn,  
Which as an offering to Sperchius' stream, 165  
He nursed in rich profusion; sorrowing then  
Looked o'er the dark-blue sea, as thus he spoke:

"Sperchius, all in vain to thee his prayer  
My father Peleus made, and vowed that I,  
Returned in safety to my native land, 170  
To thee should dedicate my hair, and pay  
A solemn hecatomb, with sacrifice  
Of fifty rams, unblemished, to the springs  
Where on thy consecrated soil is placed  
Thine incense-honoured altar; so he vowed; 175  
But thou the boon withhold'st; since I no more  
My native land may see, the hair he vowed,  
To brave Patroclus thus I dedicate."

He said, and on his comrade's hand he laid

The locks; his act the general grief aroused; 180  
And now the setting sun had found them still  
Lamenting o'er the dead; but Peleus' son  
Approaching, thus to Agamemnon spoke:

“Atrides, for to thee the people pay  
Readiest obedience, mourning too prolonged 185  
May weary; thou then from the pyre the rest  
Disperse, and bid prepare the morning meal;  
Ours be the farther charge, to whom the dead  
Was chiefly dear; yet let the chiefs remain.”

The monarch Agamemnon heard, and straight 190  
Dispersed the crowd amid their several ships.

The appointed band remained, and piled the wood.

A hundred feet each way they built the pyre,

And on the summit, sorrowing, laid the dead.

Then many a sheep and many a slow-paced ox 195

They flayed and dressed around the funeral pyre;

Of all the beasts Achilles took the fat,

And covered o'er the corpse from head to foot,

And heaped the slaughtered carcasses around;

Then jars of honey placed, and fragrant oils, 200

Resting upon the couch; next, groaning loud,

Four powerful horses on the pyre he threw;

Then, of nine dogs that at their master's board

Had fed, he slaughtered two upon his pyre;

Last, with the sword, by evil counsel swayed, 205

Twelve noble youths he slew, the sons of Troy.

The fire's devouring might he then applied,

And, groaning, on his loved companion called:

“All hail, Patroclus, though in Pluto's realm!

All that I promised, lo! I now perform: 210

On twelve brave sons of Trojan sires, with thee,  
The flames shall feed; but Hector, Priam's son,  
Not to the fire, but to the dogs I give."

Such was Achilles' threat, but him the dogs  
Molested not; for Venus, night and day, 215

Daughter of Jove, the ravening dogs restrained;  
And all the corpse o'erlaid with roseate oil,  
Ambrosial, that though dragged along the earth,  
The noble dead might not receive a wound.

Apollo too a cloudy veil from Heaven 220

Spread o'er the plain, and covered all the space  
Where lay the dead, nor let the blazing sun  
The flesh upon his limbs and muscles parch.

Yet burnt not up Patroclus' funeral pyre;  
Then a fresh thought Achilles' mind conceived: 225

Standing apart, on both the Winds he called,  
Boreas and Zephyrus, and added vows

Of costly sacrifice; and pouring forth

Libations from a golden goblet, prayed

Their presence, that the wood might haste to burn, 230

And with the fire consume the dead; his prayer

Swift Iris heard, and bore it to the Winds.

They in the hall of gusty Zephyrus

Were gathered round the feast; in haste appearing,

Swift Iris on the stony threshold stood. 235

They saw, and rising all, besought her each

To sit beside him; she with their requests

Refused compliance, and addressed them thus:

"No seat for me; for I o'er the ocean stream

From hence am bound to Æthiopia's shore, 240

To share the sacred feast, and hecatombs,



Which there they offer to the immortal Gods ;  
But, Boreas, thee, and loud-voiced Zephyrus,  
With vows of sacrifice, Achilles calls  
To fan the funeral pyre, whereon is laid 245  
Patroclus, mourned by all the host of Greece."

She said, and vanished ; they, with rushing sound,  
Rose, and before them drove the hurrying clouds :  
Soon o'er the sea they swept ; the stirring breeze  
Ruffled the waves ; the fertile shores of Troy 250  
They reached, and falling on the funeral pyre,  
Loud roared the crackling flames ; they all night long  
With current brisk together fanned the fire.  
All night Achilles with a double cup  
Drew from a golden bowl the ruddy wine, 255  
Wherewith, outpoured, he moistened all the earth,  
Still calling on his lost Patroclus' shade.  
As mourns a father o'er a youthful son,  
Whose early death hath wrung his parents' hearts ;  
So mourned Achilles o'er his friend's remains, 260  
Prostrate beside the pyre, and groaned aloud.  
But when the star of Lucifer appeared,  
The harbinger of light, whom following close  
Spreads o'er the sea the saffron-robèd morn,  
Then paled the smouldering fire, and sank the flame ; 265  
And o'er the Thracian sea, that groaned and heaved  
Beneath their passage, home the Winds returned ;  
And weary, from the pyre a space withdrawn,  
Achilles lay, o'ercome by gentle sleep.

Anon, awakened by the tramp and din 270  
Of crowds that followed Atreus' royal son,  
He sat upright, and thus addressed his speech :

“Thou son of Atreus, and ye chiefs of Greece,  
Far as the flames extended, quench we first  
With ruddy wine the embers of the pyre; 275  
And of Menœtius’ son, Patroclus, next  
With care distinguishing, collect the bones;  
Nor are they hard to know; for in the midst  
He lay, while round the edges of the pyre,  
Horses and men commixed, the rest were burnt. 280  
Let these, between a double layer of fat  
Enclosed, and in a golden urn remain,  
Till I myself shall in the tomb be laid;  
And o’er them build a mound, not over-large,  
But of proportions meet; in days to come, 285  
Ye Greeks, who after me shall here remain,  
Complete the work, and build it broad and high.”

Thus spoke Achilles; they his words obeyed:  
Far as the flames had reached, and thickly strown  
The embers lay, they quenched with ruddy wine; 290  
Then tearfully their gentle comrade’s bones  
Collected, and with double layers of fat  
Enclosed, and in a golden urn encased;  
Then in the tent they laid them, overspread  
With veil of linen fair; then meting out 295  
The allotted space, the deep foundations laid  
Around the pyre, and o’er them heaped the earth.  
Their task accomplished, all had now withdrawn;  
But Peleus’ son the vast assembly stayed,  
And bade them sit; then, prizes of the games, 300  
Tripods and caldrons from the tents he brought,  
And noble steeds, and mules, and sturdy steers,  
And women fair of form, and iron hoar.

First, for the contest of the flying cars  
The prizes he displayed : a woman fair, 305  
Well skilled in household cares ; a tripod vast,  
Two-handled, two and twenty measures round ;  
These both were for the victor : for the next,  
A mare, unbroken, six years old, in foal  
Of a mule colt ; the third, a caldron bright, 310  
Capacious of four measures, white and pure,  
By fire as yet untarnished ; for the fourth,  
Of gold two talents ; for the fifth, a vase  
With double cup, untouched by fire, he gave.  
Then, standing up, he thus addressed the Greeks : 315  
“ Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greaved Greeks,  
Before ye are the prizes, which await  
The contest of the cars ; but if, ye Greeks,  
For any other cause these games were held,  
I to my tent should bear the foremost prize ; 320  
For well ye know how far my steeds excel,  
Steeds of immortal race, which Neptune gave  
To Peleus, he to me, his son, transferred.  
But from the present strife we stand aloof,  
My horses and myself ; they now have lost 325  
The daring courage and the gentle hand  
Of him who drove them, and with water pure  
Washed oft their manes, and bathed with fragrant oil.  
For him they stand and mourn, with drooping heads  
Down to the ground, their hearts with sorrow filled ; 330  
But ye in order range yourselves, who boast  
Your well-built chariots and your horses' speed.”

He said : up sprang the eager charioteers ;  
The first of all, Eumelus, King of men,

Son of Admetus, matchless charioteer ; 335  
Next, Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed,  
Beneath whose car were yoked the steeds of Tros,  
His prize, when Phœbus saved Æneas' life ;  
Then Heaven-born Menelæus, Atreus' son,  
Two flying coursers harnessed to his car ; 340  
His own, Podargus, had for yokefellow  
Æthe, a mare by Agamemnon lent :  
Her to Atrides Echepolus gave,  
Anchises' son, that to the wars of Troy  
He might not be compelled, but safe at home 345  
Enjoy his ease ; for Jove had blessed his store  
With ample wealth, in Sicyon's wide domain.  
Her now he yoked, impatient for the course.  
The fourth, Antilochus, the gallant son  
Of Nestor, son of Neleus, mighty chief, 350  
Harnessed his sleek-skinned steeds ; of Pylian race  
Were they who bore his car ; to him, his sire  
Sage counsel poured in understanding ears :  
" Antilochus, though young in years thou art,  
Yet Jove and Neptune love thee, and have well 355  
Instructed thee in horsemanship ; of me  
Thou need'st no counsel ; skilled around the goal  
To whirl the chariot ; but thou hast, of all,  
The slowest horses : whence I augur ill.  
But though their horses have the speed of thine, 360  
In skill not one of them surpasses thee.  
Then thou, dear boy, exert thine every art,  
That so thou mayst not fail to gain a prize.  
By skill, far more than strength, the woodman fells  
The sturdy oak ; by skill the steersman guides 365



His flying ship across the dark-blue sea,  
Though shattered by the blast; 'twixt charioteer  
And charioteer 'tis skill that draws the line.  
One, vainly trusting to his coursers' speed,  
Drives reckless here and there; o'er all the course, 370  
His horses, unrestrained, at random run.  
Another, with inferior horses far,  
But better skilled, still fixing on the goal  
His eye, turns closely round, nor overlooks  
The moment when to draw the rein; but holds 375  
His steady course, and on the leader waits.  
A mark I give thee now, thou canst not miss:  
There stands a withered trunk, some six feet high,  
Of oak, or pine, unrotted by the rain;  
On either side have two white stones been placed, 380  
Where meet two roads; and all around there lies  
A smooth and level course; here stood perchance  
The tomb of one who died long years ago;  
Or former generations here have placed,  
As now Achilles hath decreed, a goal. 385  
There drive, as only not to graze the post;  
And leaning o'er the wicker body, leave  
Close on the left the stones; thine offside horse  
Then urge with voice and whip, and slack his rein,  
And let the nearside horse so closely graze, 390  
As that thy nave may seem to touch, the goal:  
But yet beware, lest, striking on the stone,  
Thy steeds thou injure, and thy chariot break,  
A source of triumph to thy rivals all,  
Of shame to thee; but thou sage caution use; 395  
For, following, if thou make the turn the first,

Not one of all shall pass thee, or o'ertake ;  
Not though Arion's self were in the car,  
Adrastus' flying steed, of heavenly race,  
Nor those which here Laomedon possessed." 400

This said, and to his son his counsels given,  
The aged Nestor to his seat withdrew.  
Fifth in the lists Meriones appeared.  
They mounted on their cars, and cast their lots :  
Achilles shook the helmet ; first leaped forth 405  
The lot of Nestor's son, Antilochus ;  
Next came the King Eumelus ; after whom  
The valiant Meneläus, Atreus' son ;  
The fourth, Meriones ; and last of all,  
But ablest far, Tydides drew his place. 410  
They stood in line ; Achilles pointed out,  
Far on the level plain, the distant goal ;  
And there in charge the godlike Phœnix placed,  
His father's ancient follower, to observe  
The course assigned, and true report to make. 415  
Then all at once their whips they raised, and urged  
By rein, and hand, and voice, their eager steeds.  
They from the ships pursued their rapid course  
Athwart the distant plain ; beneath their chests  
Rose like a cloud, or hurricane, the dust ; 420  
Loose floated on the breeze their ample manes ;  
The cars now skimmed along the fertile ground,  
Now bounded high in air ; the charioteers  
Stood up aloft, and every bosom beat  
With hope of victory ; each with eager shout 425  
Cheering his steeds, that scoured the dusty plain.  
But when, the farthest limits of the course

Attained, they turned beside the hoary sea,  
Strained to their utmost speed, were plainly seen  
The qualities of each; then in the front 430  
Appeared Eumelus' flying mares, and next  
The Trojan horses of Tydides came:  
Nor these were far behind, but following close  
They seemed in act to leap upon the car.  
Eumelus, on his neck and shoulders broad, 435  
Felt their warm breath; for o'er him, as they flew,  
Their heads were downward bent; and now, perchance,  
Had he or passed, or made an even race,  
But that, incensed with valiant Diomed,  
Apollo wrested from his hands the whip. 440  
Then tears of anger from his eyelids fell,  
As gaining more and more the mares he saw,  
While, urged no more, his horses slacked their speed.  
But Pallas marked Apollo's treacherous wile;  
And hasting to the chief, restored his whip, 445  
And to his horses strength and courage gave.  
The Goddess then Admetus' son pursued,  
And snapped his chariot yoke; the mares, released,  
Swerved from the track; the pole upon the ground  
Lay loosened from the car; and he himself 450  
Beside the wheel was from the chariot hurled.  
From elbows, mouth, and nose, the skin was torn;  
His forehead crushed and battered in; his eyes  
Were filled with tears, and mute his cheerful voice.  
Tydides turned aside, and far ahead 455  
Of all the rest, passed on; for Pallas gave  
His horses courage, and his triumph willed.  
Next him, the fair-haired Menelæus came,

The son of Atreus; but Antilochus  
Thus to his father's horses called aloud: 460  
    "Forward, and stretch ye to your utmost speed;  
I ask you not with those of Diomed  
In vain to strive, whom Pallas hath endued  
With added swiftness, and his triumph willed;  
But haste ye, and o'ertake Atrides' car, 465  
Nor be by Æthe, by a mare, disgraced.  
Why, my brave horses, why be left behind?  
This too I warn ye, and will make it good:  
No more at Nestor's hand shall ye receive  
Your provender, but with the sword be slain, 470  
If by your faults a lower prize be ours;  
Then rouse ye now, and put forth all your speed,  
And I will so contrive, as not to fail  
Of slipping past them in the narrow way."  
He said; the horses, of his voice in awe, 475  
Put forth their powers awhile; before them soon  
Antilochus the narrow pass espied.  
It was a gully, where the winter's rain  
Had lain collected, and had broken through  
A length of road, and hollowed out the ground: 480  
There Menelæus held his cautious course,  
Fearing collision; but Antilochus,  
Drawing his steeds a little from the track,  
Bore down upon him sideways: then in fear  
The son of Atreus to Antilochus 485  
Shouted aloud, "Antilochus, thou driv'st  
Like one insane; hold in awhile thy steeds;  
Here is no space; where wider grows the road,  
There thou mayst pass; but here, thou wilt but cause



Our cars to clash, and bring us both to harm." 490

He said; but madlier drove Antilochus,  
Plying the goad, as though he heard him not.

Far as a discus' flight, by some stout youth,  
That tests his vigour, from the shoulder hurled,  
So far they ran together, side by side: 495

Then dropped Atrides' horses to the rear,  
For he himself forbore to urge their speed,  
Lest, meeting in the narrow pass, the cars  
Should be o'erthrown, and they themselves, in haste  
To gain the victory, in the dust be rolled. 500

Then thus, reproachful, to Antilochus:

"Antilochus, thou most perverse of men!  
Beshrew thy heart! we Greeks are much deceived  
Who gave thee fame for wisdom! yet c'en now  
Thou shalt not gain, but on thine oath, the prize." 505

He said, and to his horses called aloud:  
"Slack not your speed, nor, as defeated, mourn;  
Their legs and feet will sooner tire than yours,  
For both are past the vigour of their youth."  
Thus he; the horses, of his voice in awe, 510  
Put forth their powers, and soon the leaders neared.

Meanwhile the chieftains, seated in the ring,  
Looked for the cars, that scoured the dusty plain.  
The first to see them was Idomeneus,  
The Cretan King; for he, without the ring, 515  
Was posted high aloft; and from afar  
He heard and knew the foremost horseman's voice;  
Well too he knew the gallant horse that led,  
All bay the rest, but on his front alone  
A star of white, full-orbèd as the moon: 520

Then up he rose, and thus the Greeks addressed :  
" O friends, the chiefs and councillors of Greece  
Can ye too see, or I alone, the cars?  
A different chariot seems to me in front,  
A different charioteer; and they who first 525  
Were leading, must have met with some mischance.  
I saw them late, ere round the goal they turned,  
But see them now no more; though all around  
My eyes explore the wide-spread plain of Troy.  
Perchance the charioteer has dropped the reins, 530  
Or round the goal he could not hold the mares:  
Perchance has missed the turn, and on the plain  
Is lying now beside his broken car,  
While from the course his mettled steeds have flown.  
Stand up, and look yourselves; I cannot well 535  
Distinguish; but to me it seems a chief,  
Who reigns o'er Greeks, though of Ætolian race,  
The son of Tydeus, valiant Diomed."

Sharply Oïleus' active son replied :  
" Idomeneus, why thus, before the time, 540  
So rashly speak? while the high-stepping steeds  
Are speeding yet across the distant plain.  
Thine eyes are not the youngest in the camp,  
Nor look they out the sharpest from thy head;  
But thou art ever hasty in thy speech, 545  
And ill becomes thee this precipitance,  
Since others are there here, thy betters far.  
The same are leading now, that led at first,  
Eumelus' mares; 'tis he that holds the reins."

To whom in anger thus the Cretan chief. 550  
" Ajax, at wrangling good, in judgment naught,

And for aught else, among the chiefs of Greece  
Of small account—so stubborn is thy soul;  
Wilt thou a tripod or a caldron stake,  
And Agamemnon, Atreus' son, appoint 555  
The umpire to decide whose steeds are first?  
So shalt thou gain thy knowledge at thy cost."

He said: up sprang Oileus' active son,  
In anger to reply; and farther yet  
Had gone the quarrel, but Achilles' self 560  
Stood up, and thus the rival chiefs addressed:

"Forbear, both Ajax and Idomeneus,  
This bitter interchange of wordy war;  
It is not seemly; and yourselves, I know,  
Another would condemn, who so should speak. 565  
But stay ye here, and seated in the ring,  
Their coming wait; they, hurrying to the goal,  
Will soon be here; and then shall each man know  
Whose horses are the second, whose the first."

Thus he; but Tydeus' son drew near, his lash 570  
Still laid upon his horses' shoulder-points;  
As lightly they, high-stepping, scoured the plain.  
Still on the charioteer the dust was flung;  
As close upon the flying-footed steeds  
Followed the car with gold and tin inlaid; 575  
And lightly, as they flew along, were left  
Impressed the wheel-tracks on the sandy plain.  
There in the midst he stood, the sweat profuse  
Down-pouring from his horses' heads and chests;  
Down from the glittering car he leaped to earth, 580  
And leaned his whip against the chariot yoke;  
Nor long delayed the valiant Sthenelus,

But eagerly sprang forth to claim the prize;  
Then to his brave companions gave in charge  
To lead away the woman, and to bear 585  
The tripod, while himself unyoked the steeds.

Next came the horses of Antilochus,  
Who had by stratagem, and not by speed,  
O'er Meneläus triumphed; yet e'en so  
Atrides' flying coursers pressed him hard; 590  
For but so far as from the chariot-wheel  
A horse, when harnessed to a royal car;  
Whose tail, back-streaming, with the utmost hairs  
Brushes the felloes; close before the wheel,  
Small space between, he scours the wide-spread plain: 595  
So far was Meneläus in the rear  
Of Nestor's son; at first, a discus' cast  
Between them lay; but rapidly his ground  
He gained—so well the speed and courage served  
Of Æthe, Agamemnon's beauteous mare; 600  
And, but a little farther were the course,  
Had passed him by, nor left the race in doubt.  
Behind the noble son of Atreus came,  
A javelin's flight apart, Meriones,  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus: 605  
His were the slowest horses, and himself  
The least experienced in the rapid race.  
Dragging his broken car, came last of all,  
His horses driven in front, Admetus' son;  
Achilles swift of foot with pity saw, 610  
And to the Greeks his winged words addressed:

“See where the best of all the last appears;  
But let him take, as meet, the second prize;



The first belongs of right to Tydeus' son."

Thus he; they all assented to his words; 615

And, by the general voice of Greece, the mare

Had now been his; but noble Nestor's son,

Antilochus, stood up, his right to claim,

And to Achilles, Peleus' son, replied:

"Achilles, thou wilt do me grievous wrong, 620

If thou thy words accomplish; for my prize

Thou tak'st away, because mishap befell

His car and horses, by no fault of his;

Yet had he to the Immortals made his prayer,

He surely had not thus been last of all. 625

But, pitying him, if so thy mind incline,

Thy tents contain good store of gold, and brass,

And sheep, and female slaves, and noble steeds;

For him, of these, hereafter mayst thou take

A prize of higher value; or e'en now, 630

And with the applause of all; but for the mare,

I will not give her up; and let who will

Stand forth, my own right hand shall guard my prize."

He said; and smiled Achilles swift of foot,

Delighted: for he loved the noble youth, 635

To whom his wingèd words he thus addressed:

"Antilochus, if such be thy request,

That for Eumelus I should add a prize,

This too I grant thee; and to him I give

My breastplate, from Asteropæus won, 640

Of brass, around whose edge is rolled a stream

Of shining tin; a gift of goodly price."

He said, and bade Automedon, his friend

And comrade, bring the breastplate from his tent;

He went, and brought it; in Eumelus' hand 645  
He placed it; he with joy the gift received.

Then Meneläus, sad at heart, arose,  
Burning with wrath against Antilochus;  
And while the herald in the monarch's hand  
His royal sceptre placed, and bade the Greeks 650  
Keep silence, thus the godlike hero spoke:

"Antilochus, till now reputed wise,  
What hast thou done? thou hast disgraced my skill,  
And shamed my horses, who hast brought thine own,  
Inferior far, before them to the goal. 655

But come, ye chiefs and counsellors of Greece,  
Judge ye between us, favouring neither side:  
That none of all the brass-clad Greeks may say  
That Meneläus hath by false reports  
O'erborne Antilochus, and holds his prize: 660

His horses fairly worsted, and himself  
Triumphant only by superior power.  
Or come now, I myself will judgment give;  
Nor deem I any Greek will find to blame  
In my decision, for 'tis fair and just. 665

Antilochus, come forward, noble chief;  
And standing, as 'tis meet, before the car  
And horses, in thy hand the slender whip  
Wherewith thou drov'st, upon the horses lay  
Thy hand, and by Earth-shaking Neptune swear 670  
That not of malice, and by set design,  
Thou didst by fraud impede my chariot's course."

To whom Antilochus with prudent speech:  
"Have patience with me yet; for I, O King,  
O Meneläus, am thy junior far; 675

My elder and superior thee I own.

Thou know'st the o'er-eager vehemence of youth,

How quick in temper, and in judgment weak.

Set then thy heart at ease; the mare I won

I freely give; and if aught else of mine 680

Thou shouldst desire, would sooner give it all,

Than all my life be lowered, illustrious King,

In thine esteem, and sin against the Gods."

Thus saying, noble Nestor's son led forth,

And placed in Meneläus' hands the mare: 685

The monarch's soul was melted, like the dew

Which glitters on the ears of growing corn,

That bristle o'er the plain; e'en so thy soul,

O Meneläus, melted at his speech;

To whom were thus addressed thy wingèd words: 690

"Antilochus, at once I lay aside

My anger; thou art prudent, and not apt

To be thus led astray; but now thy youth

Thy judgment hath o'erpowered; seek not henceforth

By trickery o'er thine elders to prevail. 695

To any other man of all the Greeks

I scarce so much had yielded; but for that

Thyself hast laboured much, and much endured,

Thou, thy good sire, and brother, in my cause;

I yield me to thy prayers; and give, to boot, 700

The mare, though mine of right; that these may know

I am not of a harsh, unyielding mood."

He said, and to Noëmon gave in charge,

The faithful comrade of Antilochus,

The mare; himself the glittering caldron took. 705

Of gold two talents, to the fourth assigned,  
Fourth in the race, Meriones received;  
Still the fifth prize, a vase with double cup,  
Remained; Achilles this to Nestor gave,  
Before the assembled Greeks, as thus he spoke: 710  
“Take this, old man, and for an heir-loom keep,  
In memory of Patroclus’ funeral games,  
Whom thou no more amid the Greeks shalt see.  
Freely I give it thee; for thou no more  
Canst box, or wrestle, or in sportive strife 715  
The javelin throw, or race with flying feet;  
For age with heavy hand hath bowed thee down.”

He said, and placed it in his hand; the old man  
Received with joy the gift, and thus replied:

“All thou hast said, my son, is simple truth: 720  
No firmness now my limbs and feet retain,  
Nor can my arms with freedom, as of old,  
Straight from the shoulder, right and left, strike out.  
Oh that such youth and vigour yet were mine,  
As when the Epeians in Buprasium held 725  
The royal Amarynceus’ funeral games,  
And when the monarch’s sons his prizes gave!  
Then could not one of all the Epeian race,  
Or Pylians, or Ætolians vie with me.  
In boxing, Clytomedes, Cænops’ son, 730  
I vanquished; then Anchæus, who stood up  
To wrestle with me, I with ease o’erthrew;  
Iphiclus I outran, though fleet of foot;  
In hurling with the spear, with Phyleus strove,  
And Polydorus, and surpassed them both. 735



The sons of Actor in the chariot-race  
 Alone o'ercame me; as in number more,\*  
 And grudging more my triumph, since remained,  
 This contest to reward, the richest prize.  
 They were twin brothers; one who held the reins, 740  
 Still drove, and drove; the other plied the whip.  
 Such was I once; but now must younger men  
 Engage in deeds like these; and I, the chief  
 Of heroes once, must bow to weary age.  
 But honour thou with fitting funeral games 745  
 Thy comrade; I accept, well-pleased, thy gift,  
 My heart rejoicing that thou still retain'st  
 Of me a kindly memory, nor o'erlook'st  
 The place of honour, which among the Greeks  
 Belongs to me of right; for this, the Gods 750  
 Reward thee with a worthy recompense!"

He said; Achilles listened to the praise  
 Of Neleus' son; then joined the general throng.  
 Next, he set forth the prizes, to reward  
 The labours of the sturdy pugilists; 755  
 A hardy mule he tethered in the ring,  
 Unbroken, six years old, most hard to tame;  
 And for the vanquished man, a double cup;  
 Then rose, and to the Greeks proclaimed aloud:  
 "Thou son of Atreus, and ye well-greaved Greeks, 760

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\* They being two, while I was only one. Such I believe to be the true interpretation of this passage, which, however, is one of admitted difficulty. According to our modern notions, it is not very evident what advantage two men in a car would have over one in another; nor what would be gained by the division of labour which assigned the reins to one and the whip to the other; but such, from l. 740-741, appears to have been the view taken by Homer.

For these we bid two champions brave stand forth,  
And in the boxer's manly toil contend;  
And he, whose stern endurance Phœbus crowns  
With victory, recognized by all the Greeks,  
He to his tent shall lead the hardy mule; 765  
The loser shall the double cup receive."

He said; up sprang Epeius, tall and stout,  
A boxer skilled, the son of Panopeus,  
Who laid his hand upon the mule, and said:  
"Stand forth, if any care the cup to win; 770  
The mule, methinks, no Greek can bear away  
From me, who glory in the champion's name.  
Is't not enough, that in the battle-field  
I claim no special praise? 'tis not for man  
In all things to excel; but this I say, 775  
And will make good my words, who meets me here,  
I mean to pound his flesh, and smash his bones.  
See that his seconds be at hand, and prompt  
To bear him from the ring, by me subdued."

He said; they all in silence heard his speech: 780  
Only Euryalus, a godlike chief,  
Son of Mecistheus, Talaïon's son,  
Stood forth opposing; he had once in Thebes  
Joined in the funeral games of Œdipus,  
And there had vanquished all of Cadmian race. 785  
On him attended valiant Diomed,  
With cheering words, and wishes of success.  
Around his waist he fastened first the belt,  
Then gave the well-cut gauntlets for his hands,  
Of wild bull's hide. When both were thus equipped, 790  
Into the centre of the ring they stepped:

There, face to face, with sinewy arms upraised,  
They stood awhile, then closed; strong hand with hand  
Mingling, in rapid interchange of blows.

Dire was the clatter of their jaws; the sweat 795  
Poured forth, profuse, from every limb; then rushed  
Epeius on, and full upon the cheek,

Half turned aside, let fall a staggering blow;  
Nor stood Euryalus; but, legs and feet  
Knocked from beneath him, prone to earth he fell; 800  
And as a fish, that flounders on the sand,

Thrown by rude Boreas on the weedy beach,  
Till covered o'er by the returning wave;  
So floundered he beneath that stunning blow.

But brave Epeius took him by the hand, 805  
And raised him up; his comrades crowded round  
And bore him from the field, with dragging steps,

Spitting forth clotted gore, his heavy head  
Rolling from side to side; within his tent  
They laid him down, unconscious; to the ring 810  
Then back returning, bore away the cup.

Achilles next before the Greeks displayed  
The prizes of the hardy wrestler's skill:  
The victor's prize, a tripod vast, fire-proof,  
And at twelve oxen by the Greeks appraised; 815  
And for the vanquished man, a female slave  
Priced at four oxen, skilled in household work.  
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaimed,  
"Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay."

He said; and straight uprose the giant form 820  
Of Ajax Telamon: with him uprose  
Ulysses, skilled in every crafty wile.

Girt with the belt, within the ring they stood,  
And each, with stalwart grasp, laid hold on each;  
As stand two rafters of a lofty house, 825  
Each propping each, by skilful architect  
Designed the tempest's fury to withstand.

Creaked their backbones beneath the tug and strain  
Of those strong arms; their sweat poured down like rain;  
And bloody weals of livid purple hue 830  
Their sides and shoulders streaked, as sternly they  
For victory and the well-wrought tripod strove.

Nor could Ulysses Ajax overthrow,  
Nor Ajax bring Ulysses to the ground,  
So stubbornly he stood; but when the Greeks 835  
Were weary of the long-protracted strife,  
Thus to Ulysses mighty Ajax spoke:

"Ulysses sage, Laertes' godlike son,  
Or lift thou me, or I will thee uplift:  
The issue of our struggle rests with Jove." 840

He said, and raised Ulysses from the ground;  
Nor he his ancient craft remembered not,  
But locked his leg around, and striking sharp  
Upon the hollow of the knee, the joint  
Gave way; the giant Ajax backwards fell, 845  
Ulysses on his breast; the people saw,  
And marvelled. Then in turn Ulysses strove  
Ajax to lift; a little way he moved,  
But failed to lift him fairly from the ground;  
Yet crooked his knee, that both together fell, 850  
And side by side, defiled with dust, they lay.

And now a third encounter had they tried  
But rose Achilles, and the combat stayed:



“Forbear, nor waste your strength in farther strife;  
Ye both are victors; both then bear away 855  
An equal meed of honour; and withdraw,  
That other Greeks may other contests wage.”  
Thus spoke Achilles; they his words obeyed,  
And brushing off the dust, their garments donned.  
The prizes of the runners, swift of foot, 860  
Achilles next set forth; a silver bowl,  
Six measures its content, for workmanship  
Unmatched on earth, of Sidon’s costliest art  
The product rare; thence o’er the misty sea  
Brought by Phœnicians, who, in port arrived, 865  
Gave it to Thoas: by Eumœus last,  
The son of Jason, to Patroclus paid,  
In ransom of Lycæon, Priam’s son;  
Which now Achilles, on his friend’s behalf,  
Assigned as his reward, whoe’er should prove 870  
The lightest foot, and speediest in the race.  
A steer, well fattened, was the second prize,  
And half a talent, for the third, of gold.  
He rose, and to the Greeks proclaimed aloud,  
“Stand forth, whoe’er this contest will essay.” 875  
He said: uprose Oileus’ active son;  
Uprose Ulysses, skilled in every wile,  
And noble Nestor’s son, Antilochus,  
Who all the youth in speed of foot surpassed.  
They stood in line: Achilles pointed out 880  
The limits of the course; as from the goal  
They stretched them to the race, Oileus’ son  
First shot ahead; Ulysses following close;  
Nor farther than the shuttle from the breast

Of some fair woman, when her outstretched arm 885  
Has thrown the woof athwart the warp, and back  
Withdraws it toward her breast; so close behind  
Ulysses pressed on Ajax, and his feet  
Trod in his steps, ere settled yet the dust.

His breath was on his shoulders, as the plain 890  
He lightly skimmed; the Greeks with eager shouts  
Still cheering, as he strained to win the prize.  
But as they neared the goal, Ulysses thus  
To blue-eyed Pallas made his mental prayer:

"Now hear me, Goddess, and my feet befriend." 895

Thus as he prayed, his prayer the Goddess heard,  
And all his limbs with active vigour filled;  
And, as they stretched their hands to seize the prize,  
Tripped up by Pallas, Ajax slipped and fell,  
Amid the offal of the lowing kine 900  
Which o'er Patroclus Peleus' son had slain.

His mouth and nostrils were with offal filled.

First in the race Ulysses bore away

The silver bowl; the steer to Ajax fell;

And as upon the horn he laid his hand, 905

Sputtering the offal out, he called aloud:

"Lo, how the Goddess has my steps bewrayed,

Who guards Ulysses with a mother's care."

Thus as he spoke, loud laughed the merry Greeks.

Antilochus the sole remaining prize 910

Received, and, laughing, thus the Greeks addressed:

"I tell you, friends, but what yourselves do know,

How of the elder men the immortal Gods

Take special care; for Ajax' years not much

Exceed mine own; but here we see a man, 915

One of a former age, and race of men;  
A hale old man we call him; but for speed  
Not one can match him, save Achilles' self."

Thus he, with praise implied of Peleus' son;  
To whom in answer thus Achilles spoke: 920  
"Antilochus, not unobserved of me,  
Nor unrewarded shall thy praise remain:  
To thy half talent add this second half."

Thus saying, in his hand he placed the gold;  
Antilochus with joy the gift received. 925

Next, in the ring the son of Peleus' laid  
A ponderous spear, a helmet, and a shield,  
The spoil Patroclus from Sarpedon won;  
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaimed:

"For these we call upon two champions brave 930  
To don their arms, their sharp-edged weapons grasp,  
And public trial of their prowess make;  
And he who first his rival's flesh shall reach,  
And, through his armour piercing, first draw blood,  
He shall this silver-studded sword receive, 935  
My trophy from Asteropæus won,  
Well-wrought, of Thracian metal; but the arms  
In common property they both shall hold,  
And in my tent a noble banquet share."

He said; uprose great Ajax Telamon, 940  
And Tydeus' son, the valiant Diomed.  
First, from the crowd apart they donned their arms;  
Then, eager for the fight, with haughty stare  
Stood in the midst; the Greeks admiring gazed.  
When, each approaching other, near they came, 945  
Thrice rushed they on, and thrice in combat closed.

Then through the buckler round of Diomed  
Great Ajax drove his spear, nor reached the point  
Tydides' body, by the breastplate stayed :  
While, aimed above the mighty shield's defence, 950  
His glittering weapon flashed at Ajax' throat.  
For Ajax fearing, shouted then the Greeks  
To cease the fight, and share alike the prize ;  
But from Achilles' hand the mighty sword,  
With belt and scabbard, Diomed received. 955

Next in the ring the son of Peleus placed  
A mass of solid iron, as a quoit  
Once wielded by Eëtion's giant strength,  
But to the ships with other trophies borne,  
When by Achilles' hand Eëtion fell. 960  
Then rose, and loudly to the Greeks proclaimed :  
" Stand forth, whoe'er this contest will essay.  
This prize who wins, though widely may extend  
His fertile fields, for five revolving years  
It will his wants supply, nor to the town 965  
For lack of iron, with this mass in store,  
Need he his shepherd or his ploughman send."

He said ; and valiant Polypoëtes rose,  
Epeius, and Leonteus' godlike strength,  
And mighty Ajax, son of Telamon. 970  
In turns they took their stand ; Epeius first  
Upraised the ponderous mass, and through the air  
Hurl'd it, amid the laughter of the Greeks.  
Next came Leonteus, scion true of Mars ;  
The third was Ajax ; from whose stalwart hand, 975  
Beyond the farthest mark the missile flew.  
But when the valiant Polypoëtes took



The quoit in hand, far as a herdsman throws  
His staff, that, whirling, flies among the herd;  
So far beyond the ring's extremest bound 980  
He threw the ponderous mass; loud were the shouts;  
And noble Polypoetes' comrades rose,  
And to the ships the monarch's gift conveyed.

The archer's prizes next, of iron hoar,  
Ten sturdy axes, doubly-edged, he placed, 985  
And single hatchets ten; then far away  
Reared on the sand a dark-prowed vessel's mast,  
On which, with slender string, a timorous dove  
Was fastened by the foot, the archers' mark;  
That who should strike the dove, should to his tent 990  
The axes bear away; but who the string  
Should sever, but should fail to strike the bird,  
As less in skill, the hatchets should receive.

Thus spoke Achilles; straight uprose the might  
Of royal Teucer, and Meriones, 995  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus.  
They in a brass-bound helmet shook the lots.  
The first was Teucer's; with impetuous force  
He shot; but vowed not to the Archer-King  
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb, 1000  
The dove he struck not, for the Archer-God  
Withheld his aid; but close beside her foot  
The arrow severed the retaining string.  
The bird released, soared heavenward; while the string  
Dropped, from the mast suspended, towards the earth, 1005  
And loudly shouted their applause the Greeks.  
Then snatched Meriones in haste the bow  
From Teucer's hand; his own already held

His arrow, pointed straight; he drew the string,  
And to the far-destroying King he vowed 1010  
Of firstling lambs a solemn hecatomb.

Aloft amid the clouds he marked the dove,  
And struck her, as she soared, beneath the wing:  
Right through the arrow passed; and to the earth  
Returning, fell beside Meriones. 1015

The bird upon the dark-prowed vessel's mast  
Lighted awhile; anon, with drooping head,  
And pinions fluttering vain, afar she fell,  
Lifeless; the admiring crowd with wonder gazed.  
Meriones the axes bore away, 1020  
While Teucer to the ships the hatchets bore.

Last, in the ring the son of Peleus laid  
A ponderous spear, and caldron, burnished bright,  
Priced at an ox's worth, untouched by fire,  
For those who with the javelin would contend. 1025  
Uprose then Agamemnon, King of men,  
The son of Atreus, and Meriones,  
The faithful follower of Idomeneus;  
But Peleus' godlike son addressed them thus:

"How far, Atrides, thou excell'st us all, 1030  
And with the javelin what thy power and skill  
Pre-eminent, we know; take thou this prize  
And bear it to thy ships, and let us give  
To brave Meriones the brazen spear;  
If so it please thee, such were my advice." 1035

He said; and Agamemnon, King of men,  
Assenting, gave to brave Meriones  
The brazen spear; while in Talthylbius' care,  
His herald, placed the King his noble prize. 1039

## BOOK XXIV.

THE games were ended, and the multitude  
Amid the ships their several ways dispersed :  
Some to their supper, some to gentle sleep  
Yielding, delighted ; but Achilles still  
Mourned o'er his loved companion ; not on him 5  
Lighted all-conquering sleep, but to and fro  
Restless he tossed, and on Patroclus thought,  
His vigour and his courage ; all the deeds  
They two together had achieved ; the toils,  
The perils they had undergone, amid 10  
The strife of warriors, and the angry waves,  
Stirred by such memories, bitter tears he shed ;  
Now turning on his side, and now again  
Upon his back ; then prone upon his face ;  
Then starting to his feet, along the shore 15  
All objectless, despairing, would he roam ;  
Nor did the morn, o'er sea and shore appearing,  
Unmarked of him arise ; his flying steeds  
He then would harness, and, behind the car  
The corpse of Hector trailing in the dust, 20  
Thrice make the circuit of Patroclus' tomb ;  
Then would he turn within his tent to rest,  
Leaving the prostrate corpse with dust defiled ;  
But from unseemly marks the valiant dead  
Apollo guarded, who with pity viewed 25

The hero, though in death; and round him threw  
His golden ægis; nor, though dragged along,  
Allowed his body to receive a wound.

Thus foully did Achilles in his rage  
Misuse the mighty dead; the blessed Gods 30  
With pitying grief beheld the sight, and urged  
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.  
The counsel pleased the rest; but Juno still,  
And Neptune, and the blue-eyed Maid, retained  
The hatred, unappeased, with which of old 35  
Troy and her King and people they pursued;  
Since Paris to the rival Goddesses,  
Who to his sheepfold came, gave deep offence,  
Preferring her who brought him in return  
The fatal boon of too successful love. 40  
But when the twelfth revolving day was come,  
Apollo thus the assembled Gods addressed:  
“Shame on ye, Gods, ungrateful! have ye not,  
At Hector's hand, of bulls and choicest goats  
Received your offerings meet? and fear ye now 45  
E'en his dead corpse to save, and grant his wife,  
His mother, and his child, his aged sire  
And people, to behold him, and to raise  
His funeral pile, and with due rites entomb?  
But fell Achilles all your aid commands; 50  
Of mind unrighteous, and inflexible  
His stubborn heart; his thoughts are all of blood;  
E'en as a lion, whom his mighty strength  
And dauntless courage lead to leap the fold,  
And 'mid the trembling flocks to seize his prey; 55  
E'en so Achilles hath discarded ruth,



And conscience, arbiter of good and ill.

A man may lose his best-loved friend, a son,

Or his own mother's son, a brother dear :

He mourns and weeps, but time his grief allays, 60

For fate to man a patient mind hath given :

But godlike Hector's body, after death,

Achilles, unrelenting, foully drags,

Lashed to his car, around his comrade's tomb.

This is not to his praise ; though brave he be, 65

Yet thus our anger he may justly rouse,

Who in his rage insults the senseless clay."

To whom, indignant, white-armed Juno thus :

"Some show of reason were there in thy speech,

God of the silver-bow, could Hector boast 70

Of equal dignity with 'Peleus' son.

A mortal one, and nursed at woman's breast ;

The other, of a Goddess born, whom I

Nurtured and reared, and to a mortal gave,

In marriage ; gave to Peleus, best beloved 75

By all the Immortals, of the race of man.

Ye, Gods, attended all the marriage rites ;

Thou too, companion base, false friend, wast there,

And, playing on thy lyre, didst share the feast."

To whom the Cloud-compeller answered thus : 80

"Juno, restrain thy wrath ; they shall not both

Attain like honour ; yet was Hector once,

Of all the mortals that in Ilion dwell,

Dearest to all the Gods, and chief to me ;

For never did he fail his gifts to bring, 85

And with burnt-offerings and libations due

My altars crown ; such worship I received.

Yet shall bold Hector's body, not without  
The knowledge of Achilles, be removed;  
For day and night his Goddess-mother keeps 90  
Her constant watch beside him. Then, some God  
Bid Thetis hither to my presence haste;  
And I with prudent words will counsel her,  
That so Achilles may at Priam's hand  
Large ransom take, and set brave Hector free." 95

He said; and promptly on his errand sprang  
The storm-swift Iris; in the dark-blue sea  
She plunged, midway 'twixt Imbros' rugged shore  
And Samos' isle; the parting waters plashed,  
As down to ocean's lowest depths she dropped, 100  
Like to a plummet, which the fisherman  
Lets fall, encased in wild bull's horn, to bear  
Destruction to the sea's voracious tribes.

There found she Thetis in a hollow cave,  
Around her ranged the Ocean Goddesses: 105  
She, in the midst, was weeping o'er the fate  
Her matchless son awaiting, doomed to die  
Far from his home, on fertile plains of Troy.  
Swift-footed Iris at her side appeared,

And thus addressed her: "Hasten, Thetis; Jove, 110  
Lord of immortal counsel, summons thee."

To whom the silver-footed Goddess thus:  
"What would with me the mighty King of Heaven?  
Pressed as I am with grief, I am ashamed  
To mingle with the Gods; yet will I go: 115  
Nor shall he speak in vain, whate'er his words."

Thus as she spoke, her veil the Goddess took,  
All black, than which none deeper could be found;

She rose to go; the storm-swift Iris led  
The way before her; ocean's parted waves 120  
Around their path receded; to the beach  
Ascending, upwards straight to Heaven they sprang.  
The all-seeing son of Saturn there they found,  
And ranged around him all the immortal Gods.  
Pallas made way; and by the throne of Jove 125  
Sat Thetis, Juno proffering to her hand  
A goblet fair of gold, and adding words  
Of welcome; she the cup received, and drank.  
Then thus began the sire of Gods and men:  
"Thou, Thetis, sorrowing to Olympus com'st, 130  
Borne down by ceaseless grief; I know it well;  
Yet hear the cause for which I summoned thee.  
About Achilles, thy victorious son,  
And valiant Hector's body, for nine days  
Hath contest been in heaven; and some have urged 135  
That Hermes should by stealth the corpse remove.  
This to Achilles' praise I mean to turn,  
And thus thy reverence and thy love retain.  
Then haste thee to the camp, and to thy son  
My message bear; tell him that all the Gods 140  
Are filled with wrath; and I above the rest  
Am angry, that beside the beakèd ships,  
He, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keeps:  
So may he fear me, and restore the dead.  
Iris meantime to Priam I will send, 145  
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there  
Obtain his son's release; and with him bring  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart."

He said; the silver-footed Queen obeyed;

Down from Olympus' heights in haste she sped, 150  
And sought her son; him found she in his tent,  
Groaning with anguish, while his comrades round  
Plying their tasks, prepared the morning meal.  
For them a goodly sheep, full-fleeced, was slain.  
Close by his side his Goddess-mother stood, 155  
And gently touched him with her hand, and said,  
"How long, my son, wilt thou thy soul consume  
With grief and mourning, mindful nor of food  
Nor sleep? nor dost thou wisely to abstain  
From woman's love; for short thy time on earth: 160  
Death and imperious fate are close at hand.  
Hear then my words; a messenger from Jove  
To thee I come, to tell thee that the Gods  
Are filled with wrath, and he above the rest  
Is angry, that beside the beakèd ships 165  
Thou, mad with rage, the corpse of Hector keep'st.  
Then ransom take, and liberate the dead."

To whom Achilles, swift of foot, replied:  
"So be it; ransom let him bring, and bear  
His dead away, if such the will of Jove." 170

Thus, in the concourse of the ships, they two,  
Mother and son, their lengthened converse held.

Then Saturn's son to Iris gave command:  
"Haste thee, swift Iris, from Olympus' height,  
To Troy, to royal Priam bear my words; 175  
And bid him seek the Grecian ships, and there  
Obtain his son's release; and with him take  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.  
Alone, no Trojan with him, must he go;  
Yet may a herald on his steps attend, 180



Some aged man, his smoothly-rolling car  
And mules to drive; and to the city back  
To bring his dead, whom great Achilles slew.  
Nor let the fear of death disturb his mind:  
Hermes shall with him, as his escort, go, 185  
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.  
Arrived within the tent, nor he himself  
Will slay him, but from others will protect.  
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,  
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest; 190  
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."

He said; and on his errand sped in haste  
The storm-swift Iris; when to Priam's house  
She came, the sounds of wailing met her ear.  
Within the court, around their father, sat 195  
His sons, their raiment all bedewed with tears;  
And in the midst, close covered with his robe,  
Their sire, his head and neck with dirt defiled,  
Which, wallowing on the earth, himself had heaped,  
With his own hands, upon his hoary head. 200  
Throughout the house his daughters loudly wailed  
In memory of the many and the brave  
Who lay in death, by Grecian warriors slain.  
Beside him stood the messenger of Jove,  
And whispered, while his limbs with terror shook: 205  
"Fear nothing, Priam, son of Dardanus,  
Nor let thy mind be troubled; not for ill,  
But here on kindly errand am I sent:  
To thee I come, a messenger from Jove,  
Who from on high looks down on thee with eyes 210  
Of pitying love; he bids thee ransom home

The godlike Hector's corpse; and with thee take  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.  
Alone, no Trojan with thee, must thou go;  
Yet may a herald on thy steps attend, 215  
Some aged man, thy smoothly-rolling car  
And mules to drive, and to the city back  
To bring thy dead, whom great Achilles slew.  
Nor let the fear of death disturb thy mind:  
Hermes shall with thee, as thine escort, go, 220  
And to Achilles' presence safely bring.  
Arrived within the tent, nor he himself  
Will slay thee, but from others will protect;  
Not ignorant is he, nor void of sense,  
Nor disobedient to the Gods' behest, 225  
But will with pitying eyes his suppliant view."

Swift-footed Iris said, and vanished straight:  
He to his sons commandment gave, the mules  
To yoke beneath the smoothly-rolling car,  
And on the axle fix the wicker seat. 230  
Himself the lofty cedar-chamber sought,  
Fragrant, high-roofed, with countless treasures stored;  
And called to Hecuba his wife, and said,  
"Good wife, a messenger from Jove hath come,  
Who bids me seek the Grecian ships, and there 235  
Obtain my son's release; and with me take  
Such presents as may melt Achilles' heart.  
Say then, what think'st thou? for my mind inclines  
To seek the ships within the Grecian camp."

So he; but Hecuba lamenting cried, 240  
"Alas, alas! where are thy senses gone?  
And where the wisdom, once of high repute

'Mid strangers, and 'mid those o'er whom thou reign'st?  
How canst thou think alone to seek the ships,  
Entering his presence, who thy sons hath slain, 245  
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!

Of that bloodthirsty and perfidious man,  
If thou within the sight and reach shalt come,  
No pity will he feel, no reverence show:  
Rather remain we here apart and mourn; 250

For him, when at his birth his thread of life  
Was spun by fate, 'twas destined that afar  
From home and parents he should glut the maw  
Of ravening dogs, by that stern warrior's tent,  
Whose inmost heart I would I could devour: 255

Such for my son were adequate revenge,  
Whom not in ignominious flight he slew;  
But standing, thoughtless of escape or flight,  
For Trojan men and Troy's deep-bosomed dames."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire: 260  
"Seek not to hinder me; nor be thyself  
A bird of evil omen in my house;

For thou shalt not persuade me. If indeed  
This message had been brought by mortal man,  
Prophet, or seer, or sacrificing priest, 265  
I should have deemed it false, and laughed to scorn  
The idle tale; but now (for I myself

Both saw and heard the Goddess) I must go;  
Nor unfulfilled shall be the words I speak:  
And if indeed it be my fate to die 270

Beside the vessels of the brass-clad Greeks,  
I am content! by fierce Achilles' hand  
Let me be slain, so once more in my arms

I hold my boy, and give my sorrow vent."

Then raising up the coffer's polished lid, 275

He chose twelve gorgeous shawls, twelve single cloaks,

As many rugs, as many splendid robes,

As many tunics; then of gold he took

Ten talents full; two tripods, burnished bright,

Four caldrons; then a cup of beauty rare, 280

A rich possession, which the men of Thrace

Had given, when there he went ambassador;

E'en this he spared not, such his keen desire

His son to ransom. From the corridor

With angry words he drove the Trojans all: 285

"Out with ye, worthless rascals, vagabonds!

Have ye no griefs at home, that here ye come

To pester me? or is it not enough

That Jove with deep affliction visits me,

Slaying my bravest son? ye to your cost 290

Shall know his loss: since now that he is gone,

The Greeks shall find you easier far to slay.

But may my eyes be clothed in death, ere see

The city sacked, and utterly destroyed."

He said, and with his staff drove out the crowd; 295

Before the old man's anger fled they all;

Then to his sons in threatening tone he cried;

To Paris, Helenus, and Agathon,

Pammon, Antiphonus, Polites brave,

Deiphobus, and bold Hippothöus, 300

And godlike Dius; all these nine with threats

And angry taunts the aged sire assailed:

"Haste, worthless sons, my scandal and my shame!

Would that ye all beside the Grecian ships



In Hector's stead had died! Oh woe is me, 305  
Who have begotten sons, in all the land  
The best and bravest; now remains not one;  
Mestor, and Troilus, dauntless charioteer,  
And Hector, who a God 'mid men appeared,  
Nor like a mortal's offspring, but a God's: 310  
All these hath Mars cut off; and left me none,  
None but the vile and refuse; liars all,  
Vain skipping coxcombs, in the dance alone,  
And in nought else renowned; base plunderers,  
From their own countrymen, of lambs and kids. 315  
When, laggards, will ye harness me the car  
Equipped with all things needed for the way?"

He said; they quailed beneath their father's wrath,  
And brought the smoothly-running mule-wain out,  
Well-framed, new-built; and fixed the wicker-seat; 320  
Then from the peg the mule-yoke down they took,  
Of boxwood wrought, with boss and rings complete;  
And with the yoke, the yoke-band brought they forth,  
Nine cubits long; and to the polished pole  
At the far end attached; the breast-rings then 325  
Fixed to the pole-piece; and on either side  
Thrice round the knob the leathern thong they wound,  
And bound it fast, and inward turned the tongue.  
Then the rich ransom, from the chambers brought,  
Of Hector's head, upon the wain they piled; 330  
And yoked the strong-hoofed mules, to harness trained,  
The Mysians' splendid present to the King:  
To Priam's car they harnessed then the steeds,  
Which he himself at polished manger fed.

Deep thoughts revolving, in the lofty halls 335

Were met the herald and the aged King,  
When Hecuba with troubled mind drew near;  
In her right hand a golden cup she bore  
Of luscious wine, that ere they took their way  
They to the Gods might due libations pour; 340  
Before the car she stood, and thus she spoke:  
"Take, and to father Jove thine offering pour,  
And pray that he may bring thee safely home  
From all thy foes; since sore against my will  
Thou needs wilt venture to the ships of Greece. 345  
Then to Idæan Jove, the cloud-girt son  
Of Saturn, who the expanse of Troy surveys,  
Prefer thy prayer, beseeching him to send,  
On thy right hand, a wingèd messenger,  
The bird he loves the best, of strongest flight; 350  
That thou thyself mayst see and know the sign,  
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece.  
But should all-seeing Jove the sign withhold,  
Then not with my consent shouldst thou attempt,  
Whate'er thy wish, to reach the Grecian ships." 355

To whom, in answer, godlike Priam thus:  
"O woman, I refuse not to obey  
Thy counsel; good it is to raise the hands  
In prayer to Heaven, and Jove's protection seek."  
The old man said; and bade the attendant pour 360  
Pure water on his hands; with ewer she,  
And basin, stood beside him: from his wife,  
The due ablutions made, he took the cup;  
Then in the centre of the court he stood,  
And as he poured the wine, looked up to Heaven, 365  
And thus with voice uplifted prayed aloud:

“O father Jove, who rul’st on Ida’s height,  
Most great, most glorious! grant that I may find  
Some pity in Achilles’ heart; and send,  
On my right hand, a wingèd messenger, 370  
The bird thou lov’st the best, of strongest flight,  
That I myself may see and know the sign,  
And, firm in faith, approach the ships of Greece.”

Thus as he prayed, the Lord of counsel heard;  
And sent forthwith an eagle, feathered king, 375  
Dark bird of chase, and Dusky thence surnamed:  
Wide as the portals, well secured with bolts,  
That guard some wealthy monarch’s lofty hall,  
On either side his ample pinions spread.  
On the right hand appeared he, far above 380  
The city soaring; they the favouring sign  
With joy beheld, and every heart was cheered.  
Mounting his car in haste, the aged King  
Drove through the court, and through the echoing porch,  
The mules, in front, by sage Idæus driven, 385  
That drew the four-wheeled wain; behind them came  
The horses, down the city’s steep descent  
Urged by the old man to speed; the crowd of friends  
That followed mourned for him, as doomed to death.  
Descended from the city to the plain, 390  
His sons and sons-in-law to Ilion took  
Their homeward way; advancing o’er the plain  
They two escaped not Jove’s all-seeing eye;  
Pitying he saw the aged sire; and thus  
At once to Hermes spoke, his much-loved son: 395  
“Hermes, for thou in social converse lov’st  
To mix with men, and hear’st whome’er thou wilt;

Haste thee, and Priam to the Grecian ships  
So lead, that none of all the Greeks may see  
Ere to Achilles' presence he attain." 400

He said; nor disobeyed the heavenly Guide;  
His golden sandals on his feet he bound,  
Ambrosial work; which bore him o'er the waves,  
Swift as the wind, and o'er the wide-spread earth;  
Then took his rod, wherewith he seals at will 405  
The eyes of men, and wakes again from sleep.  
This in his hand he bore, and sprang for flight.  
Soon the wide Hellespont he reached, and Troy,  
And passed in likeness of a princely youth,  
In opening manhood, fairest term of life. 410

The twain had passed by Ilus' lofty tomb,  
And halted there the horses and the mules  
Beside the margin of the stream to drink;  
For darkness now was creeping o'er the earth.  
When through the gloom the herald Hermes saw 415  
Approaching near, to Priam thus he cried:  
"O son of Dardanus, bethink thee well;  
Of prudent counsel great is now our need.  
A man I see, and fear he means us ill.  
Say, with the horses shall we fly at once, 420  
Or clasp his knees, and for his mercy sue?"  
The old man heard, his mind confused with dread;  
So grievously he feared, that every hair  
Upon his bended limbs did stand on end;  
He stood astounded; but the Guardian-God 425  
Approached, and took him by the hand, and said:  
"Where, father, goest thou thus with horse and mule  
In the still night, when men are sunk in sleep?"



And fear'st thou not the slaughter-breathing Greeks,  
Thine unrelenting foes, and they so near? 430  
If any one of them should see thee now,  
So richly laden in the gloom of night,  
How wouldst thou feel? thou art not young thyself,  
And this old man, thy comrade, would avail  
But little to protect thee from assault. 435  
I will not harm thee, nay will shield from harm,  
For like my father's is, methinks, thy face."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:  
" 'Tis as thou say'st, fair son; yet hath some God  
Extended o'er me his protecting hand, 440  
Who sends me such a guide, so opportune.  
Blessed are thy parents in a son so graced  
In face and presence, and of mind so wise."

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:  
" O father, well and wisely dost thou speak; 445  
But tell me this, and truly: dost thou bear  
These wealthy treasures to some foreign land,  
That they for thee in safety may be stored?  
Or have ye all resolved to fly from Troy  
In fear, your bravest slain, thy gallant son, 450  
Who never from the Greeks' encounter flinched?"

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:  
" Who art thou, noble Sir, and what thy race,  
That speak'st thus fairly of my hapless son?"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God: 455  
" Try me, old man; of godlike Hector ask;  
For often in the glory-giving fight  
These eyes have seen him; chief, when to the ships  
The Greeks he drove, and with the sword destroyed.

We gazed in wonder; from the fight restrained 460  
By Peleus' son, with Agamemnon wroth.  
His follower I; one ship conveyed us both;  
One of the Myrmidons I am; my sire  
Polyctor, rich, but aged, e'en as thou.  
Six sons he hath, besides myself, the seventh; 465  
And I by lot was drafted for the war.  
I from the ships am to the plain come forth;  
For with the dawn of day the keen-eyed Greeks  
Will round the city marshal their array.  
They chafe in idleness; the chiefs in vain 470  
Strive to restrain their ardour for the fight."

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:  
"If of Achilles, Peleus' son, thou art  
Indeed a follower, tell me all the truth;  
Lies yet my son beside the Grecian ships, 475  
Or hath Achilles torn him limb from limb,  
And to his dogs the mangled carcase given?"

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:  
"On him, old man, nor dogs nor birds have fed,  
But by the ship of Peleus' son he lies 480  
Within the tent; twelve days he there hath lain,  
Nor hath corruption touched his flesh, nor worms,  
That wont to prey on men in battle slain.  
The corpse, indeed, with each returning morn,  
Around his comrade's tomb Achilles drags, 485  
Yet leaves it still uninjured; thou thyself  
Mightst see how fresh, as dew-besprent, he lies,  
From blood-stains cleansed, and closed his many wounds.  
For many a lance was buried in his corpse.  
So, e'en in death, the blessed Gods above, 490

Who loved him well, protect thy noble son."

He said; the old man rejoicing heard his words,  
And answered, "See, my son, how good it is  
To give the immortal Gods their tribute due;  
For never did my son, while yet he lived, 495  
Neglect the Gods who on Olympus dwell;  
And thence have they remembered him in death.  
Accept, I pray, this goblet rich-embossed;  
Be thou my guard, and, under Heaven, my guide,  
Until I reach the tent of Peleus' son." 500

To whom in answer thus the Guardian-God:  
"Old father, me thy younger wouldst thou tempt,  
In vain; who bidd'st me at thy hands accept  
Thy proffered presents, to Achilles' wrong.  
I dread his anger; and should hold it shame 505  
To plunder him, through fear of future ill.  
But, as thy guide, I could conduct thee safe,  
As far as Argos, journeying by thy side,  
On ship-board or on foot; nor by the fault  
Of thy conductor shouldst thou meet with harm." 510

Thus spoke the Guardian-God, and on the car  
Mounting in haste, he took the whip and reins,  
And with fresh vigour mules and horses filled.  
When to the ship-towers and the trench they came,  
The guard had late been busied with their meal; 515  
And with deep sleep the heavenly Guide o'erspread  
The eyes of all; then opened wide the gates,  
And pushed aside the bolts, and led within  
Both Priam and the treasure-laden wain.  
But when they reached Achilles' lofty tent, 520  
(Which for their King the Myrmidons had built

Of fir-trees felled, and overlaid the roof  
With rushes mown from off the neighbouring mead;  
And all around a spacious court enclosed  
With cross-set palisades; a single bar 525  
Of fir the gateway guarded, which to shut  
Three men, of all the others, scarce sufficed,  
And three to open; but Achilles' hand  
Unaided shut with ease the massive bar)  
Then for the old man Hermes oped the gate, 530  
And brought within the court the gifts designed  
For Peleus' godlike son; then from the car  
Sprang to the ground, and thus to Priam spoke:  
"Old man, a God hath hither been thy guide;  
Hermes I am, and sent to thee from Jove, 535  
Father of all, to bring thee safely here.  
I now return, nor to Achilles' eyes  
Will I appear; beseems it not a God  
To greet a mortal in the sight of all.  
But go thou in, and clasp Achilles' knees, 540  
And supplicate him for his father's sake,  
His fair-haired mother's, and his child's, that so  
Thy words may stir an answer in his heart."

Thus saying, Hermes to Olympus' heights  
Returned; and Priam from his chariot sprang, 545  
And left Idæus there, in charge to keep  
The horses and the mules, while he himself  
Entered the dwelling straight, where wont to sit  
Achilles, loved of Heaven. The chief he found  
Within, his followers seated all apart; 550  
Two only in his presence ministered,  
The brave Automedon, and Alcimus,



A warrior bold; scarce ended the repast  
Of food and wine; the table still was set.  
Great Priam entered, unperceived of all; 555  
And standing by Achilles, with his arms  
Embraced his knees, and kissed those fearful hands,  
Blood-stained, which many of his sons had slain.  
As when a man, by cruel fate pursued,  
In his own land hath shed another's blood, 560  
And flying, seeks beneath some wealthy house  
A foreign refuge; wondering, all behold:  
On godlike Priam so with wonder gazed  
Achilles; wonder seized the attendants all,  
And one to other looked; then Priam thus 565  
To Peleus' son his suppliant speech addressed:  
"Think, great Achilles, rival of the Gods,  
Upon thy father, e'en as I myself  
Upon the threshold of unjoyous age:  
And haply he, from them that dwell around 570  
May suffer wrong, with no protector near  
To give him aid; yet he, rejoicing, knows  
That thou still liv'st; and day by day may hope  
To see his son returning safe from Troy;  
While I, all hapless, that have many sons, 575  
The best and bravest through the breadth of Troy,  
Begotten, deem that none are left me now.  
Fifty there were, when came the sons of Greece;  
Nineteen the offspring of a single womb;  
The rest, the women of my household bore. 580  
Of these have many by relentless Mars  
Been laid in dust; but he, my only one,  
The city's and his brethren's sole defence,

He, bravely fighting in his country's cause,  
Hector, but lately by thy hand hath fallen : 585  
On his behalf I venture to approach  
The Grecian ships; for his release to thee  
To make my prayer, and priceless ransom pay.  
Then thou, Achilles, reverence the Gods;  
And, for thy father's sake, look pitying down 590  
On me, more needing pity; since I bear  
Such grief as never man on earth hath borne,  
Who stoop to kiss the hand that slew my son."

Thus as he spoke, within Achilles' breast  
Fond memory of his father rose; he touched 595  
The old man's hand, and gently put him by;  
Then wept they both, by various memories stirred:  
One, prostrate at Achilles' feet, bewailed  
His warrior son; Achilles for his sire,  
And for Patroclus wept, his comrade dear; 600  
And through the house their weeping loud was heard.  
But when Achilles had indulged his grief,  
And eased the yearning of his heart and limbs,  
Uprising, with his hand the aged sire,  
Pitying his hoary head and hoary beard, 605  
He raised, and thus with gentle words addressed:

"Alas, what sorrows, poor old man, are thine!  
How couldst thou venture to the Grecian ships  
Alone, and to the presence of the man  
Whose hand hath slain so many of thy sons, 610  
Many and brave? an iron heart is thine!  
But sit thou on this seat; and in our hearts,  
Though filled with grief, let us that grief suppress;  
For woful lamentation nought avails.

Such is the thread the Gods for mortals spin, 615  
To live in woe, while they from cares are free.  
Two coffers lie beside the door of Jove,  
With gifts for man : one good, the other ill ;  
To whom from each the Lord of lightning gives,  
Him sometimes evil, sometimes good befalls ; 620  
To whom the ill alone, him foul disgrace  
And grinding misery o'er the earth pursue :  
By God and man alike despised he roams.  
Thus from his birth the Gods to Peleus gave  
Excellent gifts ; with wealth and substance blessed 625  
Above his fellows ; o'er the Myrmidons  
He ruled with sovereign sway ; and Heaven bestowed  
On him, a mortal, an immortal bride.  
Yet this of ill was mingled in his lot,  
That in his house no rising race he saw 630  
Of future Kings ; one only son he had,  
One doomed to early death ; nor is it mine  
To tend my father's age ; but far from home  
Thee and thy sons in Troy I vex with war.  
Much have we heard too of thy former wealth ; 635  
Above what Lesbos northward, Macar's seat,  
Contains, and Upper Phrygia, and the shores  
Of boundless Hellespont, 'tis said that thou  
In wealth and number of thy sons wast blessed.  
But since on thee this curse the Gods have brought, 640  
Still round thy city war and slaughter rage.  
Bear up, nor thus with grief incessant mourn ;  
Vain is thy sorrow for thy gallant son ;  
Thou canst not raise him, and mayst suffer more."  
To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire : 645

“Tell me not yet, illustrious chief, to sit,  
While Hector lies, uncared for, in the tent;  
But let me quickly go, that with mine eyes  
I may behold my son; and thou accept  
The ample treasures which we tender thee: 650  
Mayst thou enjoy them, and in safety reach  
Thy native land, since thou hast spared my life,  
And bidd’st me still behold the light of Heaven.”

To whom Achilles thus with stern regard:  
“Old man, incense me not; I mean myself 655  
To give thee back thy son; for here of late  
Despatched by Jove, my Goddess-mother came,  
The daughter of the aged Ocean-God:  
And thee too, Priam, well I know, some God  
(I cannot err) hath guided to our ships. 660  
No mortal, though in venturous youth, would dare  
Our camp to enter; nor could hope to pass  
Unnoticed by the watch, nor easily  
Remove the ponderous bar that guards our doors.  
But stir not up my anger in my grief; 665  
Lest, suppliant though thou be, within my tent  
I brook thee not, and Jove’s command transgress.”

He said; the old man trembled, and obeyed;  
Then to the door-way, with a lion’s spring,  
Achilles rushed; not unaccompanied; 670  
With him Automedon and Alcimus,  
His two attendants, of his followers all,  
Next to the lost Patroclus, best-esteemed;  
They from the yoke the mules and horses loosed;  
Then led the herald of the old man in, 675  
And bade him sit; and from the polished wain



The costly ransom took of Hector's head.  
Two robes they left, and one well-woven vest,  
To clothe the corpse, and send with honour home.  
Then to the female slaves he gave command 680  
To wash the body, and anoint with oil,  
Apart, that Priam might not see his son;  
Lest his grieved heart its passion unrestrained  
Should utter, and Achilles, roused to wrath,  
His suppliant slay, and Jove's command transgress. 685  
When they had washed the body, and with oil  
Anointed, and around it wrapped the robe  
And vest, Achilles lifted up the dead  
With his own hands, and laid him on the couch;  
Which to the polished wain his followers raised. 690  
Then groaning, on his friend by name he called:  
"Forgive, Patroclus! be not wroth with me,  
If in the realm of darkness thou shouldst hear  
That godlike Hector to his father's arms,  
For no mean ransom, I restore; whereof 695  
A fitting share for thee I set aside."

This said, Achilles to the tent returned;  
On the carved couch, from whence he rose, he sat  
Beside the wall; and thus to Priam spoke:  
"Old man, thy son, according to thy prayer, 700  
Is given thee back; upon the couch he lies;  
Thyself shalt see him at the dawn of day.  
Meanwhile the evening meal demands our care.  
Not fair-haired Niobe abstained from food,  
When in the house her children lay in death, 705  
Six beauteous daughters and six stalwart sons.  
The youths, Apollo with his silver bow,

The maids, the Archer-Queen, Diana, slew,  
With anger filled that Niobe presumed  
Herself with fair Latona to compare, 710  
Her many children with her rival's two;  
So by the two were all the many slain.  
Nine days in death they lay; and none was there  
To pay their funeral rites; for Saturn's son  
Had given to all the people hearts of stone. 715  
The tenth, the immortal Gods entombed the dead.  
Nor yet did Niobe, when now her grief  
Had worn itself in tears, from food refrain.  
And now in Sipylus, amid the rocks,  
And lonely mountains, where the Goddess nymphs 720  
That love to dance by Achelöus' stream,  
'Tis said, were cradled, she, though turned to stone,  
Broods o'er the wrongs inflicted by the Gods.  
So we too, godlike sire, the meal may share;  
And later, thou thy noble son mayst mourn, 725  
To Troy restored—well worthy he thy tears."

This said, he slaughtered straight a white-fleeced sheep;  
His comrades then the carcase flayed and dressed:  
The meat prepared, and fastened to the spits;  
Roasted with care, and from the fire withdrew. 730  
The bread Automedon from baskets fair  
Apportioned out; the meat Achilles shared.  
They to the food prepared their hands addressed.  
But when their thirst and hunger were appeased,  
In wonder Priam on Achilles gazed, 735  
His form and stature; as a God he seemed;  
And he too looked on Priam, and admired  
His venerable face, and gracious speech.

With mutual pleasure each on other gazed,  
Till godlike Priam first addressed his host: 740

“Dismiss me now, illustrious chief, to rest;  
And lie we down, in gentle slumbers wrapped;  
For never have mine eyes been closed in sleep,  
Since by thy hand my gallant son was slain:  
But groaning still, I brood upon my woes, 745  
And in my court with dust my head defile.  
Now have I tasted bread, now ruddy wine  
Hath o’er my palate passed; but not till now.”

Thus he; his comrades and the attendant maids  
Achilles ordered in the corridor 750  
Two mattresses to place, with blankets fair  
Of purple wool o’erlaid; and on the top  
Rugs and soft sheets for upper covering spread.  
They from the chamber, torch in hand, withdrew,  
And with obedient haste two beds prepared. 755  
Then thus Achilles spoke in jesting tone:

“Thou needs must sleep without, my good old friend;  
Lest any leader of the Greeks should come,  
As is their custom, to confer with me;  
Of them whoe’er should find thee here by night 760  
Forthwith to Agamemnon would report,  
And Hector might not be so soon restored.  
But tell me truly this; how many days  
For godlike Hector’s funeral rites ye need;  
That for so long a time I may myself 765  
Refrain from combat, and the people stay.”

To whom in answer Priam, godlike sire:  
“If by thy leave we may indeed perform  
His funeral rites, to thee, Achilles, great

Will be our gratitude, if this thou grant. 770  
Thou know'st how close the town is hemmed around;  
And from the mountain, distant as it is,  
The Trojans well may fear to draw the wood.  
Nine days to public mourning would we give;  
The tenth, to funeral rites and funeral feast; 775  
Then on the eleventh would we raise his mound;  
The twelfth, renew the war, if needs we must."

To whom Achilles swift of foot replied:  
"So shall it be, old Priam; I engage  
To stay the battle for the time required." 780

Thus speaking, with his hand the old man's wrist  
He grasped, in token that he need not fear.  
Then in the corridor lay down to rest  
Old Priam and the herald, Elders sage;  
While in his tent's recess Achilles slept, 785  
The fair Brisëis resting by his side.

In night-long slumbers lay the other Gods,  
And helmèd chiefs, by gentle sleep subdued;  
But on the eyes of Hermes, Guardian-God,  
No slumber fell, deep pondering in his mind 790  
How from the ships in safety to conduct  
The royal Priam, and the guard elude.  
Above the sleeper's head he stood, and cried:  
"Old man, small heed thou tak'st of coming ill,  
Who, when Achilles gives thee leave to go, 795  
Sleep'st undisturbed, surrounded by thy foes.  
Thy son hath been restored, and thou hast paid  
A generous price; but to redeem thy life,  
If Agamemnon and the other Greeks  
Should know that thou art here, full thrice so much 800



Thy sons, who yet are left, would have to pay."

He said; the old man trembled, and aroused  
The herald; while the horses and the mules  
Were yoked by Hermes, who with silent speed  
Drove through the encampment, unobserved of all. 805  
But when they came to eddying Xanthus' ford,  
Fair-flowing stream, born of immortal Jove,  
To high Olympus Hermes took his flight,  
As morn, in saffron robe, o'er all the earth  
Was light diffusing; they with funeral wail 810  
Drove cityward the horses; following came  
The mules that drew the litter of the dead.  
The plain they traversed o'er, observed of none,  
Or man or woman, till Cassandra, fair  
As golden Venus, from the topmost height 815  
Of Pergamus, her father in his car  
Upstanding saw, the herald at his side.  
Him too she saw, who on the litter lay;  
Then lifted up her voice, and cried aloud  
To all the city, "Hither, Trojans, come, 820  
Both men and women, Hector see restored;  
If, while he lived, returning from the fight,  
Ye met him e'er rejoicing, who indeed  
Was all the city's chiefest joy and pride."

She said: nor man nor woman then was left 825  
Within the city; o'er the minds of all  
Grief passed, resistless; to the gates in throngs  
They pressed, to crowd round him who brought the dead.  
The first to clasp the body were his wife  
And honoured mother; eagerly they sprang 830  
On the smooth-rolling wain, to touch the head

Of Hector; round them, weeping, stood the crowd.  
Weeping, till sunset, all the live-long day  
Had they before the gates for Hector mourned;  
Had not old Priam from the car addressed 835  
The crowd: "Make way, that so the mules may pass;  
When to my house I shall have brought my dead,  
Ye there may vent your sorrow as ye will."

Thus as he spoke, obedient to his word  
They stood aside, and for the car made way: 840  
But when to Priam's lordly house they came,  
They laid him on a rich-wrought couch, and called  
The minstrels in, who by the hero's bed  
Should lead the melancholy chorus; they  
Poured forth the music of the mournful dirge, 845  
While women's voices joined in loud lament.  
White-armed Andromache the wail began,  
The head of Hector clasping in her hands:  
"My husband, thou art gone in pride of youth,  
And in thine house hast left me desolate; 850  
Thy child an infant still, thy child and mine,  
Unhappy parents both! nor dare I hope  
That he may reach the ripeness of his youth;  
For ere that day shall Troy in ruin fall,  
Since thou art gone, her guardian! thou whose arm 855  
Defended her, her wives, and helpless babes!  
They now shall shortly o'er the sea be borne,  
And with them I shall go; thou too, my child,  
Must follow me, to servile labour doomed,  
The suffering victim of a tyrant Lord; 860  
Unless perchance some angry Greek may seize  
And dash thee from the tower—a woful death!

Whose brother, or whose father, or whose son  
By Hector hath been slain; for many a Greek  
By Hector's hand hath bit the bloody dust; 865  
Not light in battle was thy father's arm;  
Therefore for him the general city mourns;  
Thou to thy parents bitter grief hast caused,  
Hector! but bitterest grief of all hast left  
To me! for not to me was given to clasp 870  
The hand extended from thy dying bed,  
Nor words of wisdom catch, which night and day,  
With tears, I might have treasured in my heart."

Weeping she spoke—the women joined the wail.  
Then Hecuba took up the loud lament: 875  
"Hector, of all my children dearest thou!  
Dear to the Immortals too in life wast thou,  
And they in death have borne thee still in mind;  
For other of my sons, his captives made,  
Across the watery waste, to Samos' isle 880  
Or Imbros, or the inhospitable shore  
Of Lemnos, hath Achilles, swift of foot,  
To slavery sold; thee, when his sharp-edged spear  
Had robbed thee of thy life, he dragged indeed  
Around Patroclus' tomb, his comrade dear, 885  
Whom thou hadst slain; yet so he raised not up  
His dead to life again; now liest thou here,  
All fresh and fair, as dew-besprent; like one  
Whom bright Apollo, with his arrows keen,  
God of the silver bow, hath newly slain." 890

Weeping, she spoke; and roused the general grief.  
Then Helen, third, the mournful strain renewed:  
"Hector, of all my brethren dearest thou;

True, godlike Paris claims me as his wife,  
Who bore me hither—would I then had died! 895  
But twenty years have passed since here I came,  
And left my native land; yet ne'er from thee  
I heard one scornful, one degrading word;  
And when from others I have borne reproach,  
Thy brothers, sisters, or thy brothers' wives, 900  
Or mother (for thy sire was ever kind  
E'en as a father), thou hast checked them still  
With tender feeling, and with gentle words.  
For thee I weep, and for myself no less;  
For, through the breadth of Troy, none love me now, 905  
None kindly look on me, but all abhor."

Weeping she spoke, and with her wept the crowd.  
At length the aged Priam gave command:  
"Haste now, ye Trojans, to the city bring  
Good store of fuel; fear no treacherous wile; 910  
For when he sent me from the dark-ribbed ships,  
Achilles promised that from hostile arms  
Till the twelfth morn we should no harm sustain."

He said; and they the oxen and the mules  
Yoked to the wains, and from the city thronged: 915  
Nine days they laboured, and brought back to Troy  
Good store of wood; but when the tenth day's light  
Upon the earth appeared, weeping, they bore  
Brave Hector out; and on the funeral pile  
Laying the glorious dead, applied the torch. 920

While yet the rosy-fingered morn was young  
Round noble Hector's pyre the people pressed:  
When all were gathered round, and closely thronged,  
First on the burning mass, as far as spread



The range of fire, they poured the ruddy wine, 925  
And quenched the flames: his brethren then and friends  
Weeping, the hot tears flowing down their cheeks,  
Collected from the pile the whitened bones;  
These in a golden casket they enclosed,  
And o'er it spread soft shawls of purple dye; 930  
Then in a grave they laid it, and in haste  
With stone in ponderous masses covered o'er;  
And raised a mound, and watched on every side,  
From sudden inroad of the Greeks to guard.  
The mound erected, back they turned; and all 935  
Assembled duly, shared the solemn feast  
In Priam's palace, Heaven-descended King.  
Such were the rites to glorious Hector paid. 938

END OF THE ILIAD.

# TRANSLATIONS.



# FROM THE GREEK.

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## ANACREON.

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### Od. 1.

ATREUS' Sons I fain would sing :  
Fain to Cadmus touch the string ;  
But my lyre no theme will own,  
Save the theme of Love alone.  
All the chords I late withdrew, 5  
And my lyre I strung anew ;  
Then essayed, in lofty strain,  
Great Alcides' praise—in vain !  
For my lyre's responsive tone  
Gave back notes of Love alone. 10  
Heroes all, farewell ! with you,  
Henceforth, I have nought to do ;  
For my lyre no theme will own,  
Save the theme of Love alone.

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### Od. 3.

AT the hour of deep midnight,  
When the star of Arctos bright  
Wheels beneath Boötes' hand ;  
And, throughout the drowsy land,  
Sleep its gentle influence sheds  
On o'erwearied mortals' heads ;  
Cupid stood my gate before,  
Knocking at the bolted door.



"Who," I cried, "is he who shakes  
 Thus my door—my slumber breaks?" 10  
 "Open quick, be not afraid,  
 'Tis a Child that knocks," he said:  
 "In the moonless night astray,  
 Wet and cold, I've lost my way."  
 I with pity heard, and straight 15  
 Lit my lamp, unbarred my gate;  
 And a Child indeed was there,  
 Who a bow and quiver bare.  
 By my hearth I made him stand;  
 Chafed with mine each icy hand, 20  
 Wringing from his hair the rain.  
 Soon restored to warmth again,  
 "Come," he said, "I fain would know  
 If the wet have marred my bow."  
 Straight he aimed, and through my heart 25  
 Shot, as 'twere a gadfly's smart.  
 Up then leaped the laughing Boy;  
 "Host," he chuckled, "share my joy;  
 All uninjured is my bow,  
 As by proof thy heart shall know." 30

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 Od. 11.

"THOU'RT old, Anacreon," say the girls;  
 "Take thy mirror, and look for thy curls,  
 And see thy forehead all bald and bare."  
 Whether or no the curls be there,  
 I know not, and care not; this I know, 5  
 That year by year, as older we grow,  
 'Tis reason the more to be joyous and gay,  
 As nearer we draw to our closing day.

FROM THE LATIN.



# HORACE.

Od. i. 4.

**S**TERN Winter melts as genial airs the balmy Spring  
    restore,  
And keels, long dry, are carried to the shore;  
The ploughman now the fireside leaves, nor herds in stalls  
    remain,  
Nor hoar-frost glitters o'er the whitened plain;  
And Venus now by moonlight leads her revelry and mirth, 5  
    And Nymphs, with Graces mingling, make the earth  
Ring with the music of their feet; while with his Cyclops  
    train,  
At sweltering forge, stout Vulcan toils amain.  
Our glossy hair should now with wreaths of myrtle green  
    be bound,  
Or flowers new-burst from out the loosened ground. 10  
And now the wonted sacrifice, beneath the forest's shade,  
    Of lamb or kid, to Faunus should be paid.  
Pale Death upon the peasant's door and prince's lordly gate  
Impartial knocks. O Sextius, rich and great!

---

**S**OLVITUR acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,  
    Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas;  
Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;  
    Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.  
Jam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus imminente Luna; 5  
    Junctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes  
Alterno terram quatunt pede; dum graves Cyclopum  
    Vulcanus ardens urit officinas.  
Nunc decet aut viridi nitidum caput impedire myrto,  
    Aut flore, terrae quem ferunt solute. 10  
Nunc et in umbrosis Fauno decet immolare lucis,  
    Seu poscat agna, sive malit haedo.  
Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
    Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,



Our life's short span should moderate our lengthened hope's  
excess ;

Round thee shall Night and bodiless Phantoms press 16  
Ere long in Pluto's meagre halls, where ne'er at festive board  
Shalt thou by lot be crowned the banquet's Lord.

---

<i>Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.</i>	15
<i>Jam te premet nox, fabulæque manes,</i>	
<i>Et domus exilis Plutonia ; quo simul meâris,</i>	
<i>Nec regna vini sortiære talis ;</i>	
<i>Nec tenerum Lycidam mirabere, quo calet juvenus</i>	
<i>Nunc omnis, et mox virgines tepebunt.</i>	20

---

Od. i. 5.

WHAT slender youth, on rosy couch reclining,  
Breathing sweet odours, courts thee, Pyrrha, now  
Beneath some pleasant grot ? For whom dost thou,  
With simple grace thy golden tresses twining,

Put forth thy beauty ? Ah, how oft shall he 5  
Thy broken faith, and Gods estranged, bewail ;  
And see, aghast, beneath the darkling gale,  
The unwonted ruffle of the angry sea,

---

*Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro ?  
Cui flavam religas comam,*

*Simplex munditiis ? Heu, quoties fidem,  
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera  
Nigris aquora ventis  
Emirabitur insolens,*

Who now, confiding, revels in thy charms,  
 Deeming thee purest gold! and hopes that thou 10  
 Shalt still remain as he beholds thee now,  
 As kind, as open to his longing arms,  
 Nor knows the breeze how fickle! Hapless those  
 On whom thou shin'st untried! To Ocean's King  
 How I, escaped, my dripping garments bring, 15  
 On Neptune's wall my votive tablet shows.

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
 Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem 10  
 Sperat, nescius auræ  
 Fallacis! Miseri quibus  
 Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer  
 Votiva paries indicat uvida  
 Suspendisse potenti 15  
 Vestimenta maris Deo.

Od. i. 8.

LYDIA, by all the Gods above,  
 Why Sybaris destroy with fatal love?  
 Why now the Campus does he shun,  
 Unshrinking once from dust and scorching sun?  
 Why now no more, in martial pride, 5  
 Among his youthful comrades does he ride,  
 Curbing his fiery Gallic horse?  
 Why fear with active limb to stem the force  
 Of yellow Tiber's swollen flood?  
 Why, with abhorrence as of viper's blood, 10

LYDIA dic, per omnes  
 Te deos oro, Sybarin cur properes amando  
 Perdere? cur apricum  
 Oderit campum, patiens pulveris atque solis?  
 Cur neque militaris 5  
 Inter aequales equitat, Gallica nec lupatis  
 Temperat ora franis?  
 Cur timet flavum Tiberim tangere? cur olivum  
 Sanguine viperino  
 Cautius vitat? neque jam livida gestat armis 10

The lubricating oil refuse?  
 Why leave no weapons now their livid bruise  
 On arms, which oft the discus round  
 Or javelin hurled beyond the extremest bound?  
 Why lurks he now, as erst, they say, 15  
 When near approached proud Ilion's fatal day,  
 The son of Thetis lurked, amid  
 The train of virgins, ignominious, hid,  
 Lest, by his manly garb betrayed,  
 The toils of war should claim the seeming maid? 20

---

Brachia, sæpe disco,  
 Sæpe trans finem jaculo nobilis expedito?  
 Quid latet, ut marinae  
 Filium dicunt Thetidis sub lacrimosa Trojæ  
 Funera, ne virilis 15  
 Cultus in cædem et Lycias proriperet catervas?

---

Od. i. 9.

SEE where Soracte stands, his brow  
 White with deep snow; the labouring woods  
 Beneath the unwonted burthen bow;  
 And stay their course the ice-bound floods.

Pile, Thaliarchus, pile on high 5  
 The blazing logs, and mock at cold:  
 This generous flagon freely ply  
 Of Sabine vintage four years old.

---

VIDES, ut alta stet nive candidum  
 Soracte, nec jam sustineant onus  
 Silvæ laborantes, geluque  
 Flumina constiterint acuto.

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco 5  
 Large reponens: atque benignius  
 Deprome quadrimum Sabina,  
 O Thaliarche, merum diota.

Leave to the Gods all else: when they  
Compose the warring winds and seas, 10  
The cypress bough, the ashen spray,  
No longer quiver in the breeze.

Think for the morrow nought; enjoy  
Each day the boons bestowed by chance;  
Nor rudely spurn, too happy boy, 15  
Or love's delights, or joyous dance,

Ere crabbed age have bleached thy brow.  
The Campus now may claim thy care,  
The gay promenade, the whispered vow,  
At twilight breathed to willing fair; 20

And tell-tale laugh of merry maid  
In corner hid; and slender wrist  
Of bracclet spoiled, or ring conveyed  
From fingers that but half resist.

Permitte divis cætera; qui simul  
Stravere ventos æquore fervido 10  
Deproliantes; nec cupressi,  
Nec veteres agitantur orni.

Quid sit futurum cras, fuge quaerere; et  
Quem sors dierum cunque dabit, lucro  
Appone; nec dulces amores 15  
Sperne puer, neque tu choreas,

Donec virenti canities abest  
Morosa. Nunc et campus, et aræ,  
Lenesque sub noctem susurri  
Composita repetantur hora: 20

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo  
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,  
Pignusque dereptum lacertis  
Aut digito male pertinaci.



## Od. i. 11.

SEEK not, Leuconoë, ('tis sinful) to explore  
 What term of life for thee or me may be in store,  
 Nor tempt Chaldean mysteries! wiser far, whate'er  
 Our future fate may send, with cheerful mind to bear.  
 Whether long years be ours, or this may be the last, 5  
 Which hears the Tuscan waves, driven by the wintry  
 blast  
 Break on the opposing rocks. Be wise; pour forth the  
 wine;  
 Within our narrow span thy wandering hopes confine:  
 Ev'n while we speak, our years are slipping fast away;  
 Trust not the uncertain future, grasp the fleeting day. 10

---

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi  
 Finem Di dederint, Leuconoë; nec Babylonios  
 Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quicquid erit, pati!  
 Seu plures hiemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,  
 Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare 5  
 Tyrrhenum. Sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi  
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida  
 Ætas; carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

---

## Od. i. 24.

WHAT bounds to grief for loss of one so dear  
 Shall reason fix? the mournful verse inspire,  
 Melpomene, whose accents, soft and clear,  
 Suit well the tuneful lyre.

---

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus  
 Tam cari capitis? Præcipe lugubres  
 Cantus, Melpomene, cui liquidam pater  
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.

And does Quinctilius sleep in endless death? 5  
 Oh, where, for modest worth and truthful mind,  
 And, twin with Justice, uncorrupted Faith,  
 Shall we his equal find?

For him shall many a good man's tears be given:  
 And none shall bitterer weep, than, Virgil, thou; 10  
 Who for thy loved Quinctilius weariest Heaven  
 With unavailing vow.

No, not thy strains, though sweet as those of yore  
 With which the listening forests Orpheus led,  
 To that cold corpse the life-blood can restore, 15  
 Which, with his wand of dread,

Mercurius, deaf to sounds of human grief,  
 Hath summoned to the grisly band below:  
 'Tis hard; yet Patience may afford relief  
 Where none can ward the blow! 20

Ergo Quinctilium perpetuus sopor 5  
 Urguet! cui Pudor, et Justitiæ soror  
 Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas  
 Quando ullum invenient parem?

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit;  
 Nulli flebilior quam tibi, Virgili. 10  
 Tu frustra pius, heu! non ita creditum  
 Poscis Quinctilium deos.

Quod si Threïcio blandius Orpheo  
 Auditam moderere arboribus fidem;  
 Non vanæ redeat sanguis imagini, 15  
 Quam virga semel horrida,

Non lenis precibus fata recludere,  
 Nigro compulerit Mercurius gregi.  
 Durum! sed levius fit patientia,  
 Quicquid corrigere est nefas. 20

## Od. i. 31.

WITH what petition at the shrine  
 Of Phœbus shall the Bard appear?  
 And, as he pours the sacred wine,  
 What prayer shall reach his Patron's ear?  
 He asks not, he, the golden grain 5  
 That waves o'er rich Sardinia's plain,

Nor flocks, nor herds, that wander o'er  
 Calabria's sultry mountains steep:  
 Nor gold, nor wealthy India's store  
 Of ivory, nor pastures deep, 10  
 Through whose rich soil of mouldering clay  
 Smooth Liris eats his silent way.

Let those who Fortune's favours gain,  
 Prune the rank growth of Cales' vines;  
 Let the rich merchant freely drain 15  
 From golden goblets costly wines,  
 The prizes of his prosperous trade,  
 By Syrian merchandize repaid.

---

Quid dedicatum poscit Apollinem  
 Vates? quid orat, de patera novum  
 Fundens liquorem? Non opimas  
 Sardiniae segetes feracis;

Non æstuosæ grata Calabriae 5  
 Armenta; non aurum, aut ebur Indicum;  
 Non rura, quæ Liris quieta  
 Mordet aqua, taciturnus amnis.

Premant Calena falce, quibus dedit  
 Fortuna, vitæ; dives et aureis 10  
 Mercator exsiccet culullis  
 Vina Syra reparata merce,

He to the Gods must sure be dear,  
 Whose daring vessels scatheless brave, 20  
 Or thrice or more within the year,  
 The perils of the Atlantic wave.  
 For me be still with olives stored,  
 And cooling herbs, my frugal board.

Though small it be, my share of wealth 25  
 Grant me to enjoy; and, that I may,  
 O Phœbus, add the boon of health;  
 A mind uninjured by decay,  
 A green old age, with honour blessed,  
 And of my lyre not dispossessed. 30

---

Dis carus ipsis; quippe ter et quater  
 Anno revisens aquor Atlanticum  
 Impune. Me pascant olivæ, 15  
 Me cichorea levesque malvæ.

Frui paratis et valido mihi,  
 Latoë, donec, et, precor, integra  
 Cum mente; nec turpem senectam  
 Degere, nec cithara carentem. 20

---

Od. ii. 8.

BARINE, did not perjuries fail  
 To leave on thee one angry trace;  
 If one discoloured tooth, one nail  
 Less perfect, marred thy wondrous grace,

---

ULLA si juris tibi pejerati  
 Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam;  
 Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno  
 Turpior ungui,



I might believe; but with each vow 5  
 Thou heap'st on thy perfidious head,  
 More radiant beams thy glorious brow,  
 And wider still thy conquests spread.  
 'Tis gainful, o'er a mother's urn  
 To invoke, with false and perjured breath, 10  
 The silent stars that nightly burn,  
 The Gods above who know not death.  
 Laughs at such fraud the Cyprian Queen;  
 Laugh the kind Nymphs in gamesome mood;  
 And Cupid, who his arrows keen 15  
 Sharpens on whetstone stained with blood.  
 The rising race thy fetters wear;  
 Fresh bands of slaves embrace their chain;  
 And, though their bonds they oft forswear,  
 Thy former lovers still remain. 20  
 Thee for their sons grave matrons shun,  
 And cautious sires; and brides, new-made,  
 Fear, lest by thine enchantments won,  
 Their husbands' homeward steps be stayed.

Crederem: sed tu, simul obligasti 5  
 Perfidum votis caput, enitescis  
 Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis  
 Publica cura.  
 Expedit matris cineres opertos  
 Fallere, et toto taciturna noctis 10  
 Signa cum caelo, gelidaque divos  
 Morte carentes.  
 Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident  
 Simples Nymphae, ferus et Cupido  
 Semper ardentes acuens sagittas 15  
 Cote cruenta.  
 Adde quod pubes tibi crescit omnis;  
 Servitus crescit nova; nec priores  
 Impiae tectum dominae relinquunt,  
 Saepe minati. 20  
 Te suis matres metuunt juvenis,  
 Te senes parci, miseraeque nuper  
 Virgines nuptae, tua ne retardet  
 Aura maritos.

## Od. ii. 10.

WOULDST thou, Licinius, safely steer,  
 Tempt not too far the uncertain deep :  
 Nor, while the storm you wisely fear,  
 The treacherous shore too closely keep.

Who loves of life the golden mean, 5  
 Escapes alike the squalid cell,  
 And turmoils, that too oft are seen  
 In grandeur's envied halls to dwell.

The giant pine-trees most invite  
 The stormy winds ; with heaviest crash 10  
 Fall proudest towers ; the mountain height  
 The first attracts the lightning's flash.

The balanced mind, in weal or woe  
 Alike for fortune's change prepares ;  
 Since he, who sends the winter's snow, 15  
 Himself that winter's loss repairs.

---

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum  
 Semper urgendo ; neque, dum procellas  
 Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo  
 Littus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem 5  
 Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
 Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
 Sobrius aula.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens  
 Pinus ; et celse graviore casu 10  
 Decidunt turres ; feriuntque summos  
 Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
 Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
 Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit 15  
 Jupiter, idem

If hard be now thy lot, ere long  
 A change will come: so Phœbus wakes  
 At times the slumbering Muses' song,  
 And for the lyre his bow forsakes.

20

In narrow straits firm courage show:  
 But, prudent, when propitious gales  
 On broader seas too favouring blow,  
 Contract betimes thy swelling sails.

---

*Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim  
 Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem  
 Suscitât Musam, neque semper arcum  
 Tendit Apollo.*

20

*Rebus angustis animosus atque  
 Fortis appare; sapienter idem  
 Contrahes vento nimium secundo  
 Turgida vela.*

---

Od. ii. 14.

ALAS, my Posthumus, alas!  
 The fleeting years too quickly pass,  
 And none may stay their course;  
 Nor purest life delay bespeak  
 Of wrinkled age, and furrowed cheek,  
 And death's resistless force.

5

---

*ENEV! fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
 Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram  
 Rugis et instanti senectæ  
 Afferet, indomitaque morti.*

Three hundred bullocks, daily slain,  
 Would seek to mitigate in vain  
     The inexorable King;  
 Whose drear dominion Tityus holds, 10  
 And Geryon's giant bulk enfolds  
     Within the watery ring

Of that sad flood, which all, whoe'er  
 Draw here the breath of vital air,  
     Must cross, whate'er their lot, 15  
 Whether be theirs on earth to shine  
 In kingly palaces, or pine  
     In peasant's lowly cot.

In vain from war's alarms we run;  
 In vain of Adria's billows shun 20  
     The hoarse and broken flood;  
 In vain we dread the subtle death  
 Wherewith the south wind's poisonous breath  
     In Autumn taints the blood.

---

Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,  
 Amice, places illacrimabilem  
     Plutona tauris; qui ter amplum  
     Geryonen Tityonque tristi 6

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,  
 Quicunque terre munere vescimur,  
     Enaviganda, sive reges 10  
     Sive inopes crimus coloni.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus,  
 Fractisque rauci fluctibus Adriæ;  
     Frustra per auctumnos nocentem 15  
     Corporibus metuemus Austrum:



We all must see Cocyus flow 25  
 With sullen current, black and slow;  
 And Danäus' hateful brood;  
 And Sisyphus, condemned by fate  
 His mortal crimes to expiate  
 By labours still renewed. 30

Thy land, thy house, thy pleasing wife,  
 Must all be left with parting life:  
 The cypress, tree of gloom,  
 Alone, of all thou lov'st to tend,  
 Shall on its short-lived lord attend, 35  
 And wave above thy tomb.

Thy cellars, guarded with such care  
 By hundred locks, thy worthier heir  
 Shall ransack of their hoard;  
 And wine thy marble floors shall drown 40  
 More rich than e'er was seen to crown  
 A pontiff's splendid board.

Visendus ater flumine languido  
 Cocytos errans, et Danaï genus  
 Infame, damnatusque longi  
 Sisyphus Æolides laboris. 20

Linquenda tellus, et domus, et placens  
 Uxor; neque harum, quas colis, arborum  
 Te, præter invisas cupressos,  
 Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet hæres Cæcuba dignior 25  
 Servata centum clavibus; et mero  
 Tinguet pavementum superbo  
 Pontificum potiore cœnis.

Od. iii. 9.

HOR.           WHILE I was dear to thee,  
                  While with encircling arms  
                  No youth, preferred to me,  
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;  
                  I envied not, by thee adored,  
                  The wealth, the bliss of Persia's lord.

LYD.       While all thy bosom glowed  
              With love for me alone;  
              While Lydia there abode,  
Where Chloe now has fixed her hateful throne;       10  
              Well pleased, our Roman Ilia's fame  
              I deemed eclipsed by Lydia's name.

HOR. 'Tis true, my captive heart  
The fair-haired Chloe sways,  
Skilled with transcendent art  
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious lays;  
For her my life were gladly paid,  
So Heaven would spare my Thracian maid.

Non. DNEC gratus eram tibi,  
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ  
Cervici juvenis dabat;  
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Lyd. Donec non alia magis  
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën ;  
**M**ulti Lydia nominis  
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Hon. Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,  
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens;  
Pro qua non metuam mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.



## Od. iii. 13.

BANDUSIA, purest fount, as crystal bright,  
 Well worthy floral wreaths and festal rite,  
     To thee shall bleed, to-morrow morn,  
     A kid, whose newly budding horn  
 Gives hopes of future loves, and battle's shock:      5  
 Vain hopes! the scion of the wanton flock  
     With the red tribute of his blood  
     Must stain thy cold and silvery flood.  
 Thou by the fiery Dog-Star's fiercest heat  
 Remain'st untouched; thy sheltering cool retreat      10  
     Is welcome to the o'er-laboured ox,  
     Loosed from the plough, and wandering flocks.  
 Nor shalt thou want, 'mid founts, an honoured name;  
 While I, thy bard, consign to future fame  
     The caverned rocks, with ilex crowned,      15  
     Down which thy babbling waters bound.

---

O frons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,  
 Dulci digne mero, non sine floribus,  
     Cras donaberis hædo,  
     Cui frons turgida cornibus  
 Primis et Venerem et prælia destinat,      5  
 Frustra; nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
     Rubro sanguine rivos  
     Lascivi soboles gregis.  
 Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ  
 Nescit tangeri: tu frigus amabile      10  
     Fessis vomere tauris  
     Præbes, et pecori vago.  
 Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,  
 Me dicente cavis impositam ilicem  
     Saxis, unde loquaces      15  
     Lymphæ desiliunt tuæ.



## Od. iv. 2.

Who seeks to rival Pindar's fame  
 With waxen wings, Iulus, flies;  
 To give, like Icarus, a name  
 To seas, where quenched his folly lies.

As mountain torrents, swoll'n by rain, 5  
 O'erpass their banks, and boil along,  
 So Pindar, boundless, rolls amain  
 The deep-mouthed volume of his song:

With Phœbus' laurel justly crowned,  
 Whether in Dithyrambies free, 10  
 From trammels loosed, with words new-found,  
 He pour his lawless harmony:

Whether of Gods, or kings, the seed  
 Of Gods, he sing, who gave to death,  
 Well-merited, the Centaur breed, 15  
 And quenched Chimæra's fiery breath;

---

PINDARUM quisquis studet amulari, l-  
 ule, ceratis ope Dadalea  
 Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus  
 Nomina ponto.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres 5  
 Quem super notas aluere ripas,  
 Fervet immensusque ruit profundo  
 Pindarus ore,

Laurea donandus Apollinari,  
 Seu per audaces nova Dithyrambos 10  
 Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur  
 Lege solutis;

Seu deos, regesve canit, deorum  
 Sanguinem, per quos cecidere justa  
 Morte Centauri, cecidit tremendæ 15  
 Flamma Chimæra;

Or honour with a richer meed  
Than all the sculptor's art could trace,  
The pugilist, or victor steed,  
Triumphant in the Elean race; 20

Or with the widowed bride condole,  
Reft of her lord in manhood's bloom,  
Extol his grace, his heart, his soul,  
And rescue from the oblivious tomb.

Riding the gale on pinions proud, 25  
The Swan of Dirce soars sublime  
Amid the expanse of storm and cloud;  
While, as the bee from fragrant thyme,

Laborious, draws her honied spoil;  
Moist Tibur's groves and banks along 30  
Musing I rove, and ceaseless toil  
To weave my unaspiring song.

---

Sive, quos Elea demum reducit  
Palma cœlestes, pugilemve equumve  
Dicit, et centum potiore signis  
Munere donat; 20

Flebili sponsæ juvenemve raptum  
Plorat; et vires animumque mores-  
que aureos educit in astra, nigro-  
que invidet Orco.

Multa Dirceum levat aura cyncum, 25  
Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos  
Nubium tractus: ego, apis Matinæ  
More mœloque

Grata carpentis thyma per laborem 30  
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique  
Tiburis ripas operosa parvus  
Carmina fingo.

But thou shalt strike a loftier strain,  
 When Cæsar, on some glorious day,  
 Shall lead the fierce Sicambrian train 35  
 Of captives, up the sacred way:

Cæsar, than whom, in mercy given,  
 No greater, better boon we hold;  
 Nor should do, though indulgent Heaven  
 Restored the fabled age of gold. 40

Thou shalt the joyful days record,  
 The city's public games, decreed  
 For Cæsar to our prayers restored,  
 The courts from anxious suitors freed.

Then shall be heard my joyous lay 45  
 (Should aught of mine such honour earn),  
 Oh, glorious sun! oh, happy day!  
 That sees Augustus' safe return!

---

Concines majore Poëta plectro  
 Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroces  
 Per Sacrum clivum, merita decorus 35  
 Fronde, Sicambros;

Quo nihil majus meliusve terris  
 Fata donavere bonique divi,  
 Nec dabunt, quamvis redeant in aurum  
 Tempora priscum. 40

Concines lætosque dies, et urbis  
 Publicum ludum, super impetrato  
 Fortis Augusti reditu, forumque  
 Litibus orbem.

Tum meæ (si quid loquar audiendum) 45  
 Vocis accedet bona pars; et, o Sol  
 Pulcher, o laudande, canam recepto  
 Cæsare felix.

And, as you pass, from every tongue  
 Triumphant shouts renewed shall rise; 50  
 And thousands to the temples throng,  
 To pay their grateful sacrifice.

For thee ten bulls, as many cows;  
 For me a weanling calf shall bleed  
 In satisfaction of my vows, 55  
 Who revels now in grassy mead:

Dun-coloured, save of snowy white,  
 Upon his front a crescent blaze;  
 Shaped like the horns of silvery light  
 The moon, at three days old, displays. 60

---

Tuque dum procedis, Io Triumphe!  
 Non semel dicemus, Io Triumphe!  
 Civitas omnis; dabimusque divis 50  
     Tura benignis.

Te decem tauri totidemque vaccæ,  
 Me tener solvet vitulus, relictæ  
 Matre, qui largis juvenescit herbis 55  
     In mea vota,

Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes  
 Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,  
 Qua notam duxit, niveus videri,  
     Cætera fulvus. 60



## Od. iv. 7.

THE snows are gone, the fields resume their grassy hue;  
     The trees their leaves renew:  
 The earth is freshly clad; the late swoll'n streams, now low,  
     Within their limits flow:  
 The sister Graces three, and Nymphs unzoned advance,      5  
     And lead the festive dance.  
 The seasons' change, the hours that steal our days, explain  
     Immortal hopes how vain!  
 Springs banish Winter's frosts—Summers succeed to Springs,  
     Then fruitful Autumn brings      10  
 Her ripened treasures forth; and soon the earth again  
     Is bound in wintry chain.  
 But Nature's losses soon the circling months repair;  
     We, when we journey, where  
 Æneas, Tullus, Ancus, all have gone before,      15  
     Are shades and dust—no more!  
 That Heaven to this day's sum will add another day,  
     Who shall presume to say?

---

DIFFUGERE nives; redeunt jam gramina campis,  
     Arboribusque comæ:  
 Mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas  
     Flumina prætereunt:  
 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet      5  
     Ducere nuda choros.  
 Immortalia ne speres monet annus, et alium  
     Quæ rapit hora diem.  
 Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas  
     Interitura, simul      10  
 Pomifer auctumnus fruges effuderit; et mox  
     Bruma recurrit iners.  
 Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ:  
     Nos, ubi decidimus  
 Quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus,      15  
     Pulvis et umbra sumus.  
 Quis scit, an adjuvant hodiernæ crastina summæ  
     Tempora Dî superi?

Whate'er with liberal hand thy generous bounty shares,  
     Shall 'scape thy greedy heirs; 20  
 When thou shalt once have died, and Minos hath on thee  
     Passed his august decree,  
 Torquatus, not thy blood, thine eloquence, thy worth,  
     Can bring thee back to earth.  
 Not pure Hippolytus could 'scape, with Dian's aid, 25  
     From that Tartarean shade;  
 Nor Theseus break the slumbrous chains of Lethe, round  
     His loved Pirithöus bound.

---

Cuncta manus avidas fugient hæredis, amico  
     Quæ dederis animo. 20  
 Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos  
     Fecerit arbitria;  
 Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te  
     Restituet pietas.  
 Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum 25  
     Liberat Hippolytum;  
 Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro  
     Vincula Pirithoo.

# CATULLUS.

Car. xxxi.

## S I R M I O.

SIRMIO, fair eye of all the laughing isles  
And jutting capes that rise from either main,  
Or crown our inland waters, with glad smiles  
Of heartfelt joy I greet thee once again,  
Scarce daring to believe mine eyes, that see 5  
No more Bithynia's plains, but fondly rest on thee,

My own, my chosen Home! Oh, what more blest  
Than that sweet pause of troubles, when the mind  
Flings off its burthen, and when, long oppressed  
By cares abroad and foreign toil, we find 10  
Our native home again, and rest our head  
Once more upon our own, long-lost, long-wished-for bed!

This, this alone, o'er pays my every pain!  
Hail! loveliest Sirmio, hail! with joy like mine  
Receive thy happy lord! Thou liquid plain 15  
Of Laria's lake, in sparkling welcome shine!  
Put all your beauties forth! laugh out! be glad!  
In universal smiles this day must all be clad!

---

PENINSULARUM, SIRMIO, insularumque  
Ocelle, quascunque in liquentibus stagnis,  
Marique vasto fert uterque Neptunus:  
Quam te libenter, quamque lætus invisio!  
Vix mi ipse credens Thyniam, atque Bithynos 5  
Liquisse campos, et videre te in tuto.  
O quid solutis est beatius curis?  
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino  
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,  
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto. 10  
Hoc est, quod unum est pro laboribus tantis;  
Salve, o venusta Sirmio, atque hero gaude:  
Gaudete vosque, Lariae lacus undæ:  
Ridete quidquid est domi cachinnorum.

Epitaph  
ON  
HIS DAUGHTER,

BY BISHOP LOWTH.

---

DEAR Child, farewell! that didst in worth,  
Wit, piety, so far excel!  
By closer ties than those of birth  
Knit to my heart, dear Child, farewell!

Dear Child, farewell! till Time bring round      5  
Those blessed ages, yet in store,  
When I, if haply worthy found,  
Shall meet thee face to face once more!

Dear Child, oh come, no more to part,  
Shall I exclaim in rapture then;      10  
To bless a Father's arms and heart,  
My Child, my Mary, come again!

---

CARA, vale! ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,  
Et plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale!

Cara, vale! donec veniat felicius ævum,  
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.

Cara, redi, lætâ tum dicam voce, paternos      5  
Eia age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi!



# Epitaph

ON THE

## MARQUIS OF WELLESLEY.

BY HIMSELF.



LONG tost on Fortune's waves, I come to rest,  
Eton, once more on thy maternal breast.  
On loftiest deeds to fix the aspiring gaze,  
To seek the purer lights of ancient days,  
To love the simple paths of manly truth,— 5  
These were thy lessons to my opening youth.  
If on my later life some glory shine,  
Some honours grace my name, the meed is thine!  
My Boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive,  
And one last tear of kind remembrance give! 10



FORTUNÆ rerumque vagis exercitus undis,  
In gremium redeo serus, Etona, tuum.  
Magna sequi, et summæ mirari culmina famæ,  
Et purum antiquæ lucis adire jubar,  
Auspice te didici puer; atque in limine vitæ 5  
Ingenuas veræ laudis amare vias.  
Siqua meum vitæ decursæ gloria nomen  
Auxerit, aut aliquis nobilitarit honor,  
Muneris, alma, tui est. Altrix da terra sepulcrum,  
Supremam lacrymam da, memoremque mei. 10

FROM THE FRENCH.

## MILLEVOYE.

---

THICKLY amid the groves were laid  
The leafy spoils of Autumn's gale;  
Each woody nook to light displayed,  
And hushed the voiceless nightingale.

Ev'n in his dawn of life decaying, 5  
A youthful poet sadly roved;  
Yet once again with faint steps straying  
Amid the scenes his childhood loved.

Dear woods, farewell! your mournful hue 10  
Foretells the doom that waits on me;  
And in each blighted leaf, anew  
I learn to read my death's decree.

---

DE la dépouille de nos bois  
L'Automne avait jonché la terre;  
Le bocage était sans mystère,  
Le rossignol était sans voix.

Triste, et mourant dans son aurore, 5  
Un jeune malade, à pas lents,  
Parcourait une fois encore  
Les bois chers à ses premiers ans.

Bois chéris, adieu ! je succombe ;  
Votre deuil prédit mon sort ; 10  
Et dans chaque feuille qui tombe  
Je vois l'arrêt de ma mort.

Yes he, the boding sage, has said,  
 Perchance thine eye may see once more  
 The Autumnal forest's mellowing red, 15  
 Yet once again, and then 'tis o'er.

Round thy young front, all dark and sere,  
 Is twined e'en now the cypress wreath;  
 And paler than the paling year  
 Thou bendest toward the bed of death. 20

Ere yonder russet grass shall fade,  
 Ere droop upon yon vine-clad height  
 The last remains of lingering shade,  
 Thy youth shall feel the nipping blight.

And I must die! the chilling blast 25  
 Congeals me with its icy touch;  
 And ere my spring of life is past,  
 I feel my winter's near approach.

---

Fatal oracle d'Epidaure,  
 Tu l'as dit, les feuilles du bois  
 A tes yeux jauniront encore, 15  
 Mais c'est pour la dernière fois.

Le sombre cyprès t'environne;  
 Plus pâle que le pâle Automne,  
 Tu t'inclines vers le tombeau;  
 Et ta jeunesse sera flétrie 20  
 Avant l'herbe de la prairie,  
 Avant le pampre du coteau.

Et je meurs! de leur froide haleine  
 Les vents funestes m'ont touché;  
 Et mon printemps s'achève à peine, 25  
 Que mon hiver s'est approché.



Fall, blighted foliage, chill and pale;  
 Hide from the sight this road of sorrow, 30  
 And from a mother's anguish veil  
 The spot where I must lie to-morrow!

But if to this sequestered brake  
 Kind pity lead one much-loved Maid;  
 Sweetly her fairy step shall wake, 35  
 And soothe awhile my troubled shade!

He past—and never to return!—  
 The last leaf quivering in the glade  
 Fell on the youthful Poet's urn.  
 Beneath the oak his tomb was made. 40

But never to that lowly stone  
 The Maiden came, by pity led;  
 The passing Shepherd's step alone  
 Disturbed that still sepulchral bed.

Tombe, tombe, feuille éphémère !  
 Voile aux yeux ce triste chemin !  
 Cache au désespoir de ma mère  
 La place où je serai demain ! 30

Mais vers la solitaire allée  
 Si mon amante désolée  
 Venait pleurer quand le jour fuit,  
 Éveillée par son léger bruit  
 Mon ombre un instant consolée . . . 35

Il dit—s'éloigne, et sans retour !  
 La dernière feuille qui tombe  
 A signalé son dernier jour.  
 Sous le chêne on creusa sa tombe.

Mais son amante ne vint pas 40  
 Visiter la pierre isolée ;  
 Et le pâtre de la vallée  
 Troubla seul, du bruit de ses pas,  
 Le silence du mausolée.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

# METASTASIO.



## THE PARTING.

THE hour is come! Love, fare thee well!  
Farewell, my Love, my first, my last!  
For me the charms of life are past  
When far away from thee, Love!  
For me nor joys nor peace remain, 5  
But wakeful thoughts and ceaseless pain;  
While thou, perchance, wilt never more—  
Oh, never, think on me, Love!

Yet canst thou not forbid my thoughts  
Lingering around those charms to stay, 10  
Which sweetly stole my peace away,  
And hover still round thee, Love!

---

ECCO quel fiero istante ;  
Nice, mia Nice, addio.  
Come vivrò, ben mio,  
Così lontan da te ?  
Io vivrò sempre in pene, 5  
Io non avrò più bene ;  
E tu, chi sa se mai  
Ti sovverrai di me !

Soffri che in traccia almeno  
Di mia perduta pace 10  
Venga il pensier seguace  
Sull' orme del tuo piè.

Still, still about thy path, where'er  
 Thy steps are turned, my heart is there;  
 While thou, perchance, wilt never more— 15  
     Oh, never, think on me, Love!

While I through distant climes shall roam,  
 And sadly to the desert shore  
 My constant strain of sorrow pour,  
     And vainly call on thee, Love! 20  
 From morn to morn one theme of woe,  
 One only theme, my heart can know;  
 While thou, perchance, wilt never more—  
     Ah, never, think on me, Love!

And on those scenes of vanished joys, 25  
 Those pleasant scenes, I oft shall gaze,  
 Where swiftly passed the blissful days,  
     The days I passed with thee, Love!  
 For me shall every spot I view  
 My bleeding memory's wounds renew; 30

---

Sempre nel tuo cammino,  
 Sempre m' avrai vicino;  
 E tu, chi sa se mai 15  
 Ti sovverrai di me!

Io fra remote sponde  
 Mesto volgendo i passi  
 Andrò chiedendo ai sassi,  
 La ninfa mia dov' è? 20  
     Dall' una all' altra aurora  
 Teandrò chiamando ognora,  
 E tu, chi sa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me!

Io rivedrò sovente 25  
 Le amene piagge, o Nice,  
 Dove vivea felice,  
 Quando vivea con te.  
     A me saran tormento  
 Cento memorie e cento; 30



While thou, perchance, wilt never more—  
 Ah, never, think on me, Love!

Beside this fount I saw thy brow  
 A moment cloud, but soon appeased  
 That beauteous hand with rapture seized, 35  
     The pledge of peace with thee, Love!  
 Here first I heard Hope's flattering tone;  
 There fondly sighed, but not alone;  
 Yet thou, perchance, wilt never more—  
     Ah, never, think on me, Love! 40

And now around thy new abode,  
 Full many a heart like mine shall swell,  
 And many a tale of passion tell,  
     With vows of truth to thee, Love!  
 And thou, while all their homage pay, 45  
 And fondly weep, or softly pray,  
 Wilt thou, perchance, one moment ever,—  
     Oh, wilt thou think on me, Love?

---

E tu, chi sa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me!

Ecco, dirò, quel fonte,  
 Dove avvampò di sdegno,  
 Ma poi di pace in pegno 35  
 La bella man mi diè.

Qui sì vivea di speme,  
 Là sì languiva insieme;  
 E tu, chi sa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me! 40

Quanti vedrai giungendo  
 Al nuovo tuo soggiorno,  
 Quanti venirti intorno  
 A offrirti amore, e fe!  
     O Dio! chi sa fra tanti 45  
 Teneri omaggi, e pianti,  
 O Dio! chi sa se mai  
 Ti sovverrai di me!

---

Oh, think on all the pangs I feel,  
 The wound that rankles in my breast: 50  
 I dared not hope—but, hope suppressed,  
     Still fondly worshipped thee, Love!  
 Oh, think what anguished feelings swell,  
 In this last, bitterest fare-thee-well!  
 Oh, think—but thou wilt never more— 55  
     No, never, think on me, Love!

---

Pensa qual dolce strale,  
     Cara, mi lasci in seno: 50  
 Pensa che amò Fileno  
 Senza sperar mercè!  
     Pensa, mia vita, a questo  
 Barbaro addio funesto;  
 Pensa . . . Ah chi sa se mai 55  
 Ti sovverrai di me!

# FILICIA.



## SONNETS TO ITALY.

### Son. i.

ITALIA! oh, Italia! thou on whom  
The fatal gift of beauty brings e'en now  
The dower of anguish, which thy constant doom  
Hath graven for ages on thy furrowed brow!  
Wert thou less fair, or more renowned in arms! 5  
That they might love thee less, or fear thee more,  
Who, basking in the sunshine of thy charms,  
Yet on thy beauties war and rapine pour.  
Then should not I behold the war-cloud burst  
Down from the Alps; nor France's legions bending 10  
In the Po's bloodstained waves to quench their thirst;  
Nor thee, on valour not thine own depending,  
With foreign friends from foreign foes to save,  
Conquering or conquered, still alike a hopeless slave! 14

---

ITALIA, Italia, o tu cui feo la sorte  
Dono infelice di bellezza, ond' hai  
Funesta dote d' infiniti guai  
Che in fronte scritti per gran doglia porte;  
Deh fossi tu men bella, o almen più forte, 5  
Onde assai più ti paventasse, o assai  
T' amasse men chi del tuo bello ai rai  
Par che si strugga, e pur ti sfida a morte!  
Che or giù dall' Alpi non vedrei torrenti  
Scender d' armati, nè di sangue tinta 10  
Bever l' onda del Po gallici armenti;  
Nè te vedrei, del non tuo ferro cinta,  
Pugnar col braccio di stranigere enti,  
Per servir sempre o vincitrice o vinta. 14

## Son. ii.

WHERE is thine arm, Italia? why employ  
 A stranger's hand to guard thee? he who saves  
 Is not less fierce than they who now destroy:  
 Both are thy foes, and both were once thy slaves.  
 Preserv'st thou thus thine honour? dar'st thou show 5  
 Such memory of thy once all-glorious reign?  
 To Valour, ancient Valour, keep'st thou so  
 The plighted faith he swore to thee again?  
 Go, then! divorce thy wedded lord! espouse  
 Foul, helpless Sloth! sleep on, 'mid cries abhorred, 10  
 And groans, and murder, mindless of thy vows!  
 Sleep, vile adulteress, till the avenging sword  
 Find thee a naked, slumbering, guilty prey,  
 Ev'n in thy leman's arms, and wake thee but to slay! 14

---

Dov' è, Italia, il tuo braccio? e a che ti servi  
 Tu dell' altrui? non è, s' io scorgo il vero,  
 Di chi t' offende il difensor men fero:  
 Ambo nemici sono, ambo fur servi.  
 Così dunque l' onor, così conservi . 5  
 Gli avanzi tu del glorioso impero?  
 Così al valor, così al valor primiero  
 Che a te fede giurò, la fede osservi?  
 Or va'; repudia il valor prisco, e sposa  
 L' ozio; e fra il sangue, i gemiti e le strida, 10  
 Nel periglio maggior dormi e riposa:  
 Dormi, adultera vil, fin che omicida  
 Spada ultrice ti svegli, e sonnacchiosa  
 E nuda in braccio al tuo fedel t' uccida. 14



## Son. iii.

WITH equal steps, Italia, toward their close  
 Approach the winter, and thine hours of life;  
 Nor know'st thou yet with what a storm of woes  
 For thee the clouds of destiny are rife.  
 But as the Nile pursues his hidden course, 5  
 Till all at once his mighty waters rise;  
 Ev'n so on thee in fury from their source  
 Shall burst the torrent of thy miseries.  
 Then shalt thou see, beneath that whelming tide  
 Shipwrecked and sunk, thine over-jealous fears, 10  
 Thy helpless prudence and vainglorious pride!  
 Then see how weak disjointed power appears!  
 Then learn how vain the coward statesman's art,  
 Who fears to guard the whole, yet hopes to save a  
 part. 14

VANNO a un termine sol con passi eguali  
 Del verno, Italia, e di tua vita l' ore;  
 Nè ancor sai quante di sua man lavoro  
 A tuo danno il destin saette e strali.  
 Ma qual per sotterranei canali 5  
 Scorre 'l Nilo, e improvviso esce poi fuore;  
 Tai, schiuso il fonte del natio furore,  
 Tutte in te sboccheran l' acque dei mali:  
 E vedrai tosto in sì turbata e fiera  
 Onda naufraghe andar tema gelosa, 10  
 Prudenza inerme, e vanitate altera:  
 Vedrai che imperio disunito posa  
 Sempre in falso; e che parte indarno spera  
 Salvar, chi tutto di salvar non osa. 14

## Son. iv.

For thee, Italia, Death and Discord are  
 Two names, one thing; and with this ill thou hast  
 Another greater; that too weak for war,  
 Thou art too strong to be in silence past.  
 In such perplexing state of doubt and care, 5  
 To yield is bitter, hopeless to contend:  
 Whence, as conflicting winds in middle air,  
 Now here, now there, their balanced pinions bend;  
 So mingled Jealousy, and Fear, and Rage,  
 Self-poised between thy weakness and thy power, 10  
 Within thy breast their whirlwind battle wage;  
 And down on thee such storms of misery shower,  
 That, hope—despair—or crouch, or nobly strike,  
 Though varying still the risk, thy doom is sealed alike! 14

---

Sono, Italia, per te discordia e morte  
 In due nomi una cosa; e a sì gran male  
 Un mal s'aggiugne non minor, che frale  
 Non se' abbastanza nè abbastanza forte.  
 In tale stato, in così dubbia sorte 5  
 Ceder non piace, e contrastar non vale:  
 Onde come a mezz' aria impennan l' ale,  
 E a fiera pugna i venti apron le porte;  
 Tra 'l frale e 'l forte tuo non altrimenti  
 Nascon quasi a mezz' aria, e guerra fanno 10  
 D' ira, invidia e timor turbini e venti;  
 E tai piovono in te nembi d' affanno,  
 Che se sperì o disperì, osi o paventi,  
 Diverso è 'l rischio, e sempre ugual fia 'l danno. 14

## Son. v.

WHEN darker still the embrowning shade declines  
 From the huge mountain-top, "our dying light,"  
 Musing I cry, "on other nations shines,  
 Nor reigns o'er all one universal night."  
 But thou, Italia! in what gloom departs 5  
 The vanished glory of thy mid-day sun!  
 Glories of wit and valour, arms and arts,  
 All once were thine, and now remains not one!  
 Amid such gloomy darkness, seest thou not  
 The flame of war that kindles all around? 10  
 Or dost thou see, nor yet believe thy lot?  
 But if by suffering still delay be found,  
 Yes, suffer still! yet shalt thou sometime see  
 That death deferred awhile, is far from victory! 14

---

QUANDO già dai gran monti bruna bruna  
 Cade l' ombra, un pensiero a dir mi sforza:  
 S' accende altrove il dì, se quì si smorza;  
 Nè tutto a un tempo l' universo imbruna.  
 Indi esclamo: Qual notte atra importuna 5  
 Tutte l' ampie tue glorie a un tratto ammorza?  
 Glorie di senno, di valor, di forza  
 Già mille avesti; or non hai tu pur una.  
 E in così buie tenebre non vedi  
 L' alto incendio di guerra, onde tutt' ardi? 10  
 E non credi al tuo mal, se agli occhi credi?  
 Ma se tue stragi col soffrir ritardi,  
 Soffri, misera, soffri; indi a te chiedi  
 Se sia forse vittoria il perder tardi. 14

## Son. vi.

Yes, hapless, suffer still! victorious France  
 Cheers in thy milder clime the wintry gloom;  
 And toward their close the rigorous months advance,  
 That interpose between thee and thy doom.  
 But ere the murderous trump of war have given 5  
 Its fearful prelude to the battle shock,  
 Hear how thy destiny is sealed in Heaven;  
 And wilt thou still the awful warning mock?  
 Thy fate draws near—thine hour is come—thy foes  
 Have sworn, ere earth be clad in verdure yet, 10  
 To reap the harvest of thy ripened woes;  
 No dubious language, no ambiguous threat:  
 Read then thy sentence in their warning voice—  
 To die, or live a slave! Reflect, and take thy choice! 14

SOFFRI, misera, soffri. Ecco al tuo foco  
 Tempran l' inverno i Franchi; e s' interpone  
 Sol fra' tuoi scempi e te la rea stagione  
 Che omai s' avanza, e al nuovo april dà loco.  
 Ma pria che tromba micidial col fioco 5  
 Suo canto accenda la fatal tenzone,  
 Odi ciò che in tuo danno il ciel dispone.  
 Estremo è il danno; e 'l prenderai tu a gioco?  
 Freme il nemico, e ti vuol morta; e giura,  
 Giura di far, pria che 'l terren verdeggi, 10  
 L' infausta messe de' tuo' guai matura.  
 Non oscuro è il linguaggio: ancor non leggi  
 Nelle minacce sue la tua sciagura?  
 O servire, o morir. Pensa, ed eleggi. 14



## LOST FREEDOM.

---

OH, break my golden fetters, and restore  
The happy hours when I with thee was blessed;  
Or, if I lose thee, let me keep no more  
The memory of the bliss I once possessed.  
That I love thee, O Freedom, Heaven can tell, 5  
The mountain echoes, and the lonely vale;  
The ocean flood that with my tears I swell;  
The desert air that hears my constant wail.  
But if indeed thy wrath I justly feel,  
Become the slave of slavish dignity, 10  
Increase thine anger, but thy charms conceal.  
When Heaven is wroth, nor sun nor stars we see,  
Nor sign of beauty cheers the darkened air;  
But thou art still more wroth, and still art doubly fair!

---

O 'L dolce tempo ch' io di te godei,  
Rendi, e 'l forte mio laccio aureo recidi:  
O fa' ch' io perda, poichè te perdei,  
L' alta imago del bel che in te già vidi.  
S' io t' amo, o bella Libertà, gl' Iddei 5  
Il sanno, e 'l san le valli e i monti e i lidi,  
E 'l mar che cresce de' gran plants miei,  
E l' aere ch' empio de' miei alti stridi.  
Ma se degli odi tuoi son io ben degno  
Dal dì ch' io servo a dignitate ancella, 10  
Purchè scemi 'l tuo bel, cresca 'l tuo sdegno.  
Quando s' adira il ciel, nè sol nè stella,  
Nè in lui pur veggio di bellezza un segno:  
Tu più sempre t' adiri, e più sei bella. 14

## DISPARAGEMENT OF EARTHLY GLORY.



Oh, vanquished oft, but never quite subdued,  
Desire of Glory, child of mortal birth,  
That art all earth thyself, and earth thy food,  
And mak'st thy subjects, like thyself, all earth!  
Oh, what avails it, that with constant toil 5  
I strive, and stifle thee within my heart;  
If still thy contact with thy native soil  
Fresh strength and life, Antæus-like, impart?  
That soil accurst, my own too fond conceit;  
Whence could I tear thee once, and so destroy, 10  
Then would I celebrate that glorious feat  
With far more triumph, more exulting joy,  
Than Hercules on Libya's plains could know,  
When he Antæus slew, a far less dangerous foe. 14

---

O vinto sì, ma non mai vinto appieno,  
Desio di gloria, che di terra nasci,  
E sei terra, e di terra anco ti pasci,  
E fai l' uom, come te, tutto terreno;  
Qual pro che ad or ad or dentro al mio seno 5  
Te quasi estinto e tramortito io lasci,  
Se ognor più forte, qual Anteo, rinasci  
Tocco appena al materno empio terreno?  
Empio terren della mia propria stima,  
Dal cui contatto sì malvagio e reo, 10  
S' unqua fia ch' io ti stacchi e poi t' opprima,  
Del grande scempio d'un più forte Anteo  
Andrò superbo, e n' avrò spoglia opima,  
E farò più che in Libia Ercol non feo. 14

## COUNTRY IN SPRING.

---

THESE lonely hills possess such charms for me,  
These glades in all their native wildness dressed,  
That day by day unwearied still I see,  
And plant their image in my thoughtful breast.  
Pleased, I behold the new-born verdure grow, 5  
The tender shoots put forth their leafy green;  
Or sit beside the stream, whose limpid flow  
Bathes, and reflects at once, the forest scene.  
Here all unseen, long tranquil days I lead;  
Here from my heart's pernicious soil I cast 10  
Each evil thought, each noxious mental weed:  
Here muse in silence o'er my errors past;  
And on some tree my self-inflicted woes  
Record, and bathe with tears; and there repentance grows!

---

Io son sì vago dell' orror natto  
Di questi alpestri e solitari colli,  
Che non fian gli occhi mai stanchi o satolti  
Di mandarne l' imago al pensier mio. 5  
Crescer qui l' erbe nuove, e qui vegg' io  
Spuntar sul tronco i giovani rampolli;  
E alle verd' ombre di rugiada molli  
Spegner la sete, e farsi specchio il rio.  
Qui le reliquie de' miei giorni al lido 10  
Traggo; e quei germi che 'l maligno suolo  
Di mia mente nodri, svello e recido:  
E dei passati error, pensoso e solo,  
Mentre l' istoria in ogni tronco incido,  
Di pianto il bagno; e vi germoglia il duolo. 14

# MANZONI.



## THE FIFTH OF MAY.

'Tis past; as, motionless and pale,  
The mortal struggle o'er, but late  
With that proud spirit animate,  
Now lies the senseless clay:

So, awe-struck, in dismay, 5

Earth stands in breathless trance, and listens to the tale.

That fated Mortal's dying hour

She muses o'er, and ponders when

With iron heel such earthly power

Shall tread her bloodstained fields again. 10

---

Er fù!—siccome immobile,  
Dato il mortal sospiro  
Stette la spoglia immemore  
Orba di tanto spiro ;  
Così percossa, attonita,

5

La terra al nunzio sta ;  
Muta pensando all' ultima  
Ora dell' uom fatale,  
Nè sa quando una simile  
Orma di piè mortale  
La sua cruenta polvere  
A calpestar verrà.

10



Him, uninspired, my soul beheld,  
 Enthroned in glory's glittering hall;  
 I marked him from his splendour flung,  
 Again to rise, again to fall;  
 And when a thousand harps were strung, 15  
 My voice the chorus never swelled;  
 By servile flattery ne'er disgraced,  
 By coward insult undebased.  
 But now, o'er such a planet's last eclipse,  
 She wakes, and haply not in vain, 20  
 From unpolluted lips,  
 Pours o'er the funeral urn a long-surviving strain.  
 From Alpine heights to Egypt's shore,  
 From Rhine to Tagus, far around  
 Was heard his thunder's vengeful roar; 25  
 And Death was in the sound!  
 His red-winged lightning flashed from Scylla's rock;  
 The frozen North re-echoed to the shock.  
 Was this true glory? let succeeding Time  
 That arduous question ask; 30

---

Lui, folgorante in soglio,  
 Vide il mio genio, e tacque;  
 Quando con vice assidua 15  
 Cadde, risorse, e giacque,  
 Di mille voci al sonito  
 Mista la sua non ha;  
 Vergin di servo encomio,  
 E di codardo oltraggio, 20  
 Sorge or commosso al subito  
 Sparir di tanto raggio,  
 E scioglie all' urna un cantico,  
 Che forse non morrà.  
 Dall' Alpi alle Piramidi, 25  
 Dal Manzanarre al Rheno,  
 Di quel sicuro il fulmine  
 Scorrea dietro al baleno:  
 Scoppiò da Scilla a Tanai,  
 Dall' uno all' altro mar. 30  
 Fu vera gloria? ai Posterì  
 L' ardua sentenza! Nui

Ours be the simpler task  
 Before the mighty Maker's throne to bow,  
 Who in that towering genius deigned to show  
 Of His Creator Spirit an image, how sublime!

The stormy, tremulous delight 35  
 Of some exalted plan;  
 The fever of the haughty soul  
 Of more than mortal scope:  
 Scarce curbed to serve, with eager scan  
 Still fixed on Empire as its goal; 40  
 And reaching such a dizzy height  
 'Twere madness to have dared to hope—  
 All this he knew; he too had known  
 The blaze of glory, brighter from defeat;  
 The flight—the victory—the throne— 45  
 The Exile's lone retreat;  
 Twice in the dust; and twice, in sterner pride,  
 A god, by countless myriads deified.  
 He comes: two centuries are seen  
 Arrayed in hostile arms to stand; 50

---

Chiniam la fronte al massimo  
 Fattor, che volle in lui  
 Del Creator suo Spirito 35  
 Più vasta orma stampar.  
 La procellosa e trepida  
 Gioja d' un gran disegno;  
 L' ansia d' un cor che indocile  
 Serve, pensando al regno; 40  
 E' l giugne, e ottiene un premio  
 Ch' era follia sperar;  
 Tutto ei provò! la gloria  
 Maggior dopo il periglio,  
 La fuga e la vittoria, 45  
 Il regno, e il tristo esilio;  
 Due volte nella polvere,  
 Due volte in sull' altar.  
 Ei si nomò; due secoli  
 L' un contro l' altro armato, 50

To him they turn, from his command,  
 Submiss, their destiny await:  
 He bids be still; and, high between,  
 He sits, the arbiter of fate!  
 He vanished—and in dull repose, 55  
 In narrow bounds his life must close;  
 By turns, in every changing state,  
 Object of envy, love, and fear;  
 Pursued by unextinguished hate,  
 And wept by Pity's tenderest tear. 60

As o'er the drowning wretch  
 The incumbent wave rolls its o'erwhelming weight;  
 That very wave, on which of late  
 Upborne, his anxious gaze would stretch,  
 And, o'er the billows' summit strain, 65  
 To reach the distant shore—in vain!

So o'er that haughty soul  
 Must the dark tide of recollection roll!  
 How oft, to each succeeding age  
 To paint himself he vainly planned! 70

---

Sommessi a lui si volsero,  
 Come aspettando il fato:  
 Ei fè silenzio, ed arbitro  
 S' assise in mezzo a lor.  
 E sparve; e i dì nell' ozio 55  
 Chiuse in sì breve sponda,  
 Segno d' immensa invidia,  
 E di pietà profonda;  
 D' inestinguibil odio,  
 E d' indomato amor. 60

Come, sul capo al naufrago,  
 L' onda s' avvolge, e pesa;  
 L' onda, su cui del misero  
 Alta pur dianzi e tesa  
 Scorrea la vista a scernere 65  
 Prode remote invan;  
 Tal su quell' alma il cumulo  
 Delle memorie scese.  
 Ahi, quante volte ai posteri  
 Narrar se stesso imprese! 70

As oft, upon the eternal page  
 Sank overpowered his weary hand.  
 Oft, as in silence died some listless day,  
     His eyeball's lightning ray  
 Bent idly on the tumbling flood, 75  
     With folded arms he stood ;  
 And bitterly he numbered o'er  
 The days that had been, and that were no more !

He saw the quick-struck tents again,  
 The hot assault, the battle-plain, 80  
 The troops in martial pomp arrayed,  
 The pealing of the artillery,  
 The torrent charge of cavalry ;  
     The hasty word  
     In thunder heard— 85  
 Heard, and at once obeyed !

Beneath such suffocating thought  
 Perchance the panting soul at times  
     Would sink in chill despair ;

---

Ma sull' eterna pagina  
 Cadde la stanea man !  
 Ahi, quante volte al tacito  
 Morir d' un giorno inerte,  
 Chinati i rai fulminei, 75  
 Le braccia al sen conserte,  
 Stette, e dei dì che furono  
     L' assalse il sovvenir !

E ripensò le mobili  
 Tende, e i percossi valli, 80  
 E 'l campo dei manipoli,  
 E l' onda dei cavalli ;  
 E 'l concitato imperio,  
     E 'l celere ubbedir !

Ahi, forse a tanto strazio 85  
 Cadde lo spirito anelo,  
 E disperò ; ma valida



But Heaven in mercy consolation brought, 90  
 And bore his weary spirit to purer climes  
 Of holier light, and more refreshing air!  
 By viewless hands his steps were led,  
 The flowery paths of Hope to tread,  
 Toward those enchanting fields of rest, 95  
 By unimagined joys possess'd;  
 Where mortal glory's feeble ray  
 Is quenched in one unclouded day.  
 O Thou, whose triumphs who can tell?  
 Pure, heavenly Faith! amid the rest 100  
 Let this the glorious number swell!  
 Rejoice! for never haughtier crest,  
 To Him, on Golgotha who died,  
 Hath veiled his stubborn pride.  
 From foul reproach, angelic Friend, 105  
 Do thou his weary dust defend!  
 Since on that lonely couch, and suffering breast,  
 He, who alone hath power the soul  
 To raise, depress, afflict, console,  
 The Mighty God hath deigned to rest! 110

---

Venne una man dal cielo,  
 E in più spirabil aere  
 Pietosa il trasportò. 90  
 E l' avviò sui floridi  
 Sentier della speranza  
 Ai campi eterni, al premio  
 Che 'l desiderio avanza;  
 Ov' è silenzio e tenebre 95  
 La gloria che passò.  
 Bella, Immortal, benefica  
 Fede, ai trionfi avvezza,  
 Scrivi ancor questo; allegrati,  
 Che più superba altezza 100  
 Al disonor del Golgota  
 Giammai non si chinò.  
 Tu dalle stanche ceneri  
 Sperdi ogni ria parola;  
 Il Dio, che atterra e suscita, 105  
 Che affanna e che consola,  
 Sulla deserta coltrice  
 Accanto a lui posò!

FROM THE GERMAN.

# SCHILLER.



## THE IDEAL.

AND wilt thou then desert me quite  
With all thy glowing phantasy?  
With all thy pangs, thy keen delight,  
Oh wilt thou thus, relentless, fly?

Can nought persuade thee? nought delay, 5  
Oh golden time of youthful bliss?  
'Tis vain! thy waves have forced their way  
To join the eternal Past's abyss.

Quenched are the suns, whose cloudless rays  
My path of youth and fancy blest; 10  
Sunk the high thoughts, whose generous blaze  
With joyous frenzy fired my breast.

---

SO willst du treulos von mir scheiden  
Mit deinen holden Phantasien,  
Mit deinen Schmerzen, deinen Freuden,  
Mit allen unerbittlich fliehn?

Kann nichts dich, Fliehende, verweilen, 5  
O meines Lebens goldne Zeit?  
Vergebens, deine Wellen eilen  
Hinab ins Meer der Ewigkeit.

Erloschen sind die heitern Sonnen,  
Die meiner Jugend Pfad erhellt; 10  
Die Ideale sind zerronnen,  
Die einst das trunkne Herz geschwellt;

'Tis gone, the hope to find indeed  
 The world my youthful fancy dreamed;  
 And stern realities succeed 15  
 What once so bright, so Godlike seemed.

As round the stone with fond desire  
 Pygmalion threw his eager arms,  
 Till the cold marble's answering fire  
 Glowed in her cheek with tenfold charms; 20

To Nature thus, with arms of love,  
 Entranced I clung, till, fondly pressed,  
 The Goddess seemed to breathe, to move,  
 To warm beneath my poet-breast.

With kindling fire she seemed to burn, 25  
 To speak in accents soft and sweet;  
 My glowing kisses to return,  
 Throb heart to heart, and beat for beat.

Er ist dahin, der süsse Glaube  
 An Wesen, die mein Traum gebär,  
 Der rauhen Wirklichkeit zum Raube, 15  
 Was einst so schön, so göttlich war.

Wie einst mit flehendem Verlangen  
 Pygmalion den Stein umschloss,  
 Bis in des Marmors kalte Wangen  
 Empfindung glühend sich ergoss, 20

So schlang ich mich mit Liebesarmen  
 Um die Natur, mit Jugendlust,  
 Bis sie zu athmen, zu erwarmen  
 Begann an meiner Dichterbrust,

Und, theilend meine Flammentriebe, 25  
 Die Stumme eine Sprache fand,  
 Mir wiedergab den Kuss der Liebe  
 Und meines Herzens Klang verstand;



Then grove and field with life were fraught;  
 With life the flashing waters sang; 30  
 Ev'n soulless things my feeling caught,  
 And forth a new creation sprang.

How swelled my bosom's narrow space!  
 A boundless world of thought was there!  
 I panted to begin my race, 35  
 To see, to feel, to do, to dare!

How glorious seemed this world of ours,  
 While but the opening buds were seen!  
 How few are now the expanded flowers,  
 And ev'n those few, how poor and mean! 40

How, winged with hope, with ardour blessed,  
 Unchilled by doubt, unchecked by dread,  
 The young enthusiast onward pressed,  
 His fiery path of life to tread!

---

Da lebte mir der Baum, die Rose,  
 Mir sang der Quellen Silberfall, 30  
 Es fühlte selbst das Seelenlose  
 Von meines Lebens Wiederhall.

Es dehnte mit allmächt'gem Streben  
 Die enge Brust ein kreissend All,  
 Herauszutreten in das Leben, 35  
 In That und Wort, in Bild und Schall.

Wie gross war diese Welt gestaltet,  
 So lang die Knospe sie noch barg;  
 Wie wenig, ach! hat sich entfaltet,  
 Dies Wenige, wie klein und karg! 40

Wie sprang, von kühnem Muth beflügelt,  
 Beglückt in seines Traumes Wahn,  
 Von keiner Sorge noch gezügelt,  
 Der Jüngling in des Lebens Bahn.

Above the farthest, palest star, 45  
 On Fancy's soaring wings he flew;  
 Was nought so high, was nought so far,  
 To check his flight, to bound his view!

How easy seemed each toilsome strife!  
 What might he hope, and hope in vain? 50  
 Around his chariot-wheels of life  
 How cheerly danced the joyous train!

Fortune, with golden chaplets dressed;  
 Young Love, with all his visions bright;  
 And star-crowned Glory's haughty crest; 55  
 And Truth, that loves the clear sunlight.

But long ere half the way was done,  
 My gay companions all were flown;  
 They turned aside, and, one by one,  
 Forsook me, cheerless and alone. 60

Bis an des Aethers bleichste Sterne 45  
 Erhob ihn der Entwürfe Flug;  
 Nichts war so hoch und nichts so ferne,  
 Wohin ihr Flügel ihn nicht trug.

Wie leicht ward er dahin getragen,  
 Was war dem Glücklichen zu schwer! 50  
 Wie tanzte vor des Lebens Wagen,  
 Die luftige Begleitung her!

Die Liebe mit dem süßen Lohne,  
 Das Glück mit seinem goldnen Kranz,  
 Der Ruhm mit seiner Sternenkrone, 55  
 Die Wahrheit in der Sonne Glanz!

Doch, ach! schon auf des Weges Mitte  
 Verloren die Begleiter sich,  
 Sie wandten treulos ihre Schritte,  
 Und einer nach dem andern wich. 60

Soon, light of foot, was Fortune fled:  
 Unquenched the thirst of knowledge staid;  
 And clouds of doubt began to spread  
 Round Truth's fair front their envious shade.

I saw on vulgar brows profaned 65  
 The laurel wreath that Glory wore;  
 Love's visions bright awhile remained,  
 Then faded, to return no more.

And darker still and drearier grew  
 Around my steps the lonely way: 70  
 Ev'n Hope, the lingerer, scarcely threw,  
 To cheer my path, a glimmering ray.

Of all that swelled my youthful pride,  
 Who now remained to light the gloom?  
 Who still adhered my faithful guide, 75  
 My trust, my comfort, to the tomb?

Leichtfüßig war das Glück entflohen,  
 Des Wissens Durst blieb ungestillt,  
 Des Zweifels finstre Wetter zogen  
 Sich um der Wahrheit Sonnenbild.

Ich sah des Ruhmes heil'ge Kränze 65  
 Auf der gemeinen Stirn' entweiht.  
 Ach, allzusehnell, nach kurzem Lenz  
 Entfloh die schöne Liebeszeit!

Und immer stiller ward's und immer  
 Verlassner auf dem rauhen Stg; 70  
 Kaum warf noch einen bleichen Schimmer  
 Die Hoffnung auf den finstern Weg.

Von all dem rauschenden Geleite  
 Wer harrete liebend bei mir aus?  
 Wer steht mir tröstend noch zur Seite 75  
 Und folgt mir bis finstern Haus?

Thou, whose soft hand and tender care  
 Can lull to rest each fevered wound;  
 Thou, Friendship, sent our woes to share!  
 Thou, fondly sought, and early found! 80

And thou, with Friendship well combined,  
 Like her, the passions' storm to lay;  
 Employment, formed the tortured mind  
 With sober, gradual force to sway,

And though the Eternal Future's pile 85  
 But grain by grain its fabric rears:  
 From off the account of Time the while  
 Thus strik'st thou minutes, days, and years.

---

Du, die du alle Wunden heilest,  
 Der Freundschaft leise, zarte Hand,  
 Des Lebens Bürden liebend theilest,  
 Du, die ich frühe sucht' und fand. 80

Und du, die gern sich mit ihr gattet,  
 Wie sie, der Seele Sturm beschwört,  
 Beschäftigung, die nie ermattet,  
 Die langsam schafft, doch nie zerstört,

Die zu dem Bau der Ewigkeiten 85  
 Zwar Sandkorn nur für Sandkorn reicht,  
 Doch von der grossen Schuld der Zeiten  
 Minuten, Tage, Jahre streicht.

## HONOUR TO WOMAN.



ALL honour to Woman! to her it is given  
To entwine with Earth's garlands the roses of Heaven;  
To weave all the bliss-giving chains of the heart;  
And in Modesty's veil while she chastely retires,  
To kindle the brightest, the holiest fires, 5  
The pure beam of feeling that ne'er can depart.

Man's wild soul, in fierce commotion,  
Still beyond the bounds of reason,  
Varies like the varying season,  
Tost on Passion's stormy ocean. 10  
On the future still he gazes,  
Ne'er contented, still aspiring,  
Still some phantom good desiring,  
Which his dreaming fancy raises.

---

EHRET die Frauen! sie flechten und weben  
Himmlische Rosen ins irdische Leben,  
Flechten der Liebe beglückendes Band,  
Und in der Grazie züchtigem Schleier  
Nähren sie wachsam das ewige Feuer 5  
Schöner Gefühle mit heiliger Hand.

Ewig aus der Wahrheit Schranken  
Schweift des Mannes wilde Kraft;  
Unstät treiben die Gedanken  
Auf dem Meer der Leidenschaft; 10  
Gierig greift er in die Ferne,  
Nimmer wird sein Herz gestillt;  
Rastlos durch entlegne Sterne  
Jagt er seines Traumes Bild.



But the soft voice of woman's all-eloquent glance      15  
 Calls the wanderer home from his wearisome trance;  
 To the present recalls him, no longer to roam,  
 To the path, to the cot, where, contented to rest,  
 Her thoughts, like herself, have been tranquilly blest,  
 True daughter of Nature, the sweet'ner of Home!      20

Man, 'mid storms, and wrath, and strife,  
 Breaking with resistless force  
 All that bars his headlong course,  
 Hurries down his path of life;  
 Slaves to each capricious mood,      25  
 Still his feverish wishes flow;  
 Still like Hydra's heads they grow,  
 Still destroyed, and still renew'd.

But Woman, with milder enjoyment contented,  
 Plucks the bloom of each hour in succession presented;  
 'Mid cares that distract not, but sweetly employ,      31

Aber mit zauberisch fesselndem Blicke      15  
 Winken die Frauen dem Flüchtling zurücke,  
 Warnend zurück in der Gegenwart Spur.  
 In der Mutter bescheidener Hütte  
 Sind sie geblieben mit schamhafter Sitte,  
 Treue Töchter der frommen Natur.      20

Feindlich ist des Mannes Streben,  
 Mit zermalmender Gewalt  
 Geht der wilde durch das Leben,  
 Ohne Rast und Aufenthalt.  
 Was er schuf, zerstört er wieder,      25  
 Nimmer ruht der Wünsche Streit,  
 Nimmer, wie das Haupt der Hyder  
 Ewig füllt und sich erneut.

Aber, zufrieden mit stillerem Ruhme,  
 Brechen die Frauen des Augenblicks Blume,  
 Nähren sie sorgsam mit liebendem Fleiss,      31

More rich and more free in her limited sphere,  
 Than he in his wisdom's, his glory's career,  
 And all the wide circle of fanciful joy.

Self-reliant, proud and high, 35  
 Haughty man can never know  
 All the mutual charms that flow  
 From the heart's mysterious tie,  
 From the soul's unfettered union;  
 He who melts not, weeps not, steeled 40  
 By the storms, the strife revealed  
 In the world's unblest communion.

But ev'n as the harp, when the zephyr's light wings  
 Play with flutt'ring delight o'er its tremulous strings,  
 So the warm heart of Woman to feeling replies; 45  
 Her smile casts a gleam upon Misery's hues,  
 Her breast heaves with sorrow, and Heaven's own dews  
 Are the tear-drops of pity, that steal from her eyes.

---

Freier in ihrem gebundenen Wirken,  
 Reicher, als er, in des Wissens Bezirken  
 Und in der Dichtung unendlichem Kreis.

Streng und stolz, sich selbst genügend, 35  
 Kennt des Mannes kalte Brust,  
 Herzlich an ein Herz sich schmiegend,  
 Nicht der Liebe Götterlust,  
 Kennet nicht den Tausch der Seelen,  
 Nicht in Thränen schmilzt er hin; 40  
 Selbst des Lebens Kämpfe stählen  
 Härter seinen harten Sinn.

Aber, wie leise vom Zephyr erschüttert,  
 Schnell die äolische Harfe erzittert,  
 Also die fühlende Seele der Frau, 45  
 Zärtlich geüngstigt vom Bilde der Quälen,  
 Walle der liebende Busen, es strahlen  
 Perlend die Augen von himmlischem Thau.

Man, tyrannically brave,  
 Tyrant force alone obeys; 50  
 By the sword the Scythian sways,  
 And the Persian lives a slave.  
 Still within his troubled breast  
 Passions wild and fierce are raging;  
 And their angry battle waging, 55  
 Banish peace, and love, and rest.

'Tis for Woman's dear pleading to soften the soul,  
 To wield the mild sceptre of moral control;  
 To quench the fierce embers of passion; to call  
 On the strong arm of power its dissensions to end; 60  
 Each jarring material in unison blend,  
 Compose the wild discord, and harmonise all!

In der Männer Herrschgebiete  
 Gilt der Stärke trotz'g Recht; 50  
 Mit dem Schwert beweist der Scythe,  
 Und der Perser wird zum Knecht.  
 Es befehlen sich im Grimme  
 Die Begierden wild und roh,  
 Und der Eris rauhe Stimme 55  
 Waltet, wo die Charis floh.

Aber mit sanft überredender Bitte  
 Führen die Frauen den Scepter der Sitte,  
 Löschen die Zwietracht, die tobend entglüht,  
 Lehren die Kräfte, die feindlich sich hassen, 60  
 Sich in der lieblichen Form zu umfassen,  
 Und vereinen, was ewig sich flieht.

## THE KNIGHT OF TOGGENBURG.

### A Ballad.

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"SIR KNIGHT, a sister's love for thee  
This breast shall still retain;  
But ask none other love of me;  
Thou wouldst not give me pain?"

"I feel no throb when thy form appears, 5  
Unmoved, I see thee go;  
And the pang that fills thine eyes with tears,  
I do not, cannot know."

Speechless he heard with grief suppressed;  
Then with bitter feeling stung, 10  
He clasped her once to his throbbing breast,  
And then on his steed he sprung.

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"RITTER, treue Schwesterliebe  
"Widmet euch dies Herz;  
"Fordert keine andre Liebe,  
"Denn es macht mir Schmerz.

"Ruhig mag ich euch erscheinen, 5  
"Ruhig gehen sehn.  
"Eurer Augen stilles Weinen  
"Kann ich nicht verstehn."

Und er hört's mit stummem Harme,  
Reisst sich blutend los, 10  
Presst sie heftig in die Arme,  
Schwingt sich auf sein Ross,

He hath summoned his vassals, one and all,  
 Through the whole of Switzerland;  
 With the Cross on their breast, they are gone at his call  
 To fight in the Holy Land. 16

And the might of that Warrior's arm was shown  
 By his deeds on that blood-stained coast,  
 And well that Warrior's plume was known  
 In the ranks of the Paynim host. 20

And Toggenburg was a name of dread  
 That made the Moslem quail,  
 But inly that Warrior's bosom bled  
 With a wound that nought could heal.

A long, long year he hath borne his pain, 25  
 He can bear it now no more;  
 He finds no rest on the battle-plain,  
 And he quits the holy shore.

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Schickt zu seinen Mannen allen  
 In dem Lande Schweiz;  
 Nach dem heil'gen Grab sie wallen, 15  
 Auf der Brust das Kreuz.

Grosse Thaten dort geschehen  
 Durch der Helden Arm;  
 Ihres Helmes Büsche wehen  
 In der Feinde Schwarm; 20

Und des Toggenburgers Name  
 Schreckt den Muselmann;  
 Doch das Herz von seinem Grame  
 Nicht genesen kann.

Und ein Jahr hat er's getragen, 25  
 Trügt's nicht länger mehr;  
 Ruhe kann er nicht erjagen  
 Und verlässt das Heer;



He hath found a ship on Joppa's strand,  
 He hath spread the willing sail; 30  
 And home he is gone to his own dear land,  
 Where blew the favouring gale.

The Pilgrim came to the Lady's hall;  
 He knocks at the Castle gate;  
 And the words on his ear like thunder fall, 35  
 That tell him he comes too late:

"The maid you seek the veil has ta'en,  
 She is now the Bride of Heaven;  
 And yestermorn at the holy fane  
 Her plight to God was given." 40

He has left for ever the fortress-height,  
 Where his fathers dwelt of yore;  
 He looks no more on his armour bright,  
 On his trusty steed no more.

Sieht ein Schiff an Joppes Strande,  
 Das die Segel blüht, 30  
 Schiffet heim zum theuren Lande,  
 Wo ihr Athem weht.

Und an ihres Schlosses Pforte  
 Klopft der Pilger an;  
 Ach, und mit dem Donnerworte 35  
 Wird sie aufgethan:

"Die ihr suchet, trägt den Schleier,  
 "Ist des Himmels Braut,  
 "Gestern war des Tages Feier,  
 "Der sie Gott getraut." 40

Da verlässet er auf immer  
 Seiner Väter Schloss,  
 Seine Waffen sieht er nimmer,  
 Noch sein treues Ross.

And down he passed, unmarked and unknown, 45  
 From Toggenburg's lofty mound;  
 For a humble vest of hair was thrown  
 His manly limbs around.

And there he hath built him a lowly hut  
 Beneath the sacred chimes; 50  
 Where the walls of the bosomed convent jut  
 From a grove of shady limes.

And there from the early dawn of day  
 Till the star of evening shone,  
 Hope tinging his cheek with a sickly ray, 55  
 The Warrior sat alone.

His eye was fixed on the Convent above,  
 And the live-long day did he wait,  
 And gaze on the window that held his Love  
 Till he heard the window grate: 60

Von der Toggenburg hernieder 45  
 Steigt er unbekannt,  
 Denn es deckt die edeln Glieder  
 Härenes Gewand.

Und erbaut sich eine Hütte  
 Jener Gegend nah, 50  
 Wo das Kloster aus der Mitte  
 Dürster Linden sah;

Harrend von des Morgens Lichte  
 Bis zu Abends Schein,  
 Stille Hoffnung im Gesichte, 55  
 Sass er da allein.

Blickte nach dem Kloster drüben,  
 Blickte stundenläng  
 Nach dem Fenster seiner Lieben,  
 Bis das Fenster klang, 60

Till that loved one's form from the window leant,  
 Till he saw her placid brow,  
 And her angel-smile of meek content,  
 As she looked on the vale below.

And then would he turn to his lowly bed, 65  
 And peacefully sleep the night,  
 Rejoicing still when the morning shed  
 Its beams of returning light.

And many a day, and many a year,  
 The Warrior there did wait, 70  
 Without a murmur, without a tear,  
 Till he heard the window grate:

Till that loved one's form from the window leant,  
 Till he saw her placid brow,  
 And her angel-smile of meek content, 75  
 As she looked on the vale below.

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Bis die Liebliche sich zeigte,  
 Bis das theure Bild  
 Sich ins Thal herunter neigte,  
 Ruhig, engelmild.

Und dann legt' er froh sich nieder, 65  
 Schief getröstet ein,  
 Still sich freuend, wenn es wieder  
 Morgen würde sein.

Und so sass er viele Tage,  
 Sass viel Jahre lang, 70  
 Harrend ohne Schmerz und Klage,  
 Bis das Fenster klang,

Bis die Liebliche sich zeigte,  
 Bis das theure Bild  
 Sich ins Thal herunter neigte, 75  
 Ruhig, engelmild.

And there one morning, stiff and chill,  
 He was found a corpse at last;  
 And the gaze of his cold, fixed eye was still  
 On that Convent window cast. 80

---

Und so sass er, eine Leiche,  
 Eines Morgens da;  
 Nach dem Fenster noch das bleiche  
 Stille Antlitz sah. 80

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## HERO AND LEANDER.

SEE how each on other gaze  
 Yon grey towers of elder days,  
 In the golden sunshine glowing,  
 Where the Hellespontine waves  
 Brawling through the rock-girt caves 5  
 Of the Dardanelles are flowing.  
 Hear'st thou how the breakers thunder?  
 How the storm-rent cliffs are shivering?  
 Europe here from Asia severing,  
 Love they could not tear asunder. 10

---

SEHT ihr dort die altergrauen  
 Schlösser sich entgegenschauen,  
 Leuchtend in der Sonne Gold,  
 Wo der Hellespont die Wellen  
 Brausend durch der Dardanellen 5  
 Hohe Felsenpforte rollt?  
 Hört ihr jene Brandung stürmen,  
 Die sich an den Felsen bricht?  
 Asien riss sie von Europaen;  
 Doch die Liebe schreckt sie nicht. 10

Hero's and Leander's hearts,  
 With his sweetly-painful darts,  
 Love, the mighty god, had fired;  
 She, as Hebe, fair and young;  
 He, in health and vigour strong, 15  
 In the mountain-chase acquired.  
 But their fathers' feuds had blighted  
 All their hopes of wedded bliss;  
 And o'er danger's dark abyss  
 Hung the fruit that Love had plighted. 20  
 There, on Sestos' fortress-rock,  
 Where with ceaseless tempest-shock  
 Hellespont in fury swells;  
 Sat the maid, alone and sighing,  
 Far Abydos vainly eyeing, 25  
 Where the fondly-worshipped dwells.  
 Ah! that stormy sea above  
 Rose no bridge from shore to shore;  
 Path was none the dark waves o'er;  
 But the way was found by Love. 30

---

Heros und Leanders Herzen  
 Rührte mit dem Pfeil der Schmerzen  
 Amors heil'ge Göttermacht.  
 Hero, schön wie Hebe blühend,  
 Er durch die Gebirge ziehend 15  
 Rüstig im Geräusch der Jagd.  
 Doch der Väter feindlich Zürnen  
 Trennte das verbundne Paar,  
 Und die süsse Frucht der Liebe  
 Hing am Abgrund der Gefahr. 20  
 Dort auf Sestos' Felsenthurme,  
 Den mit ew'gem Wogensturme  
 Schäumend schlägt der Hellespont,  
 Sass die Jungfrau, einsam grauend,  
 Nach Abydos' Küste schauend, 25  
 Wo der Heissgeliebte wohnt.  
 Ach, zu dem entfernten Strande  
 Baut sich keiner Brücke Steg,  
 Und kein Fahrzeug stösst vom Ufer;  
 Doch die Liebe fand den Weg. 30



Love, who taught by faithful thread  
 Creta's labyrinth to tread:  
 Love, who warms the dullest souls:  
 He the brute creation rules;  
 And the fiery-breathing bulls 35  
 With his iron yoke controls.  
 Not the Styx, that nine-fold flowed,  
 Could his dauntless might restrain:  
 Nor the loved one could detain,  
 Ev'n in Pluto's dark abode. 40  
 Love, and youth's impetuous blood,  
 Through the Hellespontine flood  
 Led Leander to his bride.  
 When more pale began to glimmer  
 Fading day, the hardy swimmer 45  
 Plunged amid the foaming tide:  
 Stoutly stemmed the dark waves' might,  
 Straining to the friendly shore,  
 Where, to guide the wanderer o'er,  
 Flashed the wakeful beacon light. 50

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Aus des Labyrinthes Pfaden  
 Leitet sie mit sicher'm Faden,  
 Auch den Blüten macht sie klug,  
 Beugt ins Joch die wilden Thiere,  
 Spannt die feuersprühnden Stiere 35  
 An den diamantnen Pflug.  
 Selbst der Styx, der neunfach fließet,  
 Schliesst die Wagende nicht aus;  
 Mächtig raubt sie das Geliebte  
 Aus des Pluto finstern Haus. 40  
 Auch durch des Gewässers Fluthen  
 Mit der Sehnsucht feur'gen Gluthen  
 Stachelt sie Leanders Muth.  
 Wenn des Tages heller Schimmer  
 Bleicht, stürzt der kühne Schwimmer 45  
 In des Pontus finstre Fluth,  
 Theilt mit starkem Arm die Woge,  
 Strebend nach dem theuren Strand,  
 Wo, auf hohem Söller leuchtend,  
 Winkt der Fackel heller Brand. 50

There, by glowing Love carest,  
 Sweetly, fondly shall he rest,  
 From his journey hard and long;  
 There in mutual bliss embraced,  
 He the heavenly joys shall taste, 55  
 Which to Love alone belong:  
 Till the morn the lingerers wake,  
 And their dreams of transport chase;  
 And for Ocean's cold embrace  
 Bid him those soft arms forsake. 60  
 Thus, amid their stolen delight,  
 Thirty times the orb of light  
 O'er his course too swiftly flew;  
 Rapturous as the bridal hours,  
 Envied by the immortal powers, 65  
 Ever young, and ever new.  
 Happiness has ne'er been his,  
 Who has never, where it stood  
 On the verge of Hell's black flood,  
 Plucked the heavenly fruit of bliss. 70

---

Und in weichen Liebesarmen  
 Darf der Glückliche erwarmen  
 Von der schwer bestandnen Fahrt,  
 Und den Götterlohn empfangen,  
 Den in seligem Umfange 55  
 Ihm die Liebe aufgespart,  
 Bis den Säumenden Aurora  
 Aus der Wonne Triümen weckt,  
 Und ins kalte Bett des Meeres  
 Aus dem Schooss der Liebe schreckt. 60  
 Und so flohen dreissig Sonnen  
 Schnell, im Raub verstohlner Wonnen  
 Dem beglückten Paar dahin,  
 Wie der Brautnacht süsse Freuden,  
 Die die Götter selbst beneiden, 65  
 Ewig jung und ewig grün.  
 Der hat nie das Glück gekostet,  
 Der die Frucht des Himmels nicht  
 Raubend an des Höllenflusses  
 Schauervollem Rande bricht. 70

On the Earth by turns arose  
 Morn, and dewy evening's close:  
 They, in heedless transports lost,  
 Marked not how the leaves were falling,  
 Marked not how stern Boreas, brawling, 75  
 Ushered in the Winter's frost:  
 Gladly saw the hours of light  
 Shorter yet, and shorter grow,  
 Blessing Heaven with many a vow,  
 For the lengthened joys of night. 80  
 Soon the balance equal lay  
 In the sky 'twixt night and day;  
 And the Maiden still at even  
 Watched upon the fortress' height,  
 When the fiery steeds of light 85  
 Sank beneath the verge of Heaven.  
 And the sea lay still and sleeping  
 As a polished mirror sheen;  
 O'er the expanse of crystal green,  
 Not a breath of Zephyr sweeping. 90

Hesper und Aurora zogen  
 Wechselnd auf am Himmelsbogen;  
 Doch die Glücklichen, sie sahn  
 Nicht den Schmuck der Blätter fallen,  
 Nicht aus Nords beeisten Hallen 75  
 Den ergrimten Winter nahn.  
 Freudig sahen sie des Tages  
 Immer kürzern, kürzern Kreis;  
 Für das längere Glück der Nächte  
 Dankten sie bethört dem Zeus. 80  
 Und es gleichte schon die Wage  
 An dem Himmel Nücht' und Tage,  
 Und die holde Jungfrau stand  
 Harrend auf dem Felsenschlosse,  
 Sah hinab die Sonnenrosse 85  
 Fliehen an des Himmels Rand.  
 Und das Meer lag still und eben,  
 Einem reinen Spiegel gleich,  
 Keines Windes leises Weben  
 Regte das still kryne Reich. 90

Frolic shoals of dolphins here  
 Up and down amid the clear  
 Silver-flashing waters played:  
 There amid the sea-shore rocks,  
 Thetis' darkly-shining flocks 95  
 On the oozy sand were laid.  
 And to these alone revealed  
 Were the secret vows of Love:  
 These, whose lips the Powers above  
 Had in endless silence sealed. 100  
 And with joy her bosom swelled,  
 As in flattering tone she held  
 Converse with the laughing Sea:  
 "Glorious God, canst thou deceive?  
 No, I ne'er will him believe, 105  
 Who with falsehood taxes thee.  
 Harsh is oft a father's care,  
 False and treacherous mankind;  
 Thou alone art ever kind;  
 Thou canst feel for Love's despair. 110

Lustige Delphinenschaaren  
 Scherzten in dem silbeklaren,  
 Reinen Element umher,  
 Und in schwärzlich grauen Zügen,  
 Aus dem Meergrund aufgestiegen, 95  
 Kam der Tethys buntes Heer.  
 Sie, die Einzigen, bezeugten  
 Den verstohlnen Liebesbund;  
 Aber ihnen schloss auf ewig  
 Hekate den stummen Mund. 100  
 Und sie freute sich des schönen  
 Meeres, und mit Schmeicheltönen  
 Sprach sie zu dem Element:  
 "Schöner Gott, du solltest trügen?  
 Nein, den Frevler straf' ich Lügen, 105  
 Der dich falsch und treulos nennt.  
 Falsch ist das Geschlecht der Menschen,  
 Grausam ist des Vaters Herz;  
 Aber du bist mild und gütig,  
 Und dich rührt der Liebe Schmerz."

- "Mid these dreary walls alone,  
 Hopeless, joyless must I moan,  
 And my youth in sorrow spend:  
 Didst not thou in mercy bear,  
 Trusted blindly to thy care, 115  
 To my arms my only friend.  
 Dread is thine unfathomed flood,  
 O'er the rocks in fury beating:  
 But thou bend'st to Love's entreating,  
 And to valour's hardihood! 120
- "Thou, too, Monarch of the ocean,  
 Thou wast touched with soft emotion,  
 When across thy watery way  
 Helle, in her homeward flight,  
 In resplendent beauty bright, 125  
 Bore the golden fleece away.  
 Vanquished by the Maiden's charms,  
 Soon thou bad'st thy floods arise,  
 To convey the beauteous prize  
 Gently to thy longing arms. 130

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- "In den üden Felsenmauern  
 Müsst' ich freudlos einsam trauern  
 Und verblühh in ew'gem Harm;  
 Doch du trügst auf deinem Rücken,  
 Ohne Nachen, ohne Brücken, 115  
 Mir den Freund in meinen Arm.  
 Grauensvoll ist deine Tiefe,  
 Furchtbar deiner Wogen Fluth,  
 Aber dich erfleht die Liebe,  
 Dich bezwingt der Heldenmuth." 120
- "Denn auch dich, den Gott der Wogen,  
 Rührte Eros mächt'ger Bogen,  
 Als des goldnen Widders Flug  
 Helle, mit dem Bruder fliehend,  
 Schön in Jugendfülle blühend, 125  
 Ueber deine Tiefe trug.  
 Schnell, von ihrem Reiz besieget,  
 Griffst du aus dem finstern Schlund,  
 Zogst sie von des Widders Rücken  
 Nieder in den Meeresgrund." 130



" There, a goddess of the waves,  
 In the deepest ocean's caves,  
 Lives she, ne'er again to die;  
 Persecuted Love befriending,  
 Oft thy stubborn fury bending, 135  
 At the affrighted sailor's cry.  
 Fairest Helle! Goddess bright!  
 I thy friendly aid implore;  
 Bid my lover hasten o'er  
 To my arms again to-night!" 140  
 Darkness mounted up the sky;  
 And upon the platform high  
 Beamed the wonted beacon-light,  
 Faithful pledge of love and bliss,  
 Which across the dark abyss 145  
 Should the wanderer guide aright.  
 Hark! from far a thundering sound!  
 Curls the sea in darker ire,  
 And the stars have hid their fire,  
 And the storm is blackening round. 150

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" Eine Göttin mit dem Gotte,  
 In der tiefen Wassergrotte,  
 Lebt sie jetzt unsterblich fort;  
 Hilfreich der verfolgten Liebe,  
 Zähmt sie deine wilden Triebe, 135  
 Führt den Schiffer in den Port.  
 Schöne Helle, holde Göttin,  
 Selige, dich fleh' ich an:  
 Bring' auch heute den Geliebten  
 Mir auf der gewohnten Bahn!" 140  
 Und schon dunkelten die Fluthen,  
 Und sie liess der Fackel Gluthen  
 Von dem hohen Söller wehn.  
 Leitend in den öden Reichen  
 Sollte das vertraute Zeichen 145  
 Der geliebte Wanderer sehn.  
 Und es saust und dröhnt von ferne,  
 Finster kräuselt sich das Meer,  
 Und es löscht das Licht der Sterne,  
 Und es naht gewitterschwer. 150

Night upon the waters lay;  
 Gleamed the forky lightning's ray;  
 From the bosom of the cloud  
 Heavily the torrents fell;  
 Each from forth his rocky cell 155  
 Raved the loosened winds aloud:  
 And in awful whirlpools driven  
 Raged the restless flashing tide,  
 As a hell-gulf yawning wide,  
 To its deep foundations riven. 160  
 "Ah!" exclaimed the weeping fair,  
 "What was late my idle prayer?  
 Jove, be that rash prayer forgiven.  
 Should the Gods have heard that vow!  
 Should his life a prey e'en now 165  
 To yon angry sea be given!  
 Home the wave-borne sea-mew hies  
 To his shelter in the rock;  
 Trembling at the tempest's shock  
 Close in port the sailor lies. 170

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Auf des Pontus weite Fläche  
 Legt sich Nacht, und Wetterbüche  
 Stürzen aus der Wolken Schoßs;  
 Blitze zucken in den Lüften,  
 Und aus ihren Felsengrüften 155  
 Werden alle Stürme los,  
 Wühlen ungeheure Schlünde  
 In den weiten Wasserschlund;  
 Gähnend, wie ein Höllenrachen  
 Oeffnet sich des Meeres Grund. 160  
 "Wehe, weh mir!" ruft die Arme  
 Jammernd. "Grosser Zeus, erbarme!  
 Ach, was wagt' ich zu erflehn!  
 Wenn die Götter mich erhören,  
 Wenn er sich den falschen Meeren 165  
 Preis gab in des Sturmes Wehn!  
 Alle meergewohnten Vögel  
 Ziehen heim, in eil'ger Flucht;  
 Alle stürmerproben Schiffe  
 Bergen sich in sichrer Bucht." 170

- " Ah! too sure that dauntless breast,  
 By imperious Love possessed,  
 Will the dangerous journey take:  
 For by all Love's oaths he swore  
 Yet again to venture o'er; 175  
 Death alone that vow can break.  
 Ah! perchance with efforts vain,  
 Wrestling with the tempest's power,  
 Sinks he in this very hour,  
 Whelmed beneath that angry main. 180
- " Oh, thy calm, perfidious sea  
 Was the hell of treachery!  
 Smooth as glass thou lay'st erewhile  
 Slumbering in thy crystal bed,  
 Till thou hadst thy victim led 185  
 To believe thy lying smile;  
 Till upon thy dupe, seduced  
 Far from the protecting shore,  
 Now amid thy torrent's roar,  
 All thy wrath at once is loosed." 190

- 
- " Ach, gewiss, der Unverzagte  
 Unternahm das oft Gewagte,  
 Denn ihn trieb ein mächt'ger Gott.  
 Er gelobte mir's beim Scheiden  
 Mit der Liebe heil'gen Eiden, 175  
 Ihn entbindet nur der Tod.  
 Ach, in diesem Augenblicke  
 Ringt er mit des Sturmes Wuth,  
 Und hinab in ihre Schlinde  
 Reisst ihn die empörte Fluth!" 180
- " Falscher Pontus, deine Stille  
 War nur des Verrathes Hülle,  
 Einem Spiegel warst du gleich;  
 Tückisch ruhten deine Wogen,  
 Bis du ihn heraus betrogen 185  
 In dein falsches Lügenreich.  
 Jetzt, in deines Stromes Mitte,  
 Da die Rückkehr sich verschloss,  
 Lässst du auf den Verrathnen  
 Alle deine Schrecken los!" 190

Fiercer yet the tempest raves;  
 Swell on high the mountain waves;  
 And the angry billows roar  
 'Gainst the rocks in thunder broke.  
 Ev'n the ship with ribs of oak 195  
 Dares not near that sea-beat shore.  
 And the beacon light was drowned,  
 Which should lend its cheering ray;  
 Terror on the waters lay;  
 Terror on the landing frowned. 200  
 And to Venus for her aid,  
 'Gainst the hurricane she prayed,  
 'Gainst the flashing thunder-cloud:  
 And a steer with horns of gold  
 (Would they so their wrath withhold) 205  
 To the stubborn winds she vowed.  
 Every Goddess of the deep,  
 All the Gods in Heaven who dwell  
 She besought, the restless swell  
 Of the waves to lull to sleep. 210

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Und es wächst des Sturmes Toben,  
 Hoch, zu Bergen aufgehoben,  
 Schwillt das Meer, die Brandung bricht  
 Schäumend sich am Fuss der Klippen;  
 Selbst das Schiff mit Eichenrippen 195  
 Nahte unzerschnettet nicht.  
 Und im Wind erlischt die Fackel,  
 Die des Pfades Leuchte war;  
 Schrecken bietet das Gewässer,  
 Schrecken auch die Landung dar. 200  
 Und sie fleht zur Aphrodite,  
 Dass sie dem Orkan gebiete,  
 Sänftige der Wellen Zorn,  
 Und gelobt, den strengen Winden  
 Reiche Opfer anzuzünden, 205  
 Einen Stier mit goldnem Horn.  
 Alle Göttinnen der Tiefe,  
 Alle Götter in der Höhl'  
 Fleht sie, lindernd Oel zu giessen  
 In die sturmbewegte See. 210

Hear thy suppliant when she calls!  
 Hear me in thy coral halls,  
 Ever-blest Leucothoe!  
 Whom, their utmost need befriending,  
 Thy protecting hand extending, 215  
 Oft the shipwrecked sailors see.  
 Lend thy veil, which from the grave  
 (Woven in mysterious woof,  
 From profaner eyes aloof)  
 Boasts a magic power to save. 220  
 Hushed and still the wild winds lay;  
 Brightly rose the new-born day  
 In serenest lustre mild;  
 To its ancient bed again,  
 Glassy smooth, returned the main; 225  
 Sea and sky in union smiled.  
 Light the puny billows played,  
 Rippling on the unbroken sand;  
 Gently wafted to the land,  
 On the shore a corpse was laid. 230

"Höre meinen Ruf erschallen,  
 Steig' aus deinen grünen Hallen,  
 Selige Leukothea!  
 Die der Schiffer in dem öden  
 Wellenreich, in Sturmesnöthen 215  
 Rettend oft erscheinen sah.  
 Reich' ihm deinen heil'gen Schleier,  
 Der, geheimnissvoll gewebt,  
 Die ihn tragen, unverletzlich  
 Aus dem Grab der Fluthen hebt!" 220  
 Und die wilden Winde schweigen,  
 Hell an Himmels Rande steigen  
 Eos Pferde in die Höh'.  
 Friedlich in dem alten Bette  
 Fließt das Meer in Spiegelglätte, 225  
 Heiter lächeln Luft und See.  
 Sanfter brechen sich die Wellen  
 An des Ufers Felsenwand,  
 Und sie schwimmen, ruhig spielend,  
 Einem Leichnam an den Strand. 230



Yes! 'tis he, who e'en in death  
 Scorned to break his plighted faith:  
 One quick glance was darted there—  
 Not a tear was seen to flow—  
 Not a word of anguished woe; 235  
 Fixed she gazed in chill despair.  
 Yet a glance upon the sky,  
 On the deep a glance she turned;  
 And the while a bright flame burned  
 In that pale and haggard eye. 240  
 "Yes, I hear, relentless Fate!  
 Whom no prayer can mitigate:  
 Yes, thou claim'st thy right divine!  
 Though, alas! too quickly flown,  
 Happiness I yet have known, 245  
 And the fairest lot was mine.  
 Venus, in thy temple I  
 Have a faithful Priestess been;  
 Now to thee, immortal Queen,  
 I a willing victim die!" 250

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Ja, er ist's, der auch entseet  
 Seinem heil'gen Schwur nicht fehlet!  
 Schnellen Blicks erkennt sie ihn.  
 Keine Klage lässt sie schallen,  
 Keine Thräne sieht man fallen, 235  
 Kalt, verzweifelnd starrt sie hin.  
 Trostlos in die öde Tiefe  
 Blickt sie, in des Aethers Licht,  
 Und ein edles Feuer röthet  
 Das erbleichte Angesicht. 240  
 "Ich erkenn' euch, ernste Mächte!  
 Strenge treibt ihr eure Rechte,  
 Furchtbar, unerbittlich ein.  
 Früh schon ist mein Lauf beschlossen;  
 Doch das Glück hab' ich genossen, 245  
 Und das schönste Loos war mein.  
 Lebend hab' ich deinem Tempel  
 Mich geweiht als Priesterin;  
 Dir ein freudig Opfer sterb' ich,  
 Venus, grosse Königin!" 25

Light in air her garments hung,  
As from off the rock she sprung  
Downward to the expecting wave.  
High from out his watery reign  
Rose the Monarch of the main, 255  
And his arms became her grave.  
Then, contented with his prize,  
Sank he back, and, peaceful, pours  
From his unexhausted stores  
The ocean stream, that never dies. 260

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Und mit fliegendem Gewande  
Schwingt sie von des Thurmes Rande  
In die Meerfluth sich hinab.  
Hoch in seinen Fluthenreichen  
Wälzt der Gott die heil'gen Leichen 255  
Und er selber ist ihr Grab.  
Und mit seinem Raub zufrieden,  
Zieht er freudig fort und giesst  
Aus der unerschöpften Urne  
Seinen Strom, der ewig fließt. 260

## H O P E.

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WE talk and we dream of the future years,  
And hope for better and brighter days;  
And ever some distant bliss appears,  
The golden scope of our eager gaze.  
The world grows old, and grows young again,      5  
But "The Better" is ever the dream of men!

Hope smiles on the infant's dawn of day;  
To boyhood she opens her liveliest page;  
Gilds the visions of youth with her magic ray,  
Nor is buried at length in the grave of age;      10  
For there when our weary career we close,  
Still Hope is the plant from the tomb that grows.

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Es reden und träumen die Menschen viel  
Von besseren künftigen Tagen;  
Nach einem glücklichen, goldenen Ziel  
Sieht man sie rennen und jagen.  
Die Welt wird alt und wird wieder jung,      5  
Doch der Mensch hofft immer Verbesserung.

Die Hoffnung führt ihn ins Leben ein,  
Sie umflattert den fröhlichen Knaben,  
Den Jüngling locket ihr Zauberschein,  
Sie wird mit dem Greis nicht begraben;      10  
Denn beschliesst er im Grabe den müden Lauf,  
Noch am Grabe pflanzt er—die Hoffnung auf.

'Tis no brain-kindled phantom, whose meteor flames  
Gleam but to mislead with their wandering fire;  
From the depth of the heart a voice proclaims, 15  
The end of our being is something higher;  
Nor e'er from the trustful soul shall fade  
The hope by that inward voice conveyed.

---

Es ist kein leerer, schmeichelnder Wahn,  
Erzeugt im Gehirne des Thoren.  
Im Herzen kündet es laut sich an: 15  
Zu was Besserm sind wir geboren;  
Und was die innere Stimme spricht,  
Das täuscht die hoffende Seele nicht.

THE END.







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Homer. Iliad

The Iliad; with translations of poems,  
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